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FROM

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1830.

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THE

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ART. I.—*Memoirs of the Life and Works of George Romney, including various letters and testimonies to his genius, &c.; also some particulars of the life of his brother, a young artist of great genius and promising talents, but of short life.* By the Rev. John Romney, B.D. formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. 4to, pp. 332. London: Baldwin and Co. 1830.

THAT once fashionable, very pompous and very rapid writer, Hayley, has given to the world, what he called a life of Romney, the well known painter. Cumberland has in his memoirs also preserved some anecdotes of that artist, and in most of the biographical dictionaries, mention is made of his talents, his eccentricities, and errors. The author of the present volume complains, not without some appearance of reason, that in most, if not all of these accounts, the character of Romney is not done justice to; and in some of them, that by Hayley particularly, his memory is seriously injured upon points of great delicacy and importance. Under these circumstances a son comes forward, though rather tardily, yet in a most natural and becoming manner, not only to vindicate the reputation of his father from the aspersions that have been cast upon it, but also to show that his success in his profession deserved a wider and more enduring celebrity than it has yet obtained. Romney having belonged exclusively to the last century, is little known to the present generation, his works never having been exhibited much in public. But the delay of his son in producing the present testimonial to his merits is satisfactorily accounted for. Sickness seems to have been the chief cause of it; perhaps the res angusta domi had also something to do with it; but however this may have been, we are pleased with the work, and with the manner in which it has been executed. There is a raciness and vigour in the style which we found extremely engaging.

Indeed, we do not know when we read a piece of biography with greater satisfaction; it was a positive enjoyment, and a rare one too, considering the flimsy productions in this department of literature, which have been recently poured upon the town.

There is more than one point of coincidence between this work and the memoirs of Mr. Curran. The subjects of both were men of distinguished genius, they were both enthusiastically fond of music, both had highly romantic dispositions, both had, either with or without cause, separated themselves from their wives, after having had families, and the best biographies of both have been written by their sons. To those sons the highest credit is due, for this merit at least, that they have forgotten their own personal wrongs and privations, and merged every feeling in the desire to have the memories of their parents stand well in the estimation of posterity. It is impossible to refuse our sympathies to a writer engaged, like the Rev. Mr. Romney, in defending the tomb of his father from violation, and in exposing the ignorance or malignity of those who, under the mask of friendship, exaggerated his personal failings, and reduced to the rank of mediocrity his claims to professional distinction. No doubt we must be prepared to meet with a fault of an opposite description in the work before us. It is to be expected, as a matter of course, that the son would speak more highly of his father's talents than, perhaps, they deserve, and would extenuate, as much as possible, the blameable passages in his personal career. But allowance may easily be made by every reader on both these points, and, at all events, it is much safer as well as more agreeable, to extricate the probable truth from overrated praise than from unpitying censure.

Besides the superior authenticity of his memoir as compared with any that we have yet possessed, the Rev. Mr. Romney has treated the professional portions of his subject with a degree of taste and enthusiasm for the arts, not unworthy of his sire. We collect little of instruction or entertainment from the life of an eminent painter, which gives a mere dry catalogue of his works. Mr. Romney has not contented himself with doing any such thing. He has discussed, perhaps magnified, the perfections of his father's pictures, but he generally discusses their merits with tact and knowledge. His criticisms are well written, and serve to vary the thread of a biography, which would, otherwise, have had but slender materials to rest upon for its interest.

It was unnecessary, and by no means discreet, in our author to commence his memoir with an attack upon the pride of pedigree. That feeling is not altogether so silly as he would represent it. Happy are those who, to a long line of ancestry, can add the sanction and ornament of their own virtues and acquirements; happy are those who, unable to count beyond their grandfathers, have become, by their own successful industry, the head of an honoured family. It would as little become the former to despise the well-

earned station of the latter, as it would the latter to ridicule the transmitted dignity of the former. Both have causes for just and laudable pride, and in either case the preferable rule is to set out with a bare statement of the sources of descent. In our opinion it reads equally well, to say that B, who raised to so high a pitch the celebrity of his name, was born of a family well known and respected for ages in the northern part of England, or that C, who was eventually so distinguished in his profession, was the son of a weaver in Spitalfields.

The father of Romney was a cabinet-maker, possessed of a small estate near Lancaster,—a man of unaffected piety, moral in his conduct, inoffensive in his manners. He is called a second Triptolemus, for the improvements which he introduced into the agriculture of his neighbourhood. He is said to have constructed a plough that went by wind! Of the model of this curious implement, our author has forborne to favour us with any description. It is certain that he made some useful alterations in the plough, which are still respected. He had a head for mechanics; he made the first mahogany chest of drawers ever seen in Lancashire, and the best fiddles in all the country round. He would have died a rich man had he not been a projector, and forgotten to keep any books. He gave his children, however, a good education, and, on his death, bequeathed to his eldest son, George, a small estate in Furness, near which the said George was born in December, O. S. 1734.

As many of the first eleven years of our hero's life as could be devoted to that purpose, were spent at school, where, however, he made but an indifferent progress. The succeeding ten years he idled at home, his 'genius struggling in obscurity and labouring under every disadvantage.' It is conjectured that his genius received its first impulse from drawings of ornaments and architecture which he had seen made by his father. From an early age he became strongly attached to music. He carved a violin for himself, which is still preserved as an ingenious piece of workmanship. He was taught to play upon it by a watchmaker, of Dalton, of the name of Williamson. On hearing Giardini perform at Whitehaven, such was young Romney's transport that he was for a while divided between the muses of music and painting, hesitating to which he should devote his life. The watchmaker was enough of a philosopher to instruct his pupil in the wonders of the camera obscura, which may have assisted in opening his fancy. The science of alchymy had, moreover, its charms for Williamson, who imparted his acquirements to his young associate, without, however, leaving any other impression on his mind than a desire, long cherished, of writing a melo-drama on the subject, and of representing, in a series of drawings, the progress of an alchymist in search of the mystic stone,—neither of which intentions was ever reduced to practice.

Our biographer repudiates the assertion of Cumberland, that his father conceived his first idea of painting from copying the cuts in

the Universal Magazine. This honour is with more probability assigned to Leonardo da Vinci's Treatise on Painting, illustrated by a great number of excellent engravings, which young Romney possessed before he was apprenticed, and which contained a life of the author and a preface by the translator, both calculated to fill his mind with admiration for the art. It is said, also, that he was master of two other elementary books, "Le Brun's Passions," and "Art's Master-piece," from which he might have derived practical as well as theoretical knowledge.

After giving several striking indications not only of his love for the art, but of considerable progress in it by his own unassisted exertions, it was deemed adviseable that he should be allowed to follow the bent of his genius. He was accordingly articled for four years, in March, 1755, to an itinerant painter of some celebrity, then high in vogue at Kendal, of the name of Steele, nicknamed the Count, being a fellow of showy appearance and a Frenchman in the style of his dress. At first our hero was condemned to mix the colours and act the drudge in all things: nevertheless, he learned much from the *Count*, who had been the pupil of Carlo Vanloo. It is proved by many facts that men of genius are exceedingly prone to fall over head and ears in love at a very early period of life. A young witch of Kendal, Mary Abbot by name, ran away with his heart before he knew what he was about. Her mother was a widow in impoverished circumstances; nevertheless the young painter, having been ordered to follow his master to York, and not being able to bear the thought of separation from his mistress, secretly married her, and defended this step with great plausibility. "If you consider every thing deliberately," he says, writing to his father, "you will find it to be the best affair that ever happened to me; because, if I have fortune, I shall make a better painter than I should otherwise have done, as it will be a spur to my application: and my thoughts being now still, and not obstructed by youthful follies, I can practise with more diligence and success than ever." 'I have no doubt myself,' adds the biographer, 'but it was highly advantageous to his professional pursuits, and contributed essentially to his future excellence. His affections and feelings being thus gratified and his mind at ease, he devoted himself to his art with the most determined industry. From the time of his marriage till he finally quitted Kendal, his application was incessant; and having no models to study from but those of nature, he acquired a style peculiar to himself, which, though much refined and improved by future study and practice, he never afterwards entirely changed.' It was no cold trait in his wife's character, that although far from being overburthened with the good things of this life, she occasionally contrived to send him, while he was in York, half a guinea covered under the seal of a letter. He sent her his own portrait, the first he ever drew in oil, a hard and laboured performance.

The itinerant propensities of the Count, and the irregularity of his life, rendered it difficult for Romney, who was rather of a staid and sober disposition, to remain long under his instruction. An arrangement was in consequence made, by which the pupil received back his indenture, when he had been little more than two years with his master. He now set up for himself at Kendal as a portrait painter. His first production was a hand holding a letter, for the post-master of that town—an appropriate picture, which long continued to be exhibited, by way of sign, we presume, in his post-office window. From the neighbouring gentry the new artist received a fair measure of encouragement, so far as the practice of his pencil went. His remuneration was, however, but small, seldom exceeding two or three guineas. Even this low charge was sometimes omitted to be paid. The meanness of the Rev. Dr. Bateman, the celebrated master of Sedbergh school, on an occasion of this kind, exhibits itself in a curious and highly characteristic letter.

'"Sir,

'"I must take the liberty of expostulating a little with you about your mean and tergiversating behaviour, with regard to your promise of drawing my picture over again at your return from London, with an addition to the price. Did you agree to that, or did you not? You know you did. And yet you now fly from your word, as you are going, as you think, out of my reach, for you shall certainly have a Writ upon you for non-performance of contract; for your brother confessed to me that you agreed to what you had so solemnly promised to myself. But I shall not only do this, but I shall represent you in your proper colours (to borrow a term of your art) both here and to your friends at London, unless you perform your agreement. You will also see yourself and your behaviour painted in one of the public papers; as I am persuaded it is one of the most flagrant and scandalous breaches of faith I ever met with, and therefore merits a public exposition, and deserves to be exhibited as an object of public detestation. I know where you live in London, and who are your friends, and therefore can easily reach you, and make you feel a little of my resentment, unless this move you to make some reparation, or some atonement, for your breach of faith to your injured friend.

'"W. Bateman.

'"P.S.—If you had come over to make only this picture tolerable, you would by my recommendation have got two or three more.—Cave litem, perfide pictor.

'"Sedbergh, Nov. 26th, 1765.

'"I but lately heard you were come into the country; and thought to have wrote, but did not certainly know where to meet with you, and I concluded that you would infallibly come over."

'In consequence of this Mr. Romney sent an attorney's note, which immediately brought the Doctor to reason.'—pp. 22, 23.

For lack of better examples to paint from, young Romney, in the early part of his career, formed his taste for picturesque compositions from prints which he had purchased at York. He sometimes copied them in oil colours, and from time to time ventured on de-

signs of his own invention. 'These,' says his biographer, with a degree of quaintness which is not at all unpleasant, 'these, like those vernal flowers, which bloom in uncultivated wastes in spite of inclement skies and bitter chilling winds, captivated by a certain natural simplicity, and excited interest, as being the precursors of more refined productions. They were the blossoms of those bright and sunny hours, when the mind, disengaged from portraiture, and brooding over its own imaginings, brought into visible existence the creations of fancy.' Several of these, either copies or originals, which he executed during four years at Kendal, he found it convenient to dispose of by way of lottery, to consist of eighty two tickets at half a guinea each. A sort of prospectus appears to have been issued on this occasion, of which the following is a copy.

'The drawing is to begin immediately after the subscription is filled, notice of which will be given, and the paintings exhibited a week before the time in the Town Hall, from one to four o'clock in the afternoon.

'N. B. The pieces with this mark * before them are originals, the others from designs of eminent masters.

	F.	I.	F.	I.	£	s.
*1. King Lear awakened by his daughter Cordelia	4	4 by	3	6—	8	8
*2. King Lear in the tempest tearing off his robes	4	4 by	3	6—	8	8
*3. A landscape with figures	4	2 by	2	8—	4	0
*4. A quarrel	2	11 by	2	3—	3	10
*5. A Shandean piece	2	6 by	2	2—	3	0
*6. A droll scene in an ale-house	2	2 by	2	1—	2	10
7. A landscape in the taste of Poussin	2	11 by	2	3—	2	10
8. Harvest, a landscape	2	6 by	2	0—	1	5
9. St. Cecilia	2	1 by	1	9—	1	5
10. Holy Family	2	2 by	1	9—	1	5
*11. A group of heads by candle-light	2	0 by	1	4—	1	5
12. A piece of rocks	2	6 by	1	9—	1	0
13. A Magdalene	2	0 by	1	7—	1	0
14. Colebrook-dale, a landscape	2	0 by	1	5—	0	15
15. A Landscape from Woverman	2	0 by	1	6—	0	15
16. A Landscape with figures fishing	1	4 by	1	1—	0	10
17. A Dutch House with figures	1	4 by	0	11—	0	10
*18. A Tooth Drawing by candle-light	1	0 by	0	10—	0	10
19. A Landscape from Bergham	1	6 by	1	2—	0	10
20. A Landscape with a group of houses	1	4 by	0	10—	0	5

—pp. 24, 25.

The Biographer has been able to trace the present existence of only four of the fancy pictures belonging to this lottery, which was drawn in the fairest possible manner. One of them, the landscape with figures, he possesses himself. Its history is amusingly told, and the conjectures as to its origin evince the fancy of the critic.

'The circumstances that led to the discovery of this picture are as follow: when Mr. Romney visited the north of England in 1798, he was desirous

of purchasing some place of residence there; and Barfield, belonging to a Mr. Gibson, being at that time advertised for sale, I went with him to view it. In examining the house, a solitary picture hanging in the gallery caught my eye; and with little curiosity, but merely to say something, I asked Mr. Gibson by whom it was painted. He said, by Romney. This information surprised me, because I was not then aware that he had ever painted a landscape; but supposing that it might perhaps be the work of his brother Peter, I said, by what Romney? He replied, by the famous Romney. I cast a significant glance at Mr. Romney, but said nothing—

Con viso, che tacendo dicea, taci:

for we were not known. I then proceeded to examine it with more attention. It represents a party, consisting of three gentlemen and two ladies, going on board a boat on a lake. The ladies show great timidity, so natural to the female character under the impression of danger, which expression is frequently accompanied with a certain degree of grace;—but are politely urged by their attendant gallants. The figures reminded me of Watteau's familiar and elegant compositions. The colouring is beautifully clear and as fresh as if recently painted. The execution evinces great facility and freedom of handling; and the touches are spirited and neat, far, very far, beyond what might have been expected ftom so young and unexperienced artist. The landscape, also, shews that he would have excelled in that branch of the art, had he made it his particular study. I have heard Mrs. Romney speak with much delight of a party of pleasure, which she and her husband made with some friends to Bowness, and the island on Windermere lake: and relate such occurrences as had made the strongest impression upon her memory. While she was thus alive to every little incident that had a tendency to promote, or disturb the social enjoyments of a gay and sprightly party, we may easily suppose that Mr. Romney, with his cast of mind, though participating freely in the hilarity and good humour of his company, would frequently have his attention captivated by the romantic and magnificent scenery around him; and would return from the lake with a rich store of fine ideas floating on his imagination.—He must have been strongly impressed with the stately grandeur of those venerable oaks, which, with their outspreading branches and umbrageous foliage, gave a kind of *druidical* sanctity to the northern extremity of the island—he would have observed the golden lustre of the evening sun tinging with its slanting rays all prominent objects—he would have noticed the bright and fleecy clouds, forming a brilliant contrast with the dark shadows of the woods—and have perceived, as the day declined, the rocky and precipitous mountain, which forms the western boundary of that part of the lake, already become involved in its own shadow, and casting a deep and solemn gloom over the adjoining water—and the whole reflected upon the glassy surface of the lake, like an inverted picture.—With impressions like these on his mind, it is evident that he began this landscape; and it may, therefore, be fairly inferred that it owes its origin to this excursion. It is not, however, a faithful representation of the lake, but embodies such ideas as the contemplation of such scenery would naturally suggest. I may further mention, as a confirmation of what I have been saying, that two of the figures are evidently intended for himself and Mrs. Romney; and that the gentleman standing in the boat is the undoubted resemblance of Adam

Walker, who was one of the party. For many years I kept this picture in view, and, at length, had an opportunity of purchasing it through the favour of Mr. Gibson; who had received it as a gift from his relation, the late Miss Gibson of Lancaster, to whose lot it originally fell.'—pp. 27—29.

Romney's fondness for Shandean pieces—a fancy which, since his days, has become widely diffused,—might have arisen from his acquaintance with Sterne, whom he knew at York, and from whom he received marks of attention and friendship. What is most striking in the catalogue of the Kendal exhibition is the great variety of subjects, shewing an extraordinary versatility of genius. It is supposed that among his best efforts would have been the representation of vulgar nature under the impulse of strong passions. The candle-light subjects would also, it is thought, have been excellent, as well as the 'Tooth-drawing.' When these pictures were executed, Romney had been little more than seven years in his profession, including the period of his apprenticeship, and the only paintings, of any merit, which he had the opportunity of studying within that time were some portraits at Sizergh, belonging to the Stricklands. In the intervals of leisure he occupied himself with the violin. Even when engaged in painting, his instrument was at hand, and, 'as it was often necessary in the progress of his work to step back in order to judge of the effect, he would sometimes on those occasions amuse himself by carelessly flourishing with some favourite air, till a new idea or alteration came across his mind, when the violin was instantly dismissed. Thus the two arts conspired, and the harmony of the picture was improved by the harmony of the music.'

An artist of any merit, in our days, would be shocked at the idea of receiving only two guineas for a three-quarters portrait, and no more than six for a whole figure on a kit-kat canvass. To such prices as these, however, Romney was obliged to submit during the early part of his career. Indeed, such was the peculiar modesty of his genius, that even when his fame raised him to rivalry with Sir Joshua, he was never disposed to place any thing like an exorbitant value upon his works. He painted with great rapidity; and thus, in some measure, made up by numbers the want of liberality amongst his rural patrons. An anecdote is told of one of these gentry, which puts the influence of reputation in a conspicuous point of view.

'A short time before he left the north, he painted a portrait of an old gentleman for a Mr. B——— near Lancaster, who, either repenting of the expense, (two guineas,) or displeased by fancying himself not sufficiently consulted in the execution of it, declined the payment, on the plea that he was not present at the finishing; and the picture was left in the charge of a Mr. Collinson, of Lancaster. A short time after Mr. Romney had obtained the premium for his picture of the Death of General Wolfe, and when his professional character began to be better

known, Mr. B——— called on Mr. Collinson, paid for the picture, and took it away. When the latter gentleman came to Kendal, he brought the money to Mrs. Romney, and jocosely observed;—that Mr. Romney's pictures improved by keeping;—which has proved to be literally the fact, for his colours have always stood, and grown riper and more mellow by time.'—33, 34.

The encouragement which Romney received in the country very naturally rendered him ambitious of fixing himself in the metropolis. With but little money in hand, and no friends to assist him in London, it would of course have been a precarious speculation for him to have come to town with his wife and family. It is sufficiently comprehensible that, in the first instance, while doubtful of the effect of an experiment calculated to give a bias to the whole of his future destiny, he should be anxious not to expose himself to serious expences. We cannot therefore see, with Hayley, any thing criminal in Romney's leaving his wife and family in the country, while he tried his fortune in the capital, the more so as we are told, by his son, that Mrs. Romney, 'from a sense of duty, and a wish to promote the views of her husband, was induced to make this sacrifice of her feelings.' This, however, she did, under the hope that their separation would not be of long continuance. Between them they were able to muster no more than a hundred pounds; of which her husband took away seventy, leaving her the remainder. Mrs. Romney, having lost her daughter, retired with her only son to the residence of her father-in-law, with whom she continued until his death. The Biographer, who was, perhaps, the principal sufferer by this separation, emphatically expresses his confidence in the sincerity and propriety of his father's intentions. He thinks that the circumstances in which the Artist was placed, the necessity he was under of following the example of the most eminent men in his profession, at the time, in visiting France and Italy, and studying for a while at Paris and Rome, and the limitation of his earnings, which never were splendid, sufficiently excuse the conduct of his father upon this point. If the son be satisfied, certainly strangers to his family have no right to hold an opposite opinion. At the same time, our own advice to a young artist, similarly circumstanced, would always be to take his wife with him. Instead of increasing his expenditure, a faithful and prudent woman will keep it within frugal bounds much more systematically than he can do. Moreover, it is not morally justifiable for any man to contract a union, so sacred as that of marriage, and afterwards to suspend it during a considerable portion of his life for his own convenience, or even for the promotion of his temporal interest. This is taking into our own hands the law of divorce, which, in its present state, is sufficiently mischievous to society with all its cumbrous and costly machinery. The Biographer treats the question with singular forbearance.

'Why Mr. Romney never realized his professions to his wife, may be

otherwise accounted for, than by attributing it to the ungenerous motives imputed by Mr. Hayley. From the very first, his brothers became a heavy burden to him, and drained him of his savings. He deemed it necessary, also, in order to promote his professional views, first to visit Paris, and, at a subsequent period, Rome: which peregrinations consumed all the money he could raise on those respective occasions: thus a succession of untoward circumstances threw impediments in the way of good intent, till time and absence became impediments also. Besides, when Mr. Romney first went to London and began to associate with the young artists of the day, he, from a sort of reserve peculiar to himself, did not communicate the circumstance of his marriage; and, by investing it, as it were, with a kind of secrecy, only increased his repugnance to divulge it; till, at length, by becoming an object of fear, the transition would be easy to that of dislike;—Quod timemus odimus.

'Other circumstances, also, might perhaps have operated on his feelings, and contributed to estrange him from his wife: for though his ruling passion was the love of art, and the desire of riches only subservient and secondary to that object, being such as every one feels who is anxiously struggling for independence; though in fact no man was ever more free from mercenary views, yet it is not improbable but he might have made some disadvantageous comparisons between his own lot and that of two contemporary painters,—Nathaniel Dance and John Astley; the former having married the Yorkshire Mrs. Drummer, with a fortune of eighteen thousand pounds per annum; and the latter, Lady Daniel, of Duckinfield, no less abounding in wealth: he, however would soon have perceived that riches only generated folly and extravagance in them, and a disregard for that noble art, which was to himself the source of all his hopes and enjoyments.

'Perhaps nothing contributed more to confirm him in habits of estrangement from his wife than the society of Mr. Hayley, who had the greatest influence over his affections and feelings. As, however, Mr. Romney's transgressions arose in the first place out of the necessity of his circumstances, and only stole into his habits and modes of life by the slow process of time; they ought not to be visited with that severity of censure which would attach to direct abandonment. It is much to be regretted that so unfortunate a circumstance should have cast a shade upon his character—illustrious by the splendour of his genius, and estimable for many private virtues.'—pp. 36—38.

On arriving in town, in March 1762, Romney took up his residence in Dove Court, near the Mansion House. Thence he removed, successively, to Bearbinder's Lane, and the Mews Gate, Charing Cross. Dance and Mortimer, at that period, lived in Covent Garden, and Hogarth and Reynolds in Leicester fields. The exhibition was held in Spring Gardens, and the artists' academy was in St. Martin's Lane. Romney had the good fortune to gain a prize of fifty guineas, by his picture of the death of General Wolfe. The history of this little piece of success is an amusing specimen of the liberal spirit which characterised the eminent artists of that day. After the prize was awarded, some persons had influence enough with the committee to induce them to revoke their decision.

One of the reasons assigned for this proceeding was, that the picture was the work of an old artist long retired into the country, and that Romney had imposed it upon the public for his own! When the falsehood of this charge was made manifest, the committee sat again to discuss the business. Some critics urged that this could not be justly considered as an historical picture, inasmuch as no historian had yet recorded the event of Wolfe's death! Others objected that the officers and soldiers were not in their proper regimentals, that the General wore a pair of silk stockings, that his face was too pale, and that the whole painting was a coat and waistcoat subject, as if, like the Picts and Scots, the troops in America should have fought naked! The sense of shame, if not of justice, prevailed, however, against these paltry efforts of envy, and though the prize had been assigned to Mortimer, another prize of the same amount was given to Romney. It is with pain we read that his most powerful and unrelenting opponent, on this occasion, was Sir Joshua Reynolds. The picture, however, was much admired at the time, and brought the young artist into distinguished notice; and it is remarkable that, through life, the same feeling of jealousy and hostility on the part of Reynolds towards Romney, continued without the slightest relaxation. Sir Joshua thus proved the strength of his conviction as to the truth of the unchristian, as well as unmanly maxim, promulgated by himself, "That it was impossible for two painters in the same department of the art to continue long in friendship with each other."

Increase of employment having enabled Romney to get together a little money, he, in the autumn of 1764, visited Paris, where he had the good fortune to become acquainted with Vernet, the celebrated landscape painter, who procured for him facilities of access to the best pictures then in that capital. He returned to England in the winter, and resided in chambers in Gray's Inn. It was here that he painted his picture of the "Death of King Edmund," for which he gained the second premium of fifty guineas in 1765. It is a curious proof of the indifference felt in this country towards historical paintings, an indifference, we regret to say, not yet overcome, that the biographer is obliged to observe, 'what became of this picture I have never heard, but fear that it may have been destroyed for want of a purchaser!'

Poor Haydon has been sacrificed to his historical propensities; and we have no doubt that most of our best artists feel the chain of slavery that keeps them to portraiture in moments when the imagination is far away amidst the mountains and lakes of Italy and Switzerland, the varied hills and streams of their own country, or the picturesque events which crowd its annals. There ought, unquestionably, to be something done to remedy this evil. Even Mr. Hume, we apprehend, would not object to the setting apart some eight or ten thousand a-year of the public money for the encouragement of the arts, and especially for the support of eminent

men, who, possessing talents for landscape and historical painting, would be disposed to devote them to national purposes. We trust that some useful project of this description may eventually spring out of the reference which is understood to have been recently made by his majesty to the council of the Royal Academy, a reference worthy of being enumerated among the first acts of a sovereign who really appears to give up, not only his time and mind, but his whole heart, (and a warm, generous, parental heart it is,) to the promotion of every object connected with the happiness and glory of his people.

The succession of prices obtained by Romney for his portraits shews the scale on which he rose in public estimation. For a three-quarter's portrait he was usually paid, in 1762, three guineas; in 1765, five; 1767, seven; 1768, eight; and in 1769, ten. Before he went to Italy (in March, 1773) his price was twelve guineas, and he earned by his industry no less than one hundred pounds per month.

While on his way to Rome, Mr. Romney kept a journal, in which several charming bits of scenery are noted with a distinctness which makes even his written description of them valuable and engaging. Upon his arrival in the eternal city, he dedicated himself so enthusiastically to his professional studies, that he lived like a hermit, almost entirely secluded from society. Hayley boldly and unfeelingly asserts, that this love of solitude was the result of a mental infirmity, which led Romney to entertain a perpetual dread of enemies who were supposed to be engaged in a conspiracy against his success. A similar weakness was ascribed to Barry, who, however, afforded some ground for the imputation. The son of Romney gives a flat contradiction to Hayley on this point. That his father had enemies, and those too of a very disagreeable character, he could have entertained no doubt. But that this reasonable impression ever degenerated into an infirmity, is strongly denied. Having remained at Rome little more than a year and a half, during which period he painted only a few heads and one or two fancy pictures and copies, his time having been principally devoted to studies after the antique, and the old masters, he took his departure for England in January, 1775. He lingered, however, a good deal on the way, in order to make himself acquainted with every thing worth the attention of an artist, and did not arrive in London until the month of July.

Romney now soon reached the zenith of his fame. He was liberally patronized by the Duke of Richmond, for whom he painted the portraits of Admiral Keppel, Burke, Mrs. Damer, and several others of the most distinguished characters of the day. Garrick was to have sat to him, but a severe illness deprived him of this advantage. The fashionable estimation in which his name was already held, appears from the circumstance of Hayley having addressed to him his Epistle on Painting, which was published in

1778. This compliment was the commencement of the friendship which for some years after subsisted between the author and the artist, a friendship of which the son frequently complains throughout this work, as having been made use of by Hayley for the accomplishment of his selfish purposes in many instances.

It would be unnecessary to enumerate the various portraits and other works which Romney executed after his return from Italy. His hands were constantly full of employment, and his prices increased from fifteen to thirty-five guineas.

'He mostly painted a gentleman's three-quarters portrait in three or four sittings; especially, if no hands were introduced. The first sitting was three quarters of an hour, the other two about an hour and a half each; and if another was required, it did not exceed three quarters of an hour. During the spring months he frequently had five sitters a day, and occasionally even six. The only time he had for painting fancy subjects, was in the intervals between the sitters, or when they disappointed him; and having a canvas at hand, he often regarded such a disappointment, as a school-boy would a holiday. The finishing, however, of his portraits required those intervals; but, being a less pleasing occupation, it was too frequently postponed. This in some measure accounts both for his unfinished portraits, and his fancy-pieces, which, being put aside in haste, were either forgotten, or mislaid. There were, however, other co-operating causes which contributed to increase the number of both.

'When he painted *Tragedy and Comedy nursing Shakspeare—The infant Shakspeare attended by the Passions*—and *Alope*—in all which a nude infant was introduced, he had for a model a fine child belonging to a soldier of the Guards. It happened unfortunately that it died while several other similar pictures were in progress, which, on that account, were never finished, viz. *A Group of Children in a boat drifted out to sea*, the nurse on the beach in distress. The infantine playfulness of the children, *in quibus spectatur securitas et ætatis simplicitas*, contrasted with the peril of their situation and the eager anxiety of the nurse, rendered this composition interesting: and, as it was capable of the highest degree of sweet colouring, by the harmonious combination of the azure tints of the sky and sea with the tender carnations of the children, I have no doubt but Mr. Romney would have made it a picture of uncommon beauty, and fit to rival any similar work by Titian or Albano—had not the untimely death of this child put an end to his endeavours. This design was bought in Mr. Romney's sale by Mr. Hoppner, the painter.

'He had a servant boy with a fine countenance, whom he had begun to employ as a model for a picture, representing *A shepherd boy asleep, watched by his dog at the approach of a thunder storm.* This was one of those natural subjects, in which Gainsborough so much excelled: and from the promise that this picture gave in so early a stage, I am confident that had it been finished, it would have ranked with the best works of that master, or with those of Murillo; but unluckily, the lad having been guilty of some misconduct, was hastily dismissed, and the picture was never afterwards touched.'—pp. 145, 146.

Other pictures of the same class were begun, but never finished,

owing to the great number of portraits which he was engaged to execute. So incessantly was he occupied for several years, that in 1793, he thus writes to his brother:—

'"My health is not at all constant—my nerves give way, and I have no time to go in quest of pleasure to prevent a decline of health. My hands are full, and I shall be forced to refuse new faces at last, to be enabled to finish the numbers I have in an unfinished state. I shall regret the necessity of forbearing to take new faces.—There is a delight in the novelty greater than in the profit gained by sending them home finished; but it must be done.'"—p. 150.

At this period and for six or seven years before it, he earned more than three thousand pounds a year by his profession. It was his great ambition to acquire a competency, in order that he might be enabled to devote himself to the higher departments of the art, towards which his aspirations had never ceased to be directed. In endeavouring to realize his wishes in this respect, he, however, destroyed his health, and thus became unfitted for the accomplishment of the great undertakings which he had in view. Of his capacity for them, his son speaks in the most glowing language; although we confess we should entertain some doubts upon this subject, considering the rather lowly turn of his mind compared with that of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

'Never were two persons more opposite in character than these two distinguished painters. I say it with regret, because the peculiarities of Mr. Romney's mind tended much to his prejudice; yet he was not, perhaps, at the bottom, less amiable than his rival. Mr. Romney was retired in his habits, and too reserved; he did not cultivate general society, and, therefore, had few friends: When Reynolds had finished his professional labours for the day, he sought relaxation and recreation in the refined society of accomplished literary men; whereas Mr. Romney, in consequence of his nervous and irritable frame, was obliged to have recourse to a different system; and to seek to recruit the energies of his mind by the indulgence of tranquillity and quiet: for this reason he generally declined engagements. When the spring was sufficiently advanced to allow him to walk into the country, he sometimes used to drink tea at Kilburn Wells, or some other public place; and when the days were longer, he often went to dine at the Long Room, Hampstead. He was not, however, in these excursions, an inattentive observer of any object that might contribute to his art. He always had a sketch-book and a pencil in his pocket; so that if a picturesque group of children, a peculiar cast of countenance, an effect in the sky, or a plant for a fore-ground happened to present itself to his notice, his pencil was at hand. He had great pleasure in observing evening and twilight effects, and began four pictures, suggested by such observations, representing the visitations of ghosts or fairies at that solemn and fancy-moving hour. He occasionally visited Bagnigge Wells, and other places of resort frequented by the lower orders, as excellent schools for the study of character. Thus he and Reynolds pursued different courses to attain the same end; and each that course which was best suited, according to their respective mental frames, for the attainment of that end: but Mr.

Romney, by thus withdrawing from society, necessarily narrowed the circle of his acquaintance, so that his partizans were generally those who admired his pictures without knowing the man.

'Perfection does not belong to human nature. Our excellence is only comparative, and they are the best, who have the fewest defects. Mr. Romney undoubtedly had his share of infirmities; but his errors were rather the offspring of circumstance, than originating from any corrupt principle. He was the dupe of his feelings, but exempt from all gross propensities. His honour and his honesty were naturally pure; and he harboured no malevolent passions in his breast. He was free from the debasing influence of avarice, which has been imputed to Sir Joshua. Mr. Cumberland, indeed, has said, that "he had no dislike to money;" but his reflection is as unkind as it is uncandid. Mr. Romney, from having had to struggle for so many years with poverty, had, perhaps, contracted some little habits of parsimony, but the mind had no participation in them. Can a man be said to be fond of money who had the generosity to advance his brother six hundred pounds, to fit him out for India, which was all the money he had in the world, and which he had saved in the preceding year? But this Mr. Romney did, and at that period of his life too (aged forty-two) when it became highly expedient that he should lose no time in providing for himself. Mr. Cumberland ought to have remembered, that when he himself was in need, after his return from Spain, Mr. Romney advanced him five hundred pounds in the most liberal manner. Being a man of tender feelings, he was ever alive to applications for charity; and the readiness with which he gave, made those applications frequent. He felt every disposition, also, to succour young artists of talent; and whenever he heard of any such impeded by poverty, his purse was open for their assistance. He might truly have said, in the words of Dido,

Non ignara mali, miseris succurere disco.

It was not in the want of generosity, but in the misapplication of it that his fault lay. When a man makes his feelings his guide, he follows an *ignis fatuus*, which may lead him into bogs and quagmires. There was a fibre about Mr. Romney's heart, which the artful and designing knew well how to touch, and make subservient to their own base views and advantage. Whatever errors he committed they mainly sprang from this source.'—pp. 176—178.

Nevertheless with such habits it appears certain that he had studied Milton with the greatest attention, and had selected from Paradise Lost a series of subjects, some of them probably not unlike those which Martin is giving to the world with such matchless success. Writing to his son in 1794, he says:—"I have made many grand designs, I have formed a system of original subjects, moral, and my own—and I think one of the grandest that has been thought of—but nobody knows it.—Hence it is my view to wrap myself in retirement, and pursue these plans, as I begin to feel I cannot bear trouble of any kind." This letter bears evidence of that morbidness of feeling which Hayley attributed to Romney, and which is admitted to have grown upon him in the decline of life. 'The love of retirement,' says his son, 'combining its influence with this diseased state of his mind, soon began to generate

visionary and expensive schemes, which, instead of ministering to his comfort, aggravated his infirmities. He had lived so long in peculiar habits, that he had lost the just conception of that happiness, which results from retirement; its impressions, however, still remained on his memory, but distorted and exaggerated by the influence of a distempered imagination.' His latter days were chiefly spent in building schemes of a ruinous description. He erected at Hampstead a picture gallery, into which his paintings were removed before the walls were dry. In consequence of this many of them were destroyed. Several were also stolen.

In 1798 he was attacked by a paralytic stroke, which induced him to retire to Kendal, where he purchased the place in which his Biographer now resides. It is painful to add that for some time before his death, which took place on the 15th of November, 1802, his reasoning faculties had wholly deserted him, and George Romney left the world as much a child as when he entered it.

The Memoir of Peter Romney, given in the Appendix, deserves no particular notice. He appears to have been possessed of considerable genius, and a tolerably good portrait painter, but a restless hair-brained fellow, who brought on a premature dissolution by habits of intoxication.

ART. II.—*The Library of Entertaining Knowledge—Insect Transformations.* 12mo. pp. 420. London: Knight, 1830.

THE only books really pregnant with "entertaining knowledge," which have yet emanated from what may be called Mr. Brougham's Society, are those compiled by Mr. Rennie upon the inexhaustible history of insects. There is no poetry about the man. He is a mere matter of fact observer and collector. He has the happy tact of arranging his intellectual treasures, whether acquired from his own researches, or those of others, in the most lucid order, and in an easy, popular style. His industry is indefatigable. His love of every subject connected with the works of nature is boundless. He seems to feel particular delight in exposing the mistakes, the prejudices, and credulity of the naturalists of the olden time, that is to say, of those who wrote before the establishment of the 'Diffusion Society,' with whose members he most cordially agrees in opinion, that until they were incorporated into a body, and subdivided into committees, chaos and night held rule over the human mind. This feeling, though it sometimes approach too near to flippancy, is venial and even beneficial. It urges us to shake off old errors, and if it occasionally plunge us into new, nevertheless the useful habit of distrusting mere assertion is betimes engendered, and that is doing a great deal towards the amelioration of mankind.

The volume on "Insect Architecture," we have already noticed.

We have remarked, too, the inconvenience of treating the history of these interesting objects of study, in the way which Mr. Rennie has adopted. His subject was not naturally divisible into the branches which he has given to it; one of them is perpetually touching or coinciding with the other, and we are teazed either with repetition or endless reference. The fault is palpable in the volume now before us; in almost every second or third page of which, after the first fifty, we find a note. (See "Insect Architecture," p. —.) In the chapter, for instance, which describes the eggs of insects, a topic properly belonging to the head of 'Transformations,' we are desired to see two of these eggs (of spiral form) in "Insect Architecture." Much is said here of the effect of heat upon the eggs of insects; but this is not deemed enough without sending us back to a particular page of "Insect Architecture." There is a very singular analogy pointed out by Swammerdam, between the embryo of the butterfly in the caterpillar and that of the plant in the seed; the difference, apparently, being that the former is fed through the mouth of the caterpillar, while the latter derives nutriment from the leaf scales which surround it. In order to have a complete idea of the mode in which nature has provided for the embryo butterfly, it is necessary that we should be acquainted with the construction of the caterpillar's stomach and intestines; but for this knowledge we must have recourse to "Insect Architecture!"

The muscular strength of insects forms a topic, perhaps, properly belonging to that of their transformation. But if we wish to know the construction of the caterpillar's claw or the spider's leg, we must leave the page before us and go again over three or four pages of "Insect Architecture." A question, highly interesting to agriculturists, is discussed, viz., whether a particular tribe of insects is herbivorous or carniverous; that is to say, whether they live upon other tribes found upon corn, or whether they devour the corn itself; for in the one case their preservation would be looked to, in the other their destruction. The subject is partially gone through, and for the rest we must look to "Insect Architecture." 'Similar errors,' observes the author, 'will come under our notice, as we proceed, not more defensible than that of the old soldier coursing caterpillars in France.' We suppose that the remainder of this sentence we are to find in "Insect Architecture," for we do not meet with it in the volume now before us. The authorities differ widely as to the modes of various insects emerging from their pupa cases. The doctrine of Professor Peck with respect to the extrication of the locust moth from its cocoon, is quoted in the book under review, but for observations upon that doctrine we are to consult "Insect Architecture," pages 316, 317, and—318, is it?—no—and 195. Thus we go forward and backward; we find one patch of insect history in one work, one in another; a leg, as it were, here, and an eye there; one half of the body in one volume, and

the other in another: the two books, by the way, having no indispensible connection with each other, as they are not even called vol. 1, vol. 2. They are put forth by the Society as two separate publications, having no titular relation one to the other. It may happen, and, doubtless, in many cases it will happen, that parties may be possessed of Insect Transformations, who have never seen "Insect Architecture." In order to understand the former, they must purchase the latter. They must do more, they must be contented to compare the two constantly together; to pick up one idea here and another there; to learn from one book how a wasp builds his nest, from another how he secures it; from one how a bee is produced, and from another how he collects his honied store; from one how a gnat is housed for the winter, and from another how, in summer, he becomes a chorister or a dancer! This breaking up and separation of almost every subject treated in the two volumes, will, we suspect, try the patience of some readers, and exhaust that of many. For our own parts, nothing could induce us to engage in splitting hairs in this way, had not Mr. Rennie's fulness of matter, his agreeable diction, and the fascination of the subject, beguiled us on from page to page.

Every schoolboy is acquainted with Virgil's famous scheme for creating a swarm of bees out of a dead bullock. The idea is not even yet dispelled from the world, that insects derive their origin from the mere putrefaction of matter. Kircher, certainly one of the most learned men of the seventeenth century, very confidently gave a friend of his a recipe for the manufacture of snakes. "Take," says he, "some snakes of whatever kind you want, roast them and cut them in small pieces, and sow those pieces in an oleaginous soil; then, from day to day, sprinkle them lightly with water from a watering-pot, taking care that the piece of ground be exposed to the spring sun, and in eight days you will see the earth strewn with little worms, which, being nourished with milk diluted with water, will gradually increase in size till they take the form of perfect serpents." His friend tried the experiment, with what success we need hardly say. Maggots he produced in abundance, but as for the snakes, he might have watered his oleaginous soil for a century, before one of them would have made its appearance. Amongst ourselves, there are many who believe—and, in our youthful days, we ourselves might have been classed amongst the number—that a horse's hair thrown into a brook, will, in due time, be converted into an eel. Nothing is now better ascertained in natural history, than the fact that all insects are produced from eggs. Appearances may, and do often, deceive even close observers. The belief is almost universal, that insects are born of what is called the blight, "an easterly wind attended by a blue mist," as that ingenious gardener, Mr. Main, of Chelsea, defines it. Dr. Mason Good, one of the most philosophical naturalists of his day, was of opinion that, on such occasions, the atmosphere was freighted with myriads

of eggs, which, as soon as they fell upon congenial spots, were almost instantaneously hatched into life. The reasoning of Mr. Rennie on this subject appears to us to be founded on the most irrefragable principles. Every known species of eggs being much heavier than the air, how is it possible that they could be wafted about in it? Besides, the parental instinct of insects is altogether incompatible with the notion that they would commit their progeny to the uncertainty of the winds, and that, too, from the time they are dropped, about the end of summer, until the commencement of the ensuing spring, when the young broods appear. It seems to be well ascertained, that not only are all insects produced from eggs, but that the eggs are, according to the usual course of things, deposited with the utmost care, exactly in those places in which the young generations are most likely to obtain the greatest abundance of the food which is most suitable to their wants.

The physiology of insects' eggs forms one of the most curious chapters in natural history. The causes or objects of the variety of colours which are given to them, have never been satisfactorily explained, or even conjectured. In some cases, it is evident that the colour is intended for concealment, being scarcely distinguishable from that of the plant upon which it is deposited; but this resemblance is far from being universal. Insects' eggs differ widely in form from those of birds; they are of all sorts of shapes, cylindric, prismatic, angular, square, &c, the cause most probably being connected with the diversified forms of the beings which they contain. 'The ostrich, the eagle, and the wren, for example, differ much more in size than in their general form; but the ear-wig, the garden-spider, butterflies, beetles, and grasshoppers, differ much more in form than in size, and consequently require eggs of varying forms to contain their progeny.' It is confessed, however, that the mathematical causes of these different forms cannot always be traced, since considerable varieties sometimes occur in the eggs even of the species of the same genus. Here, again, human speculation has been baffled.

The fecundity of insects is another wondrous theme. One aphis may be, according to Reaumur, the progenitor of 5,904,900,000 descendants during its life; the female, during the summer months, is said to produce about twenty-five a day, and it is supposed that in one year there may be twenty successive generations! The queen of the warrior white ants, according to Smeathman, lays an egg every second, or 31,536,000 in a year; and, as every one of these must be removed to proper nurseries suitable to the season, by the queen's attendants, we may suppose that her majesty gives them no little trouble. The comparative view, quoted from Dalyell, of the fecundity of the animal kingdom in general, is truly astonishing.

'"Compared with the rest of animated nature," says Dalyell, "infusion animalcula are surely the most numerous: next are worms, insects,

or fishes; amphibia and serpents, birds, quadrupeds; and last is man. The human female produces only one at a time, that after a considerable interval from birth, and but few during her whole existence. Many quadrupeds are subject to similar laws; some are more fertile, and their fecundity is little, if at all, inferior to that of certain birds, for they will produce ten or twenty at once. Several birds will breed frequently in a year, and have more than a single egg at a time. How prodigious is the difference, on descending to fishes, amphibia, reptiles, insects, and worms! Yet among them the numbers cannot be more different. According to naturalists, a scorpion will produce 65 young; a common fly will lay 144 eggs; a leech, 15[illegible]; and a spider, 170. I have seen a hydrachna produce 600 eggs, and a female moth 1100. A tortoise, it is said, will lay 1000 eggs, and a frog 1100. A gall insect has laid 5000 eggs; a shrimp, 6000; and 10,000 have been found in the ovary, or what is supposed to be that part, of an ascarides. One naturalist found above 12,000 eggs in a lobster, and another above 21,000. An insect very similar to an ant (*Mutilla*?) has produced 80,000 in a single day; and Leeuwenhoeck seems to compute four millions in a crab. Many fishes, and those which in some countries seldom occur, produce incredible numbers of eggs. Above 36,000 have been counted in a herring; 38,000 in a smelt; 1,000,000 in a sole; 1,130,000 in a roach; 3,000,000 in a species of sturgeon; 342,000 in a carp; 383,000 in a tench; 546,000 in a mackarel; 992,000 in a perch; and 1,357,000 in a flounder. But of all fishes hitherto discovered, the cod seems the most fertile. One naturalist computes that it produces more than 3,686,000 eggs; another 9,000,000; and a third 9,444,000. Here, then, are eleven fishes, which probably, in the course of one season, will produce above thirteen millions of eggs; which is a number so astonishing and immense, that, without demonstration, we could never believe it true."*

'The fecundity of insects is no less remarkable than that of fishes. In some instances, particularly in those already mentioned, the numbers produced from the eggs of a single female, far exceed the progeny of any other class of animals. It is this extraordinary fecundity which, under favourable circumstances, produces countless swarms of insects that give origin to the opinion of their being spontaneously generated by putrefaction, or brought in some mysterious way by blighting winds. The numerous accidents, however, to which insects are exposed from the deposition of the egg till their final transformation, tend to keep their numbers from becoming excessive, or to reduce them when they are at any time more than commonly numerous.'—pp. 47, 48.

The systematic care with which insects in general deposit their eggs in places of safety, and anticipate the wants of their young, is remarkably displayed in the instances of solitary bees, wasps, ichneumons, moths, butterflies, spiders, and gnats. This is the more surprising, as it 'is seldom that the mother insect herself feeds upon the same, or similar substances as her larvæ, and yet she is well aware of what is appropriate for them.' Sometimes, indeed, mistakes are made in this respect, but they are so few that

* Introd. Observ. to Spallanzani, xiv.

they hardly deserve to be called exceptions. It is a general idea that intense cold destroys the eggs of insects. We remember, during the last winter, which every body remembers to have been a most inclement one, hearing it remarked by our gardener, that it was at least one source of consolation that the caterpillars would be all annihilated by the frost. Spallanzani has demonstrated that frost, be it ever so intense, has no such effect. The year 1709, when Fahrenheit's thermometer fell to 1°, is supposed to have been one of the coldest ever known. But by means of a chemical mixture, the thermometer has been reduced to 22° below zero, or 23° lower than the cold of the year just mentioned; in this mixture the eggs of caterpillars have been immersed without the slightest injury to their vital power. Living insects die at 14° or 16° below zero, and become as much frozen as ice itself; but it seems the fluid contained in their eggs is capable of resisting the effect of any winter, however severe. Some insects, the common chequered blow-fly, for instance, hatch their eggs within their own bodies, being furnished with abdominal pouches for the purpose, in which the larvæ are coiled up after the fashion of a watch-spring. In one of these coils Reaumur found as many as 20,000 embryo flies, the coil being about two inches and a half in length, though the body of the parent fly was not above one-third of an inch. No wonder that in warm weather our meat is so speedily infected.

We have referred briefly to the physiology of insects' eggs, which is explained with great minuteness by the author, and will well repay attention. He next proceeds to distinguish between transmutation and transformation, the former being, in his opinion, an absurd and untenable doctrine as applied to insects, though some continental naturalists have convinced themselves to the contrary. They have even gone so far as to say, that certain vegetables are converted into animals, and these again into vegetables. The latter part of this doctrine prevails in the West Indies. It deserves no notice, although it cannot be denied that certain vegetables, as camphor for instance, move of themselves when put into water, from what cause nobody has yet been able to discover. The common belief is that the caterpillar is changed into the butterfly,—that is to say, that the crawling insect is transmuted into the winged and beautifully painted creature which every body admires. In common parlance this may be said to be the case; but, strictly speaking, the caterpillar is nothing more than the nurse of the butterfly, the latter being inclosed in the former. This wonderful arrangement of nature is placed beyond all doubt by the experiments of Swammerdam, Reaumur, and Bonnet.

'"In order, says the former, "to discover plainly that a butterfly is inclosed and hidden in the skin of the caterpillar, the following operation must be used. One must kill a full-grown caterpillar, tie a thread to its body, and dip it for a minute or two into boiling water. The outer skin will, after this, easily separate, because the fluids, between the two

skins, are by this means rarefied and dilated, and therefore they break and detach both the vessels and the fibres wherewith they were united together. By this means the outer skin of the caterpillar, being separated, may be easily drawn off from the butterfly which is contained and folded up in it. This done, it is clearly and distinctly seen, that, within this skin of the caterpillar a perfect and real butterfly was hidden, and therefore the skin of the caterpillar must be considered only as an outer garment, containing in it parts belonging to the nature of a butterfly, which have grown under its defence by slow degrees, in like manner as other sensitive bodies increase by accretion.

'" But as these limbs of the butterfly which lie under the skin of the caterpillar cannot, without great difficulty, be discovered in the full-grown caterpillar, unless by a person accustomed to such experiments,—because they are then very soft, tender, and small, and are moreover complicated or folded together, and inclosed in some membranaceous coverings,—it is, therefore, necessary to defer the operation just now proposed, until the several parts of the butterfly become somewhat more conspicuous than at first, and are more increased and swelled under the skin by the force of the intruded blood and aqueous humour. This is known to be the case when the caterpillar ceases to eat, and its skin on each side of the thorax, near under the head, is then observed to be more and more elevated by the increasing and swelling limbs, and shews the appearance of two pair of prominent tubercles." '—pp. 133, 134.

The natural process by which one insect is transformed into the other, or rather by which the one ceases and the other begins to exist, for the word transformation is almost as objectionable as transmutation, well deserves the attention of the student.

'A sailor would find it no easy process to cut for himself a suit of clothes out of a set sail, holding, the while, only by the portion that he was cutting. This is an operation which is performed every day by the tent-making caterpillars. Difficult, however, as this may be considered to be, it appears as nothing when compared with another problem performed by a different family of caterpillars. "Country fellows, for a prize," says Kirby, "sometimes amuse the assembled inhabitants of a village by running races in sacks: take one of the most active and adroit of these, bind him hand and foot, suspend him by the bottom of his sack, head downwards, to the branch of a lofty tree; make an opening in one side of the sack, and set him to extricate himself from it, to detach it from its hold, and suspend himself by his feet in its place. Though endowed with the suppleness of an Indian juggler, and promised his sack full of gold for a reward, you would set him an absolute impossibility; yet this is what our caterpillars, instructed by a beneficent Creator, easily perform." The manner in which this is effected we shall now describe.

'A caterpillar, when about to change into a chrysalis, usually steals away from the plant on which it has been feeding, to find some secluded corner where it may undergo its transformation unmolested; as if it were previously aware that it would no longer be able to escape from its enemies.

'Having thus selected a safe spot, the caterpillar begins, in order to attach itself securely, to weave a mooring of silk, the structure of which is well worthy of notice. The threads of which this is composed are so

fine, that they are not easily distinguished; and we recollect being not a little astonished at seeing a chrysalis of the admirable butterfly (*Vanessa Atalanta*) hanging within an inverted glass tumbler, where we had confined it, the silk being transparent, and all but invisible. It is necessary, therefore, in order to see it distinctly, to confine the caterpillars within a black box or other vessel. The silk threads are not drawn tight along, so as to be parallel with the surface, but are formed into a sort of projecting button, the caterpillar, for this purpose, alternately raising and depressing its head over the spot so as to draw out the threads, in the same way as a tambouring needle is worked in making a dot upon muslin: the base is accordingly made the broadest part, and the centre the most projecting, for a reason which will immediately appear.

'When it has finished this little button of silk, which is thickly interlaced and strong, it turns round to examine it with its hinder pair of prolegs; and if it judges it to be sufficiently firm, it thrusts these among the meshes, taking secure hold with the numerous hooks with which these are fringed, and swings itself fearlessly into the air, hanging with its head downwards. All this seems easy enough of performance, but it is only preliminary; for it has still to throw off its skin, together with the hooks by which it is suspended, and this without losing its hold. The old skin is rent by the forcible bending round of the upper part of the body, which pushes through some of the angular projections of the chrysalis—a tedious and probably a painful operation, in which it is often engaged the greater part of a day, and sometimes two, according to its strength. When the first rent is made, however, the included chrysalis soon wedges itself through the breach, the lower portion swelling out greatly more than the upper, so as to form an inverted but somewhat irregular cone. The included insect continuing its laborious exertions, by successively contracting and dilating the rings of its body, pushes off the now rent skin by degrees from the head towards the tail. There are two circumstances worthy of notice in this process: the position of the insect in hanging with its head downwards, throws a greater portion of the fluids of the body towards the head, by means of their weight, which swell out the part that splits; and also pushes back the old skin, while the sloughing skin is prevented from resiliating by a series of pegs, which act like the toothed rack of a sluice-gate. The old skin, being by these means pushed towards the tail, is of course compressed into several folds, which in some degree prevent the extension of the rent, and serve to keep the chrysalis from falling; for being now detached from the skin, it has no hold upon the meshes of the silk button, and is, in fact, at some distance from it.

'This, then, is the part of the process where the nicety of the mechanism is most worthy of admiration; for the hooks by which the insect is in the first instance suspended from the meshes of the silk are sloughed off, together with the skin, the grasp of whose folds becomes then the only support of the chrysalis. But this chrysalis, now deprived of feet, and some distance from the suspensory cordage of silk, has still to reach this, fix itself there, and cast off the sloughed skin altogether. This operation causes, says Bonnet, a spectator to tremble for the consequences, for every movement seems to render its fall almost certain. It is, however, provided with means which answer the same purpose as hands, to enable

it to climb; it can elongate and contract at pleasure the rings of its body. It accordingly, with two contiguous rings, lays hold, as with a pair of pincers, of the portion of the sloughed skin nearest the head; and elongating the rings beyond this, seizes upon a more distant portion, while it lets go the first. Repeating this process several times, it at length arrives at the silk button.'—pp. 272—276.

The legs, wings, and other external appendages of the insect, which Swammerdam's practised eye could detect upon dissection, become much less difficult to be seen when the outer covering is thus thrown off, particularly when the chrysalis approaches its final change. The legs, antennæ, and suckers are folded down longitudinally upon the breast. 'The wings are still covered with moisture, so that the powdery down which clothes them is scarcely visible, and they have not yet assumed their beautiful colours and elegant markings, but are of a dusky ash-grey. The legs, however, are already so firm, that the insect moves them about, and also coils up its sucker and plays its antennæ.'

Thus the egg having disappeared in the caterpillar, and the caterpillar in the chrysalis, it now waits only for its complete development into the butterfly, which takes place, in the ordinary course of nature, in a few days.

The transformation of the common gnat is attended with peculiar circumstances, of which it is impossible to read without being struck with astonishment at the curious and complicated machinery by which it is effected. The larva of the gnat, we need hardly say, is a tenant of the water.

'About eight or ten days after the larva of a gnat is transformed into a pupa, it prepares, generally towards noon, for emerging into the air, raising itself up to the surface so as to elevate its shoulders just above the level of the water. It is scarcely got into this position for an instant, when, by swelling the part of its body above water, the skin cracks between the two breathing tubes, and immediately the head of the gnat makes its appearance through the rent. The shoulders instantly follow, enlarging the breach so as to render the extrication of the body comparatively easy. The most important and indeed indispensable part of the mechanism, is the maintaining of its upright position so as not to get wetted, which would spoil its wings and prevent it from flying. Its chief support is the rugosity of the envelope which it is throwing off, and which now serves it as a lifeboat till it gets its wings set at liberty and trimmed for flight. The body of the insect serves this little boat for a mast, which is raised in a manner similar to moveable masts in lighters constructed for passing under a bridge, with this difference, that the gnat raises its body in an upright direction from the first. "When the naturalist," says Réaumur, "observes how deep the prow of the tiny boat dips into the water, he becomes anxious for the fate of the little mariner, particularly if a breeze ripples the surface, for the least agitation of the air will waft it rapidly along, since its body performs the duty of a sail as well as of a mast: but as it bears a much greater portion to the little bark than the largest sail does to a ship, it appears in great danger of being upset; and once laid on its side, all is

over. I have sometimes seen the surface of the water covered with the bodies of gnats which had perished in this way; but for the most part all terminates favourably, and the danger is instantly over." When the gnat has extricated itself all but the tail, it first stretches out its two fore-legs, and then the middle pair, bending them down to feel for the water, upon which it is able to walk as upon dry land, the only aquatic faculty which it retains after having winged its way above the element where it spent the first ages of its existence. "It leaves," says Swammerdam, "its cast skin on the water, where it insensibly decays." Réaumur doubts whether Swammerdam ever actually saw this interesting transformation. We have seen it twice only.'—pp. 317—319.

It has been demonstrated by Jurine, that every vein of the wings of insects contains 'an air tube, which has its origin in the windpipe and follows in a serpentine form, without filling, every branchlet of the nervures.' A striking peculiarity in the nature of insects is that they do not increase, like other animals, in size, as they grow older. Butterflies of the same species are generally found to be of the same size; if there be any exceptions they are generally traceable to accident. The house flies are so much alike in size, as every one may observe, that it is difficult to detect the slightest difference in this respect. We often meet with flies larger and smaller than the house fly, but these are of other species.

There is little doubt but that what have been called in the old chronicles "showers of blood," have been produced by insects. Peiresc was the first to discover this interesting fact, and to explain a phenomenon which was magnified by superstition into a visitation of heavenly wrath.

'It is not a little remarkable, that when insects are evolved from the pupa state, they always discharge some substance. It is important to remark, that the matter voided at this period by many butterflies (*Vanessæ*, &c.) is of a red colour, resembling blood, while that of several moths is orange or whitish. It could not readily be supposed that this should become the object of superstitious terror, yet so it has been in more instances than one. Mouffet tells us, from Sleidan, that in the year 1553, a prodigious multitude of butterflies swarmed throughout a great portion of Germany, and sprinkled plants, leaves, buildings, clothes, and men, with bloody drops as if it had rained blood. Several historians, indeed, have recorded showers of blood among the prodigies which have struck nations with consternation, as the supposed omen of the destruction of cities and the overthrow of empires. About the beginning of July, 1608, one of these showers of blood was supposed to have fallen in the suburbs of Aix, and for many miles round it, and particularly the walls of a churchyard were spotted with the blood. This occurrence would, no doubt, have been chronicled in history as a supernatural prodigy, had not Aix possessed at this time, in M. Peiresc, a philosopher, who, in the eager pursuit of all kinds of knowledge, had not neglected the study of insects. It is accordingly related, in the curious life of Peiresc by Gassendi, that he had, about the time of the rumoured shower of blood, happened to find a large chrysalis, the beauty of which made him preserve it in a box. Some time after,

hearing a noise in the box, he opened it and found a fine butterfly, which had left upon the bottom a red stain of considerable magnitude, and apparently of exactly the same nature with the drops on the stones, popularly supposed to be blood. He remarked, at the same time, that there were countless numbers of butterflies flying about, which confirmed him in the belief of his having discovered the true cause; and this was further corroborated by his finding none of the red drops in the heart of the city, where the butterflies were rarely seen. He also remarked, that the drops were never on tiles, and seldom on the upper part of a stone, as they must have been had they fallen from the heavens, but usually appeared in cavities and parts protected by some angular projection. What Peiresc had thus ascertained, he lost no time in disclosing to many persons of knowledge and curiosity, who had been puzzling themselves to account for the circumstance by far-fetched reasonings, such as a supposed vapour which had carried up a supposed red earth into the air, that had tinged the rain;—no less wide of the truth than the popular superstition which ascribed it to magic, or to the devil himself. Those who are curious to verify the discovery, as we may well call it, of Peiresc, may easily do so by rearing any of the spinous caterpillars which feed on the nettle till they are transformed into the butterfly. We have witnessed the circumstance in innumerable instances.'—pp. 350—352.

We have already alluded to the dancing propensities of the gnat; groups of this tribe may be seen in winter as well as in summer, frisking about in the beams of the sun. The dances of the whirling beetles are amusingly described by Mr. Knapp.

'"Water, quiet, still water, affords a place of action to a very amuisng little fellow (*Gyrinus natator*), which, about the month of April, if the weather be tolerably mild, we see gamboling upon the surface of the sheltered pool; and every schoolboy, who has angled for minnows in the brook, is well acquainted with this merry swimmer in his shining black jacket. Retiring in the autumn, and reposing all the winter in the mud at the bottom of the pond, it awakens in the spring, rises to the surface, and commences its summer sports. They associate in small parties of ten or a dozen, near the bank, where some little projection forms a bay, or renders the water particularly tranquil; and here they will circle round each other without contention, each in his sphere, and with no apparent object, from morning until night, with great sprightliness and animation; and so lightly do they move on the fluid, as to form only some faint and transient circles on its surface. Very fond of society, we seldom see them alone, or, if parted by accident, they soon rejoin their busy companions. One pool commonly affords space for the amusement of several parties; yet they do not unite or contend, but perform their cheerful circlings in separate family associations. If we interfere with their merriment they seem greatly alarmed, disperse, or dive to the bottom, where their fears shortly subside, as we soon again see our little merry friends gamboling as before. This plain, tiny, gliding water-flea seems a very unlikely creature to arrest our young attentions; but the boy with his angle has not often much to engage his notice, and the social active parties of this nimble swimmer, presenting themselves at these periods of vacancy, become insensibly familiar to his sight, and by many of us are not observed in after-

life without recalling former hours, scenes of, perhaps, less anxious days; for trifles like these, by reason of some association, are often remembered, when things of greater moment pass off and leave no trace upon the mind." —pp. 368, 369.

The dances of the ephemeræ, which appear after sun-set and die before sun-rise, prove, that if theirs be a short life, it is at least as merry as they can make it. The description is abridged from Reaumur.

'It is usually about the middle of August that the ephemeræ of the Seine and Marne are expected by the fishermen, and when their season is come they talk of the *manna* beginning to appear, calling the insects by this term on account of the quantity of food for the fish, which falls as the manna is recorded to have done in the desert. On the 19th of August, Réaumur, having received notice that the flies had begun to appear, and that millions of them were coming out of the water, got into his boat about three hours before sunset; but after staying in the boat till eight o'clock without seeing any, he resolved, as a storm was foreboded, to return. He had previously detached from the banks of the river several masses of earth filled with pupæ, which he put into a large tub full of water. His servants, who were carrying the tub home, had scarcely set it upon one of the steps of the stairs leading from his garden to the Marne, when he heard them exclaim, "What a prodigious number of ephemeræ are here!" He immediately seized one of the torches and ran to the tub, where he found every piece of earth above the surface of the water swarming with the flies, some just beginning to quit their old skin, others preparing to fly, and others already on the wing, while every where under water they were seen in a greater or less degree of forwardness. The threatened storm of rain and lightning at length coming on, he was compelled to leave the interesting scene; but, to prevent the escape of the insects, he had the tub covered with a cloth. The violence of the rain ceased in about half an hour, when he returned to the garden, and as soon as the cloth was removed from the tub he perceived that the number of the flies was prodigiously augmented, and continued to increase for some time as he stood watching them. Many flew away, and many more were drowned, but the number which had already undergone their transformation from the earth in the tub would have been sufficient to fill it, exclusively of crowds of others which the light had attracted from a distance. He again spread the cloth over the tub, and the light was held above it: immediately the cloth was almost concealed by the vast multitudes which alighted upon it, and they might have been taken by handfulls from the candlestick. What he had observed, however, at the tub, was nothing to the scene now exhibited on the banks of the river, to which he was again attracted by the the exclamations of his gardener.

'"The countless numbers," he says, "of ephemeræ which swarmed over the water can neither be conceived nor expressed. When snow falls thickest and in the largest flakes, the air is never so completely full of them as that which we witnessed filled with ephemeræ. I had scarcely remained a few minutes in one place, when the step on which I stood was covered in every part with their bodies, from two to four inches in depth. Near the lowest step, a surface of water, of five or six feet dimensions

every way, was entirely covered with a thick layer of them, and those which the stream swept away were more than replaced by the multitudes that were continually falling. I was repeatedly compelled to abandon my station, from not being able to bear the shower of insects, which not falling perpendicularly like rain, struck me incessantly and in a manner extremely uncomfortable, pelting against every part of my face, and filling my eyes, nose, and mouth almost to suffocation. On this occasion it was no pleasant post to hold the light, for our torch-bearer had his clothes covered with the insects in a few moments, which rushed in from all quarters to overwhelm him.

'" The light of the torch gave origin to a spectacle which enchanted every one who beheld it, and altogether different from a meteorological shower; even the most stupid and unobserving of my domestics were never satisfied with gazing at it. No armillary sphere was ever formed of so many circular zones in every possible direction, having the light for their common centre. Their number seemed to be infinite, crossing each other in all directions, and in every imaginable degree and inclination—all of which were more or less oblique. Each of these zones was composed of an unbroken string of ephemeræ, which followed each other close in the same line as if they had been tied together head and tail, resembling a piece of silver ribbon deeply indented on its edges, and consisting of equal triangles placed end to end—so that the angles of those that followed were supported by the base of those which preceded, the whole moving round with incredible velocity. This spectacle was caused by the wings of the insects, which alone could be distinguished. Each of these flies, after having described one or two orbits, fell to the earth, or into the water, though not in consequence of having been burned,"'—pp. 373—376.

Thus it will be seen that Mr. Rennie, in order to fill up his volume, has been obliged to enter upon portions of the history of insects, not immediately belonging to that of their transformations. In fact, his object was to combine under an attractive, or at least a novel title (for a volume) as many entertaining topics as could be deemed, either by strict construction, or by what may be called literary fiction, as connected with it. We were startled, when, turning over the last page, we found a notice stating his intention to add another volume, which is to contain such miscellaneous matter relating to insects as could not have been brought together in either of his former works. We apprehend he will find that he is overdoing the subject, though we are aware that some amusing anecdotes of bees, ants, spiders, and other insects, may be collected from the various publications that have been written upon entomology. We are bound to add, that the original contributions to the volume before us, bear but a very small proportion to the number of its pages which are gathered from other sources, and that in point of interest it is infinitely inferior to " Insect Architecture."

ART. III.—*The Undying One, and other Poems.* By the Hon. Mrs. Norton, 8vo. pp. 272. London: Colburn and Bentley, 1830.

THE principal poem in this collection is nothing more or less than a new version of the old story of the Wandering Jew. Upon the thread of his fabled life of immortality, Mrs. Norton has, we think injudiciously, chosen to suspend a series of episodes, all freighted with the woes of unhappy love. We say injudiciously, because whatever of interest may be supposed to attach to the fortunes of that personage, is wholly apocryphal, and has, moreover, long since been exhausted by the various attempts that have been made in verse and prose to represent his endless vicissitudes. Even if it were strictly true that one man were permitted or fated to live on for many centuries, as a lesson to the world, and as a peculiar punishment for himself, it would be a circumstance so much out of the ordinary course of nature, that however it might call forth our wonder, it never would excite our sympathies. We could have nothing in common with his feelings, of joy or of sorrow. A man of sixty years old making love to a girl of eighteen, is already an affair sufficiently ludicrous. But when he goes on to the agreeable term of eighteen hundred years, and, like Mrs. Norton's hero, is perpetually wooing, often wedding, and always surviving the wives or partners of his numberless lives, swearing to each eternal devotion, that is to say, for five and twenty years or so—it is absurd to expect that even the most exquisite poetry could lend attraction to his history.

The ambition of this lady is to be original and effective in her productions. There is something about her of Lady Morgan's "Wild Irish Girl,"—a good deal of enthusiasm, a copious flow of diction, a strong feeling for poetry, but scarcely a gleam of true poetic feeling. In certain circles at the fashionable end of the town she is looked upon as a genius. Nor can it be denied that she participates in the gift of talents which have been bestowed upon almost every member of the Sheridan family with such remarkable prodigality. But as yet we have seen nothing from her pen that indicates powers beyond the ordinary class of those which are busied in stuffing our circulating libraries with novels and fugitive verses. If any thing she is a shade or two below Miss Landon, from whose muse she appears to have derived all her inspiration. She rivals her in her love of balls, and lamp-lighted saloons, and diamonds and knights, and ladies fair. In her subjects she is by no means quite so select; for Mrs. Norton can tell, and a great deal too often does tell us of the misfortunes of the fallen of her sex, whose existence, and at all events whose agonies of mental pain, no woman of virtue ought to know. These engaging characters, nevertheless, seem to claim her peculiar attention; perhaps, and indeed we hope it is so, upon Mrs. Fry's principle, with the view of reclaiming

them from the error of their ways. The misfortune is that they read the poems of the one with as much advantage as they hear the discourses of the other, and the world moves on just as corrupt as it was before.

Why, then, it may be asked, do we review a publication, which, upon our own shewing, can hardly be worth much notice? We answer, that if we were to exclude from our attention every book that is of an inferior or mediocre character, we should fail to embody in our journal that which it ought, from its very title, to contain—a complete picture of the passing literature of the time. We must take it as it comes, whether it be verse or prose: we cannot direct its course; we have only to follow it, applauding what is meritorious, reprehending what is vicious, accelerating the progress of mighty minds to the temple of Fame, and consoling, as far as we can, the disappointed feelings of those who are destined to a speedy oblivion. In the latter class Mrs. Norton will find so many companions that she will, perhaps, thank us for introducing her to their acquaintance. Her Wandering Jew will meet with two or three others, or at least overtake them, on their way to that peaceful abode in which they will, to their amazement, discover that, instead of having lived for eighteen centuries, they have scarcely seen the holy light of eighteen days.

The present Jew hath his story told in four cantos of irregular verse. We would not be understood to say that the fair author has failed to produce a single stanza unworthy to be read. On the contrary, she has written many that will be read with pleasure. Whether they will be remembered is a different question. A very handsome and intelligent young lady pointed out to us the commencement of the first canto, as something which she thought very fine.

> 'Moonlight is o'er the dim and heavy sea,—
> Moonlight is on the mountain's frowning brow,
> And by their silvery fountains merrily
> The maids of Castaly are dancing now.
> Young hearts, bright eyes, and rosy lips are there,
> And fairy steps, and light and laughing voices,
> Ringing like welcome music through the air—
> A sound at which the untroubled heart rejoices.
> But there *are* hearts o'er which that dancing measure
> Heavily falls!
> And there are ears to which the voice of pleasure
> Still vainly calls!
> There's not a scene on earth so full of lightness
> That withering care
> Sleeps not beneath the flowers, and turns their brightness
> To dark despair!'—p. 3.

Probably half the young ladies in London would agree with our critic, but notwithstanding that, upon a poll being taken, Mrs,

Norton would most probably carry the election by their "sweet voices," and leave us in a most deplorable minority, we fear that in the end she would be unseated. For what is in this introduction that would stand the scrutiny even of the most unreflecting mind? It sounds very well—there are some pretty associations and phrases, but nothing more. One of the 'maids of Castaly,' before mentioned, engaged to be married on the following morning, thinks it better to fall in love with the Jew, who, by some spell of his own, has the power to charm every body who touches his fancy.

'What boots it that the few who know him shun
To speak or eat with that unworthy one?
Were all their words of scorn and malice proved,
It matters not—*he loves and he is loved!*'

With due deference to the Hon. Mrs. Norton, it boots, it matters a great deal. In the first place the man was a Jew, and by the time the Castalian maid fell in love with him, which is supposed to have been towards the close of the last century, his head, wanderer as he was, must have been pretty considerably sprinkled over with the silvery blossoms of eighteen hundred winters. The conception is not only in itself unnatural, as is every conception of a similar kind (and there is an abundance of them) which runs through the poem, but peculiarly absurd. For even upon the supposition that such a being was compelled, against the ordinary laws of nature, to survive so many generations of his race, it would have been intended as a penalty, as a state of continued suffering, which no earthly affections were intended to solace. Nevertheless, Mrs. Norton's Jew rivals Don Giovanni himself in the list of his conquests. The first was an English girl named Edith, who, we suppose, lived about the time of the Heptarchy.

'In truth she was a light and lovely thing,
Fair as the opening flower of early spring.
The deep rose crimson'd in her laughing cheek,
And her eyes seem'd without the tongue to speak;
Those dark blue glorious orbs!—oh! summer skies
Were nothing to the heaven of her eyes.
And then she had a watching art
To wile all sadness from the heart;
Wild as the half-tamed gazelle,
She bounded over hill and dell,
Breaking on you when alone
With her sweet and silvery tone,
Dancing to her gentle lute
With her light and fairy foot;
Or to our lone meeting-place
Stealing slow with gentle pace,
To hide among the feathery fern;
And, while waiting her return,
I wander'd up and down for hours—
She started from amid the flowers,

Wild, and fresh, and bright as they,
To wing again her sportive way.

' " And she was good as she was fair;
Every morn and every even
Kneeling down in meekness there
To the Holy One of Heaven;
While those bright and soul-fraught eyes
With an angel's love seem'd burning,
All the radiance of blue skies
With an equal light returning.
The dream of guilt and misery
In that young soul had never enter'd;
Her hopes of Heaven—her love of me,
Were all in which her heart had center'd:
Her longest grief, her deepest woe,
When by her mother's tomb she knelt,
Whom she had lost too young to know
How deep such loss is sometimes felt.

' " It was not grief, but soft regret,
Such as, when one bright sun hath set
After a happy day, will come
Stealing within our hearts' gay home,
Yet leaves a hope (that heart's best prize)
That even brighter ones may rise.
A tear, for hours of childhood wept;
A garland wove for her who slept;
A prayer, that the pure soul would bless
Her child, and save from all distress;
A sigh, as clasp'd within her own
She held my hand beside that stone,
And told of many a virtue rare
That shone in her who slumber'd there—
Were all that clouded for a while
The brightness of her sunny smile.'—pp. 23—25.

And thus the lines roll on in perpetual current of that sort of poetry which was not long since fashionable enough, but now has ceased to have attraction except for those who are contented with any description of tinsel that comes recommended by a title. Not that we have any objection to titled authors of either sex—far from it. The pursuits of elegant literature, still more, the desire and the endeavour to increase its treasures, on the part of persons in the upper circles of society, we hold to be the more entitled to praise, as they thereby show that they have made for themselves resources of enjoyment above the silly gewgaws which dazzle the fashionable world. But the merits of their publications must be estimated by the same standard that is applied to the work of any Grub Street or Burlington Street craftsman. It would be of no real use to any body that we should give praise to a book which cannot justify it: the public will judge, as well the critic as the author, and will not long

be deceived either by the unfounded sentence of the former, or the baseless pretensions of the latter.

The Jew kills Edith merely by telling her that he was the "Wandering Jew," and after asking himself the question—'could *she* be cold and dead?' answers it thus:

'I buried her, and left her there;
And turned away in my despair.'

Linda, the 'Maid of Castaly', having heard all this, would be apt, one should think, to bethink her slily of getting away as quietly as possible out of the reach of the Jew, and of going back to the betrothed whom she had deserted. She does no such thing. Linda is of sterner stuff than Edith, for having listened until the tale was told, she only

——'Gently wept
For him who lived in pain—for her who slept;
And clung to him, as if she fear'd that fate
Would strike him there and leave her desolate.
He spoke—and deaf her ear to all below,
Save the deep magic of that voice of woe!'

Linda's apprehension of losing her lover by a stroke of fate, must have appeared, even to herself, rather gratuitous, when she reflected that he had already sufficient proof that he was 'the undying one.' We soon begin to find out, however, that, after all, the Jew is but a secondary consideration in this poem, the real object of which is to paint the passion of love as exhibited by woman in its strongest colours. Edith dies a victim to it; but she would have done more—she would have gone to hell itself, and tried to endure its fires for his dear sake: she says—

'Earth holds no pang—hell shows no fear
I would not *try* at least to bear;
And if my heart too weak might be,
Oh! it would then have broke for *thee!*'—p. 27.

This is something new, and, we take leave to add, pre-eminently silly, not to say impious.

Our hero, after losing Edith, forswears, for some six or seven hundred years, the tender passion—

'The sweetness and the witchery of love,
Which round my spirit such deep charm had wove;'

and once more he becomes entitled to sing "I've been roaming," had such a song been then indited and married to its present charming air. He fights with the Goths and Vandals against Rome;—we cannot make out whether he wages war with the Crescent or against it, for the Spaniard or for the Moor. It seems that he was present in the civil wars of England also, and even in those of Ireland—

'Ev'n where her sister island dimly rears
(Though all the freshness from its hue be gone)
Her verdant standard from a land of tears,
While there are winds in heaven to waft it on.'

Indeed it would seem that the Jew was originally destined, by Mrs. Norton, to take a very conspicuous share in the Irish rebellion of 1798, and that this civil contest was intended by her to afford the materials of some ten or twenty cantos, had not the late Catholic Relief Bill put an extinguisher upon her plan. It is a pity that so much patriotic fire should not have had an opportunity of blazing away; and when the Duke of Wellington hears that he had a principal share in cutting short, at a most interesting period, the thread of the Wandering Jew's story, he never can forgive himself or his colleagues. But the thing is done now and cannot be undone, whatever may be the desire of Sir H. Inglis and the Duke of Newcastle on that subject. The rebellion of Ireland must, therefore, remain unsung. It is, however, satisfactory to learn from Mrs. Norton, that her Jew was everywhere successful. She exclaims in a passage, by no means destitute of poetic energy—

' " I fought and conquered—and when all was done
How fared misfortune's persecuted son?
The dim days pass'd away and left me lone;
The tyrant and the slave alike were gone.
The indignant eyes that flash'd their wrath afar,
The swords that glitter'd through the cloudy war;
The swelling courage of the manly breast,
The iron hand whose strength the weak oppress'd;
The shouting voices in the deadly fray,
The jest and song that made e'en camps seem gay:
The sounds—the forms—the feeling which had made
Those scenes in which my feet so long had stray'd:
Where and what are they now? a bitter dream
Lit by a meteor-like delusive gleam.
Freedom! thou art indeed a dream! a bright,
A beautiful—a vision of pure light,
Pour'd on our earth-clad spirits from above,
Where all are equals, and where all is love:
But yet no less a dream. Where is the land
Which for the ploughshare hath exchanged the brand,
And been at peace for ever? Is there not
A war with all things, in our changeful lot?
A war with Heaven, a war with our own souls,
Where stormily the sea of passion rolls—
Wrecking each better feeling, which doth strain
For liberty—and wrings our hearts to pain?
The war of fallen spirits with their sin,
The terrible war which rageth deep within—
Lo! *there* the cause of all the strife below,
Which makes God's world a wilderness of woe.
Ye dream, and dream, and dream from day to day,
And bleed, and fight, and struggle, and decay;
And with high-sounding mockeries beguile
Natures that sink, and sicken all the while.
Whither are the old kings and conquerors gone?
Where are the empires lost—the empires won?

Look—from the classic lands, whose fallen pride,
Is fain to summon strangers to their side;
Where with weak wail they call themselves oppress'd,
Who, if unchain'd, would still be slaves at best—
To far across the dim and lonely sea
Where the thrice-conquer'd styles herself 'the free:'
How many generations now are past
Since the first war-cry rose, and when will be the last?
Yet is there freedom in a distant clime,
Where freedom dwelleth to the end of time;
And peace, and joy, and ignorance of fear,
And happiness—but oh! not here! *not* here!
Not in this world of darkness and of graves,
Where the strong govern, and the weak are slaves.
Thou, whose full heart would dream of liberty,
Go out beneath the solitary sky
In its blue depth of midnight—stand and gaze
While the stars pour on thee their gentle rays;
And image, if thou canst, unto thy soul
A little part of the most wondrous whole
Of all that lies beyond—*there* no dark strife
Destroys the creatures of the God of Life;
There no ambition to be made more great,
Turns the pure love of brothers into hate.
Each hath his place assign'd him like the stars
Up in the silent sky, where nothing wars." '—pp. 38—40.

Let it not be supposed that all this time the 'Undying One' allowed his gallantry towards the fair sex to diminish. This would be a great mistake. He seems, however, so far at least as Mrs. Norton knows, to have been enamoured of nobody worth mentioning after he lost Edith, until one day, straying over the field of Moorish and Spanish battle, near the walls of Grenada, he beheld a widowed mother, with her infant on her breast, mourning over her fallen husband, in touching accents. They are touching, because they are simple and natural, and have nothing in common with that vehemence which Mrs. Norton is usually so ambitious to reach.

'"My early and my only love, why silent dost thou lie,
When heavy grief is in my heart, and tear-drops in mine eye?
I call thee, but thou answerest not, all lonely though I be:
Wilt thou not burst the bonds of sleep, and rise to comfort me?

'"Oh! wake thee—wake thee from thy rest upon the tented field:
This faithful breast shall be at once thy pillow and thy shield;
If thou hast doubted of its truth and constancy before,
Oh! wake thee now, and it will strive to love thee even more.

'"If ever we have parted, and I wept thee not as now,
If ever I have seen thee come, and worn a cloudy brow,
If ever harsh and careless words have caused thee pain and woe,
Then sleep, in silence sleep, and I—will bow my head and go.

'" But if, through all the vanished years whose shadowy joys are gone,
Through all the changing scenes of life, I thought of thee alone,
If I have mourn'd for thee when far, and worshipp'd thee when near,
Then wake thee up, my early love, this weary heart to cheer!

'" Awake; thy baby-boy is here, upon whose soft cheek lie
No tears of grief, save those which fall from his sad mother's eye;
How, lingering, didst thou gaze on him when we were forced to part—
Rise up, for he is here again, and press him to thy heart!

'" In vain, in vain—I dream of thee and joyous life in vain;
Thou never more shalt rise in strength from off the bloody plain;
Thou never more shalt clasp thy boy, nor hold me to thy breast:
Thou hast left us lonely on the earth, and thou art gone to rest.

'" Awake thee, my forsaken boy!—awake, my babe, and weep;
Art thou less wretched, that thy brow no trace of woe can keep?
Oh! would through life, that thou might'st taste no cup but that of joy,
And I, as now, might weep for both—my boy!—my orphan boy!"'

pp. 41—43.

A second wailing song follows this, which has neither simplicity nor feeling to recommend it. It talks of murmuring rills, sunshine and flowers, lighted halls, happy faces, gay young hearts, laughing voices, and dancing trains,—those namby pamby phrases of the Landonic or juvenile school. Yet, with all her grief, the Moorish widow is not insensible to the approach of a new lover. The Jew came, saw, and conquered! Her sorrow was his. She reminded him of Edith. She all at once forget her woes, and took the wanderer home with her, where her orphan boy called him father, 'half pleased and half amazed.' No wonder that the cherub was amazed, indeed, if he had the sense to perceive the rapid transit of his mamma from the deepest grief to surpassing joy. With this lady the 'Undying One' spent years of uninterrupted bliss.

'And we did dwell together calmly fond
With our own love, and not a wish beyond.'

This was he who was doomed in a former part of the poem to eternal wretchedness and despair. No matter. He was now happy, and he even dreamt for a while that his happiness might last; but unfortunately his wife grew old, while he remained stationary in years; and wonderful to relate, she died a natural death. He did not kill her with the disclosure of his mystery. The fate of Edith warned him against that error. What is more wonderful is this, that his Moorish partner died without even once asking him the question, by what charm *his* years seemed to have no number, while *hers* rolled so rapidly away? Why her once ebon curls were streaked with grey, while his flourished in immortal youth, without one touch of snow? It is true that she looked this question sometimes, but never gave it expression. Before we wander to some newer lover, we must do Mrs. Norton the justice to extract a pretty little song which she puts into the

lips of the Moorish lady, as she sat her down 'by the *blue* waters of the Guadalquivir:' but we must first tell Mrs. Norton that the said waters are not *blue*, and, in the next place, that if she knew how to pronounce Guadalquivir, she would never have thought of coupling it for a rhyme with *river*.

'The spring! I love the spring! for it hath flowers,
And gaily plumaged birds, and sapphire skies,
And sleeping sunshine, and soft cooling showers,
And shadowy woods where weary day-light dies.
And it hath dancing waters, where the sun,
With an enamour'd look at the light waves,
Doth lull himself to rest when day is done,
And sinks away behind their rocky caves.

'I love the spring, for it hath many things
In earth and air that mind me of old days;
Voices and laughter and light murmurings,
Borne on the breeze that through the foliage plays;
And sounds that are not words, of human joy
From the deep bosom of the shelter'd wood;
Woods dimm'd by distance, where, half pleased, half coy,
The maiden chides her broken solitude.

'The spring of youth!—how like to nature's spring,
When its light pleasures all have pass'd away,
Are the dim memories which that word can bring,
Wringing the heart that feels its own decay!
The half forgotten charm of many a scene
Coming confusedly athwart the brain;
The wandering where our former steps have been
With forms that may not wander there again;—

'Murmurings and voices where some single tone
Thrills for a moment, and forgets to sound;
Yearnings for all that now is past and gone,
And vain tears sinking in the mossy ground:—
Oh! this is all, and more than all, which stays
To mock us with the sunshine of past years;
And those spring shadows on our autumn days
Cast their dim gloom, and turn our smiles to tears!'—pp. 50, 51.

A long story, preciously strewed with all Mrs. Norton's tinsel, some of it as faded as any that is to be found in Monmouth Street, follows these verses. Sometime after the death of the mother the son takes unto himself a wife. He makes a vain effort before he weds, to turn out the Jew, who, however, coaxes him not to be so cruel. He remains with the newly married pair as long as possible; but ultimately, as he would not quit them, they quit him. Behold him, therefore, once more thrown upon the world, where now he meets with only brawling storms, inconstant lovers, perfidious friends, parricides, murderers, lunatics, and the whole tribe of wicked spirits by which the earth is infested. Never-

theless, nothing makes him give up his old trade of love-making. He saves a female child from being drowned by its unnatural mother; the child grows up to womanhood, and becomes enamoured of her protector. Edith, the Moor, and now Miriam; the latter flourished when the Jews were massacred, or rather massacred themselves in York, in the early part of the reign of Richard I. We love to fix the time with precision. Miriam, like the rest, also died in due course. She died, but not in due course, for her charming Jew murdered her one fine moonlight night, for no other reason that we can discover, than because he was astonished that she lived so long. All this is told very quietly to Linda, who still listens on, and hears that the law was about to try to put a finishing hand to his wanderings and his amours, when lo! he is extricated from the hands of the executioner by a tremendous peal of thunder. This did not prevent him from being re-committed, as Sir Richard Birnie would say, and as it suits Mrs. Norton's purpose to hurry on the time of her four cantos, she has her poor Jew lodged in a common jail for the period of one hundred years, part of the time as a lunatic! This beats the story of the Man in the Iron Masque hollow.

Linda, notwithstanding that the man stands before her a confessed murderer and a ci-devant lunatic, still clings to him, and they set sail for Ireland. They are pursued by her betrothed; they escape his search; their vessel takes fire and is destroyed at sea, but no accident endangers the Jew's charmed life. They land in Ireland just when the French land at Killala, and here the tale breaks abruptly off. What became of the Jew and Linda, whether the latter is yet living, or whether Mrs. Norton has succeeded to her place; whether the wandering Jew be in London or at some pleasant watering place, watching the progress of liberty in France, or of the regatta at Cowes, are questions upon which, though we much desire it, we have no information. Wherever he is, we hope he will keep the peace, and if he wants a shilling at any time, he may call upon us. We should be most happy to make his acquaintance, for we have a notion that he would make a capital critic. What a delightful thing to have it to say that we shook hands with the 'Undying One!' It would impart to us a portion of what we presume to be still his—immortality—although Mrs. Norton has done every thing in her power to murder him.

ART. IV.—*Principles of Geology, being an attempt to explain the former Changes of the Earth's Surface, by reference to causes now in operation.* By Charles Lyell, Esq. F.R.S., Foreign Secretary to the Geological Society. Vol. i. pp. 511. London: Murray. 1830.

THE history of Geology is full of the most forcible admonitions to men in the study of philosophy, for it exhibits in a light, absolutely ludicrous, the extravagance of the human mind, when under the

influence of that vain-glorious ambition which so often drives it, in the sphere of science, to premature generalization. Every variety, every shade and hue of this profound folly, is to be met with in the conduct of those men who purported to guide their fellow creatures to a knowledge of the mysteries of the earth's structure. It was only after theory upon theory had been delivered to the world with all the earnestness of conviction, and, sometimes, with all the authority of assumed infallibility, that it at length struck the unprejudiced votaries of Geology that there could be no principles without facts, in science, and that a great many, too, were necessary, in order to constitute a deduction of general application. Werner and Hutton set the example of seeking for a theory through the means of facts, instead of acting as their predecessors had done, that is, striving to modify evidence according to their preconceived theories. Our Geological Society and the French naturalists have followed up this only reasonable and useful course; and great progress has been made within the last few years in, at least, delivering geology from the thraldom of the schools, and clearing away the rubbish which ages had opposed to the general perception of its sublime truths.

The most remarkable feature which distinguishes the present state of geological knowledge in this country, is the complete (we believe we may answer for the sanity of all our geologists) extinction of Werner's theory, or, as it is still designated, the "Neptunean theory." The expedition with which this fanciful doctrine exhaled from the minds of men, is to be attributed, in great part, to the simpler and far more rational scheme by which Hutton explained the causes which have modified and continue to change the external structure of our earth; and it is no small testimony to the merit of Hutton's theory, that, after having been tried in the furnace of persecution, it has come forth, not exactly in its original integrity, but with so much of its substance as to admit of no doubt of its identity. The leading doctrine, then, that we derive from Hutton, is, that the continents of the earth, with all their strange irregularities of mountains and vallies, rocks and soft soils, &c., are the work of subterranean action, which has thus violently dealt with what was once level and perfectly horizontal. The Huttonian theory may be briefly described, as teaching that the materials of which the surface of this globe is composed are subject to the constant operation of a law which first sends these materials into the sea, and then causes them to be consolidated and finally protruded above the level of the ocean by means of the violent action of subterranean fire. Thus is a new earth constantly forming, and forming out of the ruins of the old one. This theory certainly involved the complete annihilation of all our notions as to the period of the formation of the earth and the finity of its existence; and being supposed to negative the Mosaic history, was assailed by a host of opponents. In the disputes which followed, between the partisans of

Hutton and Werner, much ill blood was shown, so as to make reasonable men almost wish to avoid agreeing with either. This was the foundation of the Geological Society of London, which, as we said, proceeded upon the principle that data were wanted; and practically conducting their labours in reference to this principle, and postponing the business of generalization, they have accomplished a vast deal for the science. The French naturalists led the way, however, in demanding attention to practical investigations alone: they examined the fossil remains that were found in various strata, and, by a careful collation of these specimens, they were enabled to bring forward evidence of the operations, both at distant periods and at the present hour, of the same laws of the change of the earth. It is the discovery of the value of this enquiry into the natural history of organic remains—to geology, that confers so much credit on modern philosophers. The contemplation of what has been recently effected, chiefly by means of the instrument to which we have just adverted, is sufficient to justify us in entertaining the most sanguine view of improvement hereafter; and we agree fully with the following sentiments which we could not hope to express in so good language as they have been delivered by Mr. Lyell.

'When we compare the result of observations in the last thirty years with those of the three preceding centuries, we cannot but look forward with the most sanguine expectations to the degree of excellence to which geology may be carried, even by the labours of the present generation. Never, perhaps, did any science, with the exception of astronomy, unfold, in an equally brief period, so many novel and unexpected truths, and overturn so many preconceived opinions. The senses had for ages declared the earth to be at rest, until the astronomer taught that it was carried through space with inconceivable rapidity. In like manner was the surface of this planet regarded as having remained unaltered since its creation, until the geologist proved that it had been the theatre of reiterated change, and was still the subject of slow but never ending fluctuations. The discovery of other systems in the boundless regions of space was the triumph of astronomy; to trace the same system through various transformations—to behold it at successive eras adorned with different hills and valleys, lakes and seas, and peopled with new inhabitants, was the delightful meed of geological research. By the geometer were measured the regions of space, and the relative distances of the heavenly bodies—by the geologist myriads of ages were reckoned, not by arithmetical computation, but by a train of physical events—a succession of phenomena in the animate and inanimate worlds—signs which convey to our minds more definite ideas than figures can do, of the immensity of time.'
—p. 73.

Even after the Huttonian theory had been allowed to contain the seeds of a just scheme, there was great difficulty in the minds of many in believing that a different constitution, different physical laws, prevailed with respect to the earth in distant times from those which are now in existence. The prejudices, however, in which

this difficulty originated are fast wearing away, and, no doubt, the accumulating evidence of facts will completely remove it.

The great error which our moderns ascribe to Hutton, whom they are certainly very far from blindly following, is, that he imputed too exclusive an influence in the revolutions of the earth to volcanic heat. No doubt it may be regarded as a principal agent, but it is obviously blinding one's eyes to the truth, to leave out of consideration the effects of 'mechanical pressure, of chemical affinity, of percolation of mineral waters, of permeation by elastic fluids,' and other actions, such as that of electricity, which remain yet to be fully investigated. We mention this as an instance of the impartial spirit which directs modern investigations, as well as a criterion of the progress in improvement which they have caused. Those who wish to be more amply provided with the means of judging of those achievements by which our existing geologists are so distinguished, we must recommend to study Mr. Lyell's work, for so multitudinous are the details which it embraces, that even the description of them would occupy a space which we could not afford to a single subject. The object of Mr. Lyell's work appears to be to support the fundamental principle of the greater part of geologists, by a reference to facts which have been derived from recent observation; this principle being, that the same law of change now in operation was that which always existed. For instance, the organic remains of animals connected by generic affinity with others, which now are only found in hot climates, have been discovered in the northern parts of Asia; and plants which only grow in hot climates have been also discovered, together with numerous reptiles, in a fossil state, proving that the temperature of the place must have been once a hotter one by many degrees than it is at present. Analogous facts also appear to justify the inference that, in the latitudes now occupied by Europe, Asia, and Africa, there has been a great diminution of temperature in the northern hemisphere.

The former heat Mr. Lyell argues is to be attributed to the carboniferous strata that were deposited: he goes on to show that changes of climate are produced by change of surface, and that it is by this hypothesis alone we can explain the existence of fossil animals in places where animals of the same genus now living could not subsist. After a very able vindication of the theory of 'uniformity' in the action of the laws of change, Mr. Lyell proceeds to the more interesting parts of his subject, namely, the changes which are now going on, in pursuance of these laws, in the organic as well as inorganic kingdoms of the world. We have said that the fundamental theory of geology, derived from Hutton, was that the sea and its tributary waters were constantly washing away the land, whilst in some other places internal fires were casting up nearly the same proportion of new land from the sea. Mr. Lyell gives to those powers the relation of antagonist forces: the aqueous agents, he says, incessantly striving to reduce the inequa-

lities of the earth's surface to a level, whilst the igneous agent is just doing the reverse—seeking to restore the earth to its former unevenness. Though there is some complication in the mode in which these opposite influences exert themselves, since they are found capable of concurring for a joint object on some occasions, yet their habitual action is susceptible of being minutely traced, and their effects estimated. Mr. Lyell first describes the erosive powers of running water, that is to say, its capacity of removing solid portions of the land; and shows, by examples, the extraordinary effect which it produces, particularly when running by great descents, as in mountainous countries. The instance of the Niagara is of a very striking description.

'*Falls of Niagara.*—The falls of Niagara afford a magnificent example of the progressive excavation of a deep valley in solid rock. That river flows from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, the former lake being three hundred and thirty feet above the latter, and the distance between them being thirty-two miles. On flowing out of the upper lake, the river is almost on a level with its banks; so that, if it should rise perpendicularly eight or ten feet, it would lay under water the adjacent flat country of Upper Canada on the west, and of the State of New York on the east. The river, where it issues, is about three quarters of a mile in width. Before reaching the falls, it is propelled with great rapidity, being a mile broad, about twenty-five feet deep, and having a descent of fifty feet in half a mile. An island at the very verge of the cataract divides it into two sheets of water; one of these, called the Horse-shoe Fall, is six hundred yards wide, and one hundred and fifty-eight feet perpendicular; the other, called the American Falls, is about two hundred yards in width, and one hundred and sixty-four feet in height. The breadth of the island is about five hundred yards. This great sheet of water is precipitated over a ledge of hard limestone, in horizontal strata, below which is a somewhat greater thickness of soft shale, which decays and crumbles away more rapidly, so that the calcareous rock forms an overhanging mass, projecting forty feet or more above the hollow space below. The blasts of wind charged with spray, which rise out of the pool into which this enormous cascade is projected, strike against the shale beds, so that their disintegration is constant; and the superincumbent limestone, being left without a foundation, falls from time to time in rocky masses. When these enormous fragments descend, a shock is felt at some distance, accompanied by a noise like a distant clap of thunder. After the river has passed over the falls, its character, observes Captain Hall, is immediately and completely changed. It runs furiously along the bottom of a deep wall-sided valley, or huge trench, which has been cut into the horizontal strata by the continued action of the stream during the lapse of ages. The cliffs on both sides are in most places perpendicular, and the ravine is only perceived on approaching the edge of the precipice.

'The waters which expand at the falls, where they are divided by the island, are contracted again, after their union, into a stream not more than one hundred and sixty yards broad. In the narrow channel, immediately below this immense rush of water, a boat can pass across the stream with ease. The pool, it is said, into which the cataract is preci-

pitated, being one hundred and seventy feet deep, the descending water sinks down and forms an under current, while a superficial eddy carries the upper stratum back *towards* the main fall. This is not improbable; and we must also suppose, that the confluence of two streams, which meet at a considerable angle, tends mutually to neutralize their forces. The bed of the river below the falls is strewed over with huge fragments which have been hurled down into the abyss. By the continued destruction of the rocks, the falls have, within the last forty years, receded nearly fifty yards, or, in other words, the ravine has been prolonged to that extent. Through this deep chasm the Niagara flows for about seven miles; and then the table-land, which is almost on a level with Lake Erie, suddenly sinks down at a town called Queenstown, and the river emerges from the ravine into a plain which continues to the shores of Lake Ontario.

'There seems good foundation for the general opinion, that the falls were once at Queenstown, and that they have gradually retrograded from that place to their present position, about seven miles distant. If the ratio of recession had never exceeded fifty yards in forty years, it must have required nearly ten thousand years for the excavation of the whole ravine; but no probable conjecture can be offered as to the quantity of time consumed in such an operation, because the retrograde movement may have been much more rapid when the whole current was confined within a space not exceeding a fourth or fifth of that which the falls now occupy. Should the erosive action not be accelerated in future, it will require upwards of thirty thousand years for the falls to reach Lake Erie (twenty-five miles distant), to which they seem destined to arrive in the course of time, unless some earthquake changes the relative levels of the district. The table-land, extending from Lake Erie, consists uniformly of the same geological formations as are now exposed to view at the falls. The upper stratum is an ancient alluvial sand, varying in thickness from ten to one hundred and forty feet; below which is a bed of hard lime-limestone, about ninety feet in thickness, stretching nearly in a horizontal direction over the whole country, and forming the bed of the river *above* the falls, as do the inferior shales *below*. The lower shale is nearly of the same thickness as the limestone. Should Lake Erie remain in its present state until the period when the ravine recedes to its shores, the sudden escape of that great body of water would cause a tremendous deluge; for the ravine would be much more than sufficient to drain the whole lake, of which the average depth was found, during the late survey, to be only ten or twelve fathoms. But, in consequence of its shallowness, Lake Erie is fast filling up with sediment, and the annual growth of the deltas of many rivers and torrents which flow into it is remarkable. Long Point, for example, near the influx of Big Creek River, was observed, during the late survey, to advance three miles in as many years. A question therefore arises, whether Lake Erie may not be converted into dry land before the Falls of Niagara recede so far. In speculating on this contingency, we must not omit one important condition of the problem. As the surface of the lake is contracted in size, the loss of water by evaporation will diminish; and unless the supply shall decrease in the same ratio, (which seems scarcely probable), Niagara must augment continually in volume, and by this means its retrograde movement may hereafter be much accelerated.'—pp. 179—182.

Another example exhibiting a similar phenomena is that of the Po, which has encroached so perseveringly on the land that surrounds it, as to require that its invasions should be obstructed by high embankments. Mr. Lyell then refers to the rapid changes of the surface, which have recently taken place near the banks of the Mississippi; where new lakes are forming, rivers changing their courses; and where, on the other hand, by volcanic agency, islands are springing up. After a forcible description of the ravages of some destructive floods, Mr. Lyell proceeds to consider the comparative transporting powers of springs and rivers. This leads him to consider the formation of mineral springs, and their effect in creating new combinations where they arrive; the materials being transported from distant places, and being conveyed that distance with ease in a state of solution. This is a valuable chapter, and will be found well worth the attention of the naturalist. The agency of running water, however, is not confined to the disintegration of rocks and the transportation of matter from more elevated to more inferior levels; its reproductive power is just as striking. The energy with which it forms deposits may be ascertained by the accumulations which are formed by it at the mouths of rivers, where they enter lakes and seas. The growth of some of the chief deltas in the world is then traced in a most interesting manner by our author, who seems to have been most unwearied in the collection of authentic facts connected with those various phenomena. The following curious notice of the Delta of the Ganges cannot be omitted:—

'One of the most extraordinary statements is that of Major Rennell, in his excellent paper, before referred to, on the Delta of the Ganges. "A glass of water," he says, "taken out of this river when at its height, yields about one part in four of mud. No wonder, then, that the subsiding waters should quickly form a stratum of earth, or that the delta should encroach on the sea!" The same hydrographer computed with much care the number of cubic feet of water discharged by the Ganges into the sea, and estimated the mean quantity through the whole year to be eighty thousand cubic feet in a second. When the river is most swollen, and its velocity much accelerated, the quantity is four hundred and five thousand cubic feet in a second. Other writers agree that the violence of the tropical rains, and the fineness of the alluvial particles in the plains of Bengal, cause the waters of the Ganges to be charged with foreign matter to an extent wholly unequalled by any large European river during the greatest floods. We have already alluded to the frequent sweeping down of large islands by the Ganges; and Major R. H. Colebrooke, in his account of the course of the Ganges, relates examples of the rapid filling up of some branches of the river, and the excavation of the new channels, where the number of square miles of soil removed in a short time (the column of earth being one hundred and fourteen feet high) was truly astonishing. Forty square miles, or 25,600 acres, are mentioned as having been carried away, in one locality, in the course of a few years. But although we can readily believe the proportion of sediment in the waters

of the Ganges to exceed that of any river in northern latitudes, we are somewhat staggered by the results to which we must arrive if we compare the proportion of mud, as given by Rennell, with his computation of the quantity of water discharged, which latter is probably very correct. If it were true that the Ganges, in the flood-season, contained one part in four of mud, we should then be obliged to suppose that there passes down, every four days, a quantity of mud equal in volume to the water which is discharged in the course of twenty-four hours. If the mud be assumed to be equal to one-half the specific gravity of granite (it would, however, be more), the weight of matter *daily* carried down in the flood season, would be about equal to seventy-four times the weight of the Great Pyramid of Egypt. Even if it could be proved that the turbid waters of the Ganges contain one part in *a hundred* of mud, which is affirmed to be the case in regard to the Rhine, we should be brought to the extraordinary conclusion, that there passes down, every two days, into the Bay of Bengal, a mass about equal in weight and bulk to the Great Pyramid.

The observation of the formation of Deltas, however imperfect it may be, is yet sufficient to satisfy us of the existence of a vast system of reciprocal sacrifice, made by the land and sea in favour of each other. In the flow of years the one makes its appearance, and, for a period, occupies the site which the other had long enjoyed with all the appearance of endless duration. These changes are so gradual, they extend over so great a breadth of time, that they can scarcely be marked by the hurrying tide of human beings which succeed each other during their formation.

The efficacy of oceanic tides and currents in subduing the land may be witnessed on many parts of our own coast, where its encroachments are minutely described by Mr. Lyell. The state of the cliffs at Dover at present, as compared with what they were at a former period, gives rise to a hypothesis which, we confess, startled us not a little.

'Whether England was formerly united with France has often been a favourite subject of speculation; and in 1753 a society at Amiens proposed this as the subject of a prize essay, which was gained by the celebrated Desmarest, then a young man. He founded his principal arguments on the identity of composition of the cliffs on the opposite sides of the Channel, on a submarine chain extending from Boulogne to Folkestone, only fourteen feet under low water, and on the identity of the noxious animals in England and France, which could not have swam across the straits, and would never have been introduced by man. He also attributed the rupture of the isthmus to the preponderating violence of the current from the north. It will hardly be disputed that the ocean might have effected a breach through the land which, in all probability, once united our country to the continent, in the same manner as it now gradually forces a passage through rocks of the same mineral composition, and often many hundred feet high, upon our coast. Although the time required for such an operation was probably very great, yet we cannot estimate it by reference to the present rate of waste on both sides of the Channel. For when, in the thirteenth century, the sea burst through the isthmus of

Staveren, which formerly united Friesland with North Holland, it opened in about one hundred years a strait more than half as wide as that which divides England from France, after which the dimensions of the new channel remained almost stationary. The greatest depth of the strait between Dover and Calais is twenty-nine fathoms, which only exceeds by one fathom, the greatest depth of the Mississippi . New Orleans. If the moving column of water in the great American river, which, as we before stated, does not flow rapidly, can maintain an open passage to that depth in its alluvial accumulations, still more might a channel of the same magnitude be excavated by the resistless force of the tides and currents of "the ocean stream." '—p. 277.

Whatever truth may be in the conjecture of a physical union having existed between this country and France, we are but too happy in the assurance that recent events have contributed powerfully to the establishment of an era, when the moral union of the two kingdoms is not a matter of speculation. It will surely be an admirable thing to find that the government of this world is carried on upon such a system of balance and compensation, that after dividing us by the ocean, it should restore the French and English people to each other by the highest and noblest sympathy that can associate men together.

In approaching Mr. Lyell's observations on the operations of the sea to the prejudice of our Southern Shore, we were extremely interested to find out for how many hundred—or haply they may be only scores—years the favourite haunt of the Londoners, Brighton, was to remain undisturbed. The following remarks on this town are curious.

'The whole coast of Sussex has been incessantly encroached upon by the sea from time immemorial; and although sudden inundations only, which overwhelmed fertile or inhabited tracts are noticed in history, the records attest an extraordinary amount of loss. During a period of no more than eighty years, there are notices of about *twenty* inroads in which tracts of land of from twenty to *four hundred acres* in extent were overwhelmed at once; the value of the tithes being mentioned by Nicholas, in his Taxatio Ecclesiastica. In the reign of Elizabeth, the town of Brighton was situated on that tract where the chain-pier now extends into the sea. In the year 1665, twenty-two tenements had been destroyed under the cliff. At that period there still remained under the cliff one hundred and thirteen tenements, the whole of which were overwhelmed in 1703 and 1705. No traces of the ancient town are now perceptible, yet there is evidence that the sea has merely resumed its ancient position at the base of the cliffs, the site of the old town having been merely a beach abandoned by the ocean for ages. It would be endless to allude to all the localities on the Sussex and Hampshire coasts, where the land has been destroyed; but we may point to the relation of the present shape and geological structure of the Isle of Wight, as attesting that it owes its present outline to the continued action of the sea. Through the middle of the island a high ridge of chalk strata, in a vertical position, runs in a direction east and west. This chalk forms the projecting promontory of Culver Cliff on the east, and of the Needles on the west; while San-

lows Bay on the one side, and Compton Bay on the other, have been hollowed out of the softer sands and argillaceous strata, which are inferior to the chalk. The same phenomena are repeated in the Isle of Purbeck, where the line of vertical chalk forms the projecting promontory of Handfast Point; and Swanage Bay marks the deep excavation made by the waves in the softer strata, corresponding to those of Sandown Bay.' —pp. 280, 281.

In treating of the counteracting effects of the igneous agent, Mr. Lyell enters into a detailed history of the earthquakes which have caused so much terror and destruction in various parts of the world during many centuries. The volcano and the earthquake Mr. Lyell endeavours to show have a common origin; and though apparently they are desultory and casual in their occurrence, yet he contends that they are governed by an uniform law, and their agency, however arbitrarily it seems to us to be exercised, is subservient to one of the nicest possible schemes of physical adjustment. After having remarked on the earthquakes of 150 years in chronological order, Mr. Lyell says—

'We have now only enumerated the earthquakes of the last hundred and forty years, respecting which, facts illustrative of geological inquiries are on record. Even if our limits permitted, it would be a tedious and unprofitable task to examine all the obscure and ambiguous narratives of similar events of earlier epochs, although, if the localities were now examined by geologists well practised in the art of interpreting the monuments of physical changes, many events which have happened within the historical era might still be determined with precision. The reader must not imagine, that in our sketch of the occurrences in the short period above alluded to, we have given an account of all, or even the greater part of the mutations which the earth has undergone, by the agency of subterranean movements. Thus, for example, the earthquakes of Aleppo, in the present century, and of Syria in the middle of the eighteenth, would doubtless have afforded numerous phenomena of great geological importance, had those catastrophes been described by scientific observers. The shocks in Syria in 1759, were protracted for three months, throughout a space of ten thousand square leagues, an area compared to which that of the Calabrian earthquakes, of 1793, was insignificant. Accon, Saphat, Balbeck, Damascus, Sidon, Tripoli, and many other places, were almost entirely levelled to the ground. Many thousands of the inhabitants perished in each, and in the valley of Balbeck alone twenty thousand men are said to have been victims to the convulsion. It would be as irrelevant to our present purpose to enter into a detailed account of such calamities, as to follow the track of an invading army, to enumerate the cities burnt or rased to the ground, and reckon the number of individuals who perished by famine or the sword. If such then be the amount of ascertained changes in the last one hundred and forty years, notwithstanding the extreme deficiency of our records during that brief period, how important must we presume the physical revolutions to have been in the course of thirty or forty centuries, during which, some countries, habitually convulsed by earthquakes, have been peopled by civilized nations! Towns engulphed during one earthquake may, by repeated shocks,

have sunk to enormous depths beneath the surface, while their ruins remain as imperishable as the hardest rocks in which they are inclosed. Buildings and cities submerged for a time beneath seas or lakes, and covered with sedimentary deposits, must, in some places, have been re-elevated to considerable heights above the level of the ocean. The signs of these events have probably been rendered visible by subsequent mutations, as by the encroachments of the sea upon the coast, by deep excavations made by torrents and rivers, by the opening of new ravines and chasms, and other effects of natural agents, so active in districts agitated by subterranean movements. If it be asked why if such wonderful monuments exist, so few have hitherto been brought to light—we reply—because they have not been searched for. In order to rescue from oblivion the memorials of former occurrences, we must know what we may reasonably expect to discover, and under what peculiar local circumstances. The inquirer, moreover, must be acquainted with the action and effects of physical causes, in order to recognise, explain, and describe, correctly, the phenomena when they present themselves.'—pp. 447, 448.

Again he says—

'But let us now turn our attention to those superficial changes brought about by so many of the earthquakes within the last century and a half, before described. Besides the undulatory movements, and the opening of fissures, it was shewn that certain parts of the earth's crust, often of considerable area, both above and below the level of the sea, have been permanently elevated or depressed; examples of elevation by single earthquakes having occurred, to the amount of from one to about twenty-five feet, and of subsidence from a few inches to about fifty feet, exclusively of those limited tracts, as the forest of Aripao, where a sinking down to the amount of three hundred feet took place. It is evident, that the force of subterranean movement does not operate at random, but the same continuous tracts are agitated again and again; and however inconsiderable may be the alterations produced during a period sufficient only for the production of ten or fifteen eruptions of an active volcano, it is obvious that, in the time required for the formation of a lofty cone, composed of thousands of lava-currents, shallow seas may be converted into lofty mountains, and low lands into deep seas. We need, therefore, cherish none of the apprehensions entertained by Buffon, that the inequalities of the earth's surface, or the height and area of our continents, will be reduced by the action of running water; nor need we participate in the wonder of Ray, that the dry land should not lose ground more rapidly. Neither need we anticipate with Hutton the waste of successive continents followed by the creation of others by paroxysmal convulsions. The renovating as well as the destroying causes are unceasingly at work, the repair of land being as constant as its decay, and the deepening of seas keeping pace with the formation of shoals. If, in the course of a century, the Ganges and other great rivers have carried down to the sea a mass of matter equal to many lofty mountains, we also find that a district in Chili, one hundred thousand square miles in area, has been uplifted to the average height of a foot or more, and the cubic contents of the granitic mass thus added in a few hours to the land, may have counterbalanced the loss effected by the aqueous action of many rivers in

a century. On the other hand, if the water displaced by fluviatile sediment cause the mean level of the ocean to rise in a slight degree, such subsidences of its bed, as that of Cutch in 1819, or St. Domingo in 1751, or Jamaica in 1692, may have compensated by increasing the capacity of the great oceanic basin. No river can push forward its delta without raising the level of the whole ocean, although in an infinitesimal degree; and no lowering can take place in the bed of any part of the ocean, without a general sinking of the water, even to the antipodes.' —pp. 472—474.

The appearances which generally accompany earthquakes are enumerated by Mr. Lyell, and very forcibly described.

Without entering into a strict examination of the theory now so luminously propounded by Mr. Lyell, we cannot help calling to mind the collateral effect which his doctrine is calculated to produce, by presenting to the mind of man explanations, and, as it were, excuses, for calamities which his feeble faculties are sometimes unable to reconcile with his notions of the goodness of the Almighty ruler of the Universe. It cannot but be consolatory to us to know that that visitation which we have been in the habit of regarding as an unmixed evil,—under the light of wise investigation, turns out to be the instrument of a preserving principle; and that seeing that if we did not encounter the afflictions of an earthquake or volcano, we should have to undergo far heavier and more general judgments, we shall at least cease to repine, and refer all to the inscrutable policy of the Creator.

Before leaving this subject, we cannot but express a hope that the Society and the eminent individuals who have written on the science of Geology will think of the utility of giving much more of their attention to practical geology, and much less to speculative inquiries than they hitherto have done. By continually dinning in the ears of the public, theories of which they do not see the immediate value, they tend very much to obstruct the propagation of a taste for that science.—What we mean is, that a country gentleman —to whom geology would be as almost a new sense, so useful and gratifying would it prove—should be shown that there is a relation between the study of a megalosaurus, and the improvement of a crop of beans; and that in order to make cheap and good roads, he must be acquainted with the difference between a secondary and a tertiary formation. By bringing geology practically before the public, they will understand that something more is to be derived from it than from learning Greek and Latin; and thus many faithful partizans, if we may use the word, may be attracted to the consideration of the operations of nature, which at present are buried far out of their ken in the gloom and mystery of a cabalistic language.

ART. V.—*The Pilgrim's Progress, with a Life of John Bunyan.* By Robert Southey, Esq. L.L.D. 8vo. Illustrated with engravings. London: Murray and John Major. 1830.

IT was every way worthy the enterprize of the present day to present the Pilgrim's Progress,—so long the favourite classic of the people,—to the world in a form suited to its established character. The pencils of Mr. Martin and other distinguished artists have been employed to give pictorial shape and definition to the strange imaginations of Bunyan, and the life of the hero himself comes before us in all the vivid and attractive colours of Mr. Southey's pen.

Examined as a source of moral instruction, the biography of John Bunyan, not as it is clipped by some former writers, but as it is honestly delivered to us by Mr. Southey, will be admitted to be exceedingly valuable. He began his existence with the dispositions calculated to make him a brute; these propensities he overcame, not through the instrumentality of others or by means of propitious circumstances, but by an effort of native intelligence working its forward way through darkness and adversity, and attaining, at last, that sphere of light with which alone it could be satisfied. The humble parentage of Bunyan is well known; the stories that are told of his early conversion from an immoral life to a religious one, only shew, when strictly considered, that the whole miracle proceeded from himself, and was the result of his own keen perception. Some curious traits mark the weakness of Bunyan's imagination.

'Bunyan had formerly taken great delight in bell ringing; but now that his conscience "began to be tender," he thought it "a vain practice," in other words a sin; yet he so hankered after this his old exercise, that though he durst not pull a rope himself, he would go and look at the ringers, not without the secret feeling that to do so was unbecoming the religious character which he now professed. A fear came upon him that one of the bells might fall: to secure himself against such an accident, he stood under a beam that lay athwart the steeple, from side to side; but his apprehensions being once awakened, he then considered that the bell might fall with a swing, hit the wall first, rebound, and so strike him in its descent. Upon this he retired to the steeple door, thinking himself safe enough there, for if the bell should fall he could slip out. Further than the door he did not venture, nor did he long continue to think himself secure there; for the next fancy which possessed him was that the steeple itself might fall; and this so possessed him and so shook his mind, that he dared not stand at the door longer, but fled, for fear the tower should come down upon him,—to such a state of nervous weakness had a diseased feeling brought his strong body and strong mind.—The last amusement from which he weaned himself was that of dancing; it was a full year before he could quite leave that: but in so doing, and in any thing in which he thought he was performing his duty, he had such peace of mind,

such satisfaction, that,—"to relate it," he says, "in mine own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I.—Poor wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness, and had perished therein, had not God in mercy shewed me more of my state by nature."'—pp. xiii., xiv.

We do not intend to follow Mr. Southey through the history of Bunyan's "Spiritual wrestlings," the effect of which had nigh unseated his reason—or of his controversies with the Quakers. A more interesting part of his life is that which describes his troubles, encountered at the hands of a fanatic government.

'A warrant was issued against Bunyan, as if he had been a dangerous person, because he went about preaching; this office was deemed (and well it might be) incompatible with his calling; he was known to be hostile to the restored Church, and probably it might be remembered that he had served in the Parliament's army. Accordingly he was arrested at a place called Samsell in Bedfordshire, at a meeting in a private house. He was aware of this intention, but neither chose to put off the meeting, nor to escape, lest such conduct on his part should make "an ill savour in the country;" and because he was resolved "to see the utmost of what they could say or do to him;" so he was taken before the justice, Wingate by name, who had issued the warrant. Wingate asked him why he did not content himself with following his calling, instead of breaking the law; and Bunyan replied that he could both follow his calling, and preach the word too. He was then required to find sureties; they were ready, and being called in were told they were bound to keep him from preaching, otherwise their bonds would be forfeited. Upon this Bunyan declared that he would not desist from speaking the word of God. While his mittimus was making in consequence of this determination, one whom he calls an old enemy of the truth, entered into discourse with him, and said he had read of one Alexander the coppersmith who troubled the Apostles,—"aiming 'tis like at me," says Bunyan, "because I was a tinker; to which I answered that I also had read of priests and Pharisees that had their hands in the blood of our Lord." Aye, was the rejoinder, and you are one of those Pharisees, for you make long prayers to devour widows' houses. "I answered," says Bunyan, "that if he had got no more by preaching and praying than I had done, he would not be so rich as now he was." This ended in his committal to Bedford jail, there to remain till the quarter-sessions. He was offered his liberty if he would promise not to call the people together, but no such promise would he make; and when he was told that none but poor, simple, ignorant people came to hear him, he replied that such had most need of teaching, and therefore it was his duty to go on in that work. It appears, however, that, after a few days, he listened to his friends, and would have given bond for his appearance at the sessions, but the magistrate to whom they applied was afraid to take it. "Whereat," says Bunyan, "I was not at all daunted, but rather glad, and saw evidently that the Lord had heard me. For before I went down to the justice, I begged of God that if I might do more good by being at liberty than in prison, that then I might be set at liberty; but, if not,—His will be done; for I was not altogether without hopes, but that my imprisonment might be an awakening to the saints in the country: therefore

I could not tell which to chuse; only I in that manner did commit the thing to God. And verily at my return, I did meet my God sweetly in the prison again, comforting of me, and satisfying of me that it was His will and mind that I should be there."

'Some seven weeks after this, the Sessions were held, and John Bunyan was indicted as a person who "devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to Church to hear divine service, and who was a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom." He answered, that as to the first part of this, he was a common frequenter of the Church of God: but being demanded whether he attended the parish Church, he replied that he did not, and for this reason, that he was not commanded so to do in the word of God; we were commanded there to pray, but with the spirit, not by the common prayer book, the prayers in that book being made by other men, and not by the motion of the Holy Spirit within our hearts. And as to the Lord's prayer, said he, "there are very few that can, in the Spirit, say the two first words of that prayer; that is, that can call God their father, as knowing what it is to be born again, and as having experience that they are begotten of the Spirit of God; which if they do not, all is but babbling." Having persuaded himself by weak arguments, Bunyan used them as if they had been strong ones; "Shew," he said, "the place in the Epistles where the Common Prayer Book is written, or one text of Scripture that commands me to read it, and I will use it. But yet, notwithstanding, they that have a mind to use it, they have their liberty; that is, I would not keep them from it. But for our parts, we can pray to God without it. Blessed be his name!" But the Sectaries had kept their countrymen from it, while they had the power; and Bunyan himself in his sphere laboured to dissuade them from it.'—pp. lix.—lxi.

It is an admirable proof of Bunyan's honesty and courage, that in none of his writings was he so bold and determined, or so little tolerant, as he was before the officers of justice. He had been now married to his second wife some time, and although he speaks harshly of the sex, the conduct of this woman called for the loudest approbation. Her exertions in behalf of her incarcerated husband, are affectingly described.

'"With abashed face and a trembling heart," she entered the Swan Chamber, where the two Judges and many magistrates and gentry of the country were in company together. Trembling however as she was, Elizabeth Bunyan had imbibed something of her husband's spirit. She had been to London to petition the House of Lords in his behalf, and had been told by one whom she calls Lord Barkwood, that they could do nothing, but that his releasement was committed to the Judges at these next assizes, and now I am come to you she said, and you give neither releasement, nor relief! And she complained to Hale that he was kept unlawfully in prison, for the indictment was false, and he was clapped up before there were any proclamations against the meetings. One of the Judges then said he had been lawfully convicted. "It is false," replied the woman: "for when they said to him do you confess the indictment, he said only this, that he had been at several meetings both when there was preaching the Word and prayer, and that they had God's presence among them."

Will your husband leave preaching? said Judge Twisden; if he will do so, send for him. "My Lord," said she, "he dares not leave preaching, as long as he can speak."

Sir Matthew himself was not likely to be favourably impressed by this sort of pleading. But he listened sadly when she told him that there were four small children by the former wife, one of them blind; that they had nothing to live upon while their father was in prison, but the charity of good people; and that she herself "smayed" at the news when her husband was apprehended, being but young and unaccustomed to such things, fell in labour, and continuing in it for eight days was delivered of a dead child. Alas, poor woman! said Hale. But Twisden said poverty was her cloak, for he understood her husband was better maintained by running up and down a-preaching, than by following his calling. Sir Matthew asked what was his calling, and was told that he was a tinker. Yes, observed his wife, and because he is a tinker and a poor man, therefore he is despised and cannot have justice. The scene ended in Sir Matthew's mildly telling her he was sorry he could do her no good; that what her husband had said was taken for a conviction, and that there was no other course for her than either to apply to the king, or sue out his pardon, or get a writ of error, which would be the cheapest. She urged them to send for Bunyan that he might speak for himself: his appearance however would rather have confirmed those in their opinions who said that there was not such another pestilent fellow in the country, than have moved the Judges in his favour. Elizabeth Bunyan concludes her account by saying "this I remember, that though I was somewhat timorous at my first entrance into the chamber, yet before I went out I could not but break forth into tears; not so much because they were so hard hearted against me and my husband, but to think what a sad account such poor creatures will have to give at the coming of the Lord!" '—pp. lxiv., lxv.

Mr. Southey seems desirous of excusing the persecution of Bunyan, on the ground that he and others, who were made victims of its edge, inculcated among their hearers an abhorrence of the Protestant Church, "which is essentially part of the constitution of this kingdom." Not at all agreeing that even such an offence would justify persecution, we beg to say that we are not at liberty to take Mr. Southey's authority on the matter, inasmuch as we have the words of the indictment on which Bunyan was condemned at the Sessions, and in which there is no allusion whatever to the anti-episcopal tendency of his preaching. The indictment set forth that he, Bunyan, "devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church to hear divine service, and was a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom." So that the very head and front of his offence was his abstaining from going to Church. If this be not merely religious persecution, we do not understand what it is. It should be remembered that Bunyan was persecuted under the new order of things, after the Restoration. The dark spots in the pages of our ecclesiastical annals, where the name of John Bunyan is written in tears, and the

names of many other virtuous men are traced in blood, every Protestant ought to blush to remember: he may, indeed, be ashamed of the errors of his forefathers, but he has no right to distort or palliate the causes of them. The following is a beautiful lamentation of Bunyan's under his privations:—

'"I found myself," he says, "a man encompassed with infirmities. The parting with my wife and poor children, hath often been to me in this place, as the pulling the flesh from the bones; and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was likely to meet with, should I be taken from them; especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all besides. Oh, the thoughts of the hardships I thought my poor blind one might go under would break my heart to pieces!—Poor child! thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten; must beg; suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee! But yet, recalling myself, thought I, I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the quick to leave you! Oh, I saw in this condition I was as a man who was pulling down his house upon the heads of his wife and children: yet, thought I, I must do it, I must do it! And now I thought on those two milch-kine that were to carry the Ark of God into another country and to leave their calves behind them." '—pp. lxx., lxxi.

He was kept in prison for twelve years, and it is not clear to what causes he owed his liberation.

There is a copious account of the various editions of the celebrated Pilgrim's Progress given by Mr. Southey, but we believe there has been no one which is calculated to do the same justice to the great author, as the edition we have before us. Bunyan died in London, at the sign of the Star, on Snow-hill, and was buried in Bunhill-fields.

ART. VI.—*A Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption: its Prevention and Remedy.* By John Murray, F.S.A. F.L.S. &c. pp. 156. London: Whittaker and Co. 1830.

IF it be true, or any thing like the truth, that consumption carries off, by its open or insidious operations, not fewer than sixty thousand of the subjects of William the Fourth, every year, and these consisting, for the most part, of the fairest flowers of British beauty, surely nobody will find fault with us for importuning the public on a subject of such momentous importance. The author before us claims to be the discoverer of a remedy for consumption. Although we are not prepared to concede to him the full measure of credit which he demands, and although we might shew that, instead of an inventor, he is merely a successful analogist; still his experiments, his labours, and his sacrifices too, require from us, on the part of the public, the acknowledg-

ment which is due to them. On this part of the subject we must allow Mr. Murray to be heard for himself.

'The pecuniary sacrifices which we have made from time to time in the cause of philanthropy, by instituting experiments interesting to suffering humanity, have been considerable, and we are not ashamed to confess have even sometimes involved us in temporary difficulties. It is our anxious hope it may be ultimately found that neither our time has been unprofitably spent, nor that we have altogether lived in vain, only regretting that our limited means have circumscribed the power of doing good.

'We do hope that we shall not be accused by the Medical Profession as an officious meddler in a question which is rather exotic to our sphere or pale. If this disease, so formidable in the number of its victims, and pronounced incurable and hopeless by the most distinguished Medical Practitioners,—and we have cited our witnesses to this attestation from among themselves—had been less unpromising, we should not have thought it a legitimate question for us to grapple with. The Physician acknowledges his dependence on the Chemist for the greater proportion of his remedial means, and a generous and noble Profession, which justly boasts of its liberal feeling, will not esteem it at all necessary that we should have previously obtained a *diploma* to be useful and do good. We do confess we feel cheered and happy in the reflection, that even when we have mingled with the clods of the valley, and our name and memory have perished, numbers yet unborn may owe their lives and rescue from suffering to the remedies we have freely promulgated, and which, so far from benefitting their author, have subjected him to much thought and anxiety and many pecuniary sacrifices. This delightful anticipation is enough for us; we cannot reasonably expect any return whatever, nor can any motive for the present publicity be justly attributed, but the wish to do good and benefit our fellow-creatures.'—pp. vi., vii.

The remedy to which Mr. Murray alludes, is a preparation of *Chlorine*—the chlorate of potash. We do not know whether this gentleman considers the combination of this particular alkali with chlorine as a feature in his discovery; but if it be true that the acid itself is the principal agent in all operations with chlorates, as we believe it is, then was there every reason for believing long ago that chlorates would effect the cure of consumption. Labarraque made manifest to all the world, that salts, having chlorine for their acid, exercised a prodigious power in stopping animal decomposition. To extend the application of this power from dead animal matter to the decaying portions of living bodies, was but an obvious process; and the effect on unhealthy sores was such as to satisfy every surgeon, that wherever sores were, there chlorine might be applied with certain advantage; but Labarraque himself was indebted to his predecessors for an acquaintance with these powers of chlorine. A French veterinary surgeon applied it to glanders with the best results, a quarter of a century ago, and it formed a well known ingredient in the veterinary chests attached to the French cavalry. In America, we are told by professor Silliman, chloride of lime is made on a large scale at the chemical

works in Baltimore. We do not want to wrest out of Mr. Murray's hands the merit of having first used chlorate of *potash* in consumption. We only desire, by reminding the reader of the established achievements of chlorine, to dispose him to listen to the statements of our author. Nor does Mr. Murray seem unwilling to have it told that he derived his knowledge of the general effects of chlorate of potash from others.

But all these discussions are insignificant, compared with the great question,—have we a remedy for consumption? Facts can only decide that point, and Mr. Murray accordingly sets that sort of evidence before us.

'Shortly after our return from France we had occasion in our own person to put the efficacy of this medicine to the proof, in consequence of having received a serious fall, by which we voided a considerable quantity of blood. We commenced with doses of eight grains three times a day; the immediate relief obtained was remarkable, and in a few days the cure was complete. Since that period it has been used on our recommendation with great success, by a clergyman of the Church of England, who had twice ruptured a blood vessel,—and even in violent uterine hœmorrhage, a medical gentleman of Derby has employed it in his practice on our suggestion with the most beneficial effects.

'Though its more direct agency seems to be connected with the circulation, it also exercises a very marked one in a torpid state of the liver, and a physician wrote us he had employed it in a case of this kind, at our special request, and that it had proved triumphant where all other remedies had constantly failed. Nor is this a solitary case of the kind, since we possess many others, but this volume was never intended to be a register or catalogue *raisonnée* of cases. In our own person, and in that of many others, it has been found a *specific* in *cynanche tonsillaris*, from which we have been in the habit of suffering at regular periodic returns, in spring and autumn, and the only anterior relief was the lancet applied to the abscess. By the exhibition of 6 or 8 grains of the chlorate morning and evening, it has been always immediately subdued; by persisting in this for several times on its first attack, it has been banished from the system, and we have remained free these several years from its visitations. Of its efficacy in morbid glandular affections, there can therefore be no doubt. In chronic catarrh of many years standing, it has effected a complete and permanent cure. Though personally susceptible, we scarcely know, in *propriâ personâ*, what a permanent cough is, since we find it is soon dismissed by judicious doses of chlorate of potassa. We are not particularly attentive to quantity, but generally commence with six or eight grains, and have given it to one of our children, a few months old, in doses of two or three grains, with the most salutary effects. At our suggestion it has been made up into lozenges, and thus become a convenient mode of exhibition in catarrhal complaints.

'The agency of chlorate of potassa on the system is very mild and gentle. It speedily reduces febrile excitement, and in a case which was supposed to be *ulcerated trachea*, two doses of eight grains each reduced the pulse from 120 to 97! The system, however, so far from being lowered, is contrariwise *strengthened*—facts which we have personally ex-

perienced as often as years have passed over us. Its effects are somewhat diuretic, at least in morbid glandular affections, and from that interesting circumstance we doubt not but its judicious administration, in combination with other medicines, might give relief in hydrothorax, and in an early stage of the disease perhaps effect a cure. We are supported analogically in this belief, from having witnessed its beneficial results in anasarca of the legs attendant on a case of Phthisis.'—pp. 130–132.

A set of cases is then adduced by Mr. Murray, not on his own authority, not on the testimony of ignorant and credulous persons, but on the evidence of a professional gentleman of Stafford, Mr. Hughes, whose skill and acquirements are best testified by the extent and respectability of his practice. We shall give a few of these cases, premising that they are parts of a communication made by Mr. Hughes to Mr. Murray.

'A young married woman, not lately pregnant, and who had miscarried two or three years ago, consulted me about two months since. She had the usual symptoms of Phthisis, with evident indication of tubercular deposit, ascertained both by percussion and the stethoscope. The gas, aided by counter-irritants, sedatines, and aperients, has nearly, if not quite, restored her to health.

'I have this evening, June 8, seen the married female whose case I related in my last: she has now no pain in her chest, nor any other symptom of Phthisis. Her chest sounds well, yet there is a very slight dulness on her left side above the mammæ,—the former seat of pain.

'Mr. John Hall, of Apeton, near this place, a member of a very consumptive family, having lost a sister and a brother, the latter of whom I saw during his illness, permits me to communicate to you the following particulars, the result of our mutual reminiscence. He was attacked in the Christmas of 1828, after exposure to wet and cold, with violent pain in his chest, cough, &c.; a surgeon bled, blistered, and physicked him, and he partially recovered. In May following he came under my care, conceiving himself ill; his breathing was so bad that he could not walk two hundred yards; he was greatly emaciated, though his appetite continued good, and had pain in the right side of the chest. The indication of disease afforded by percussion was most striking. I detected the seat of pain thereby alone. There was no other disorder than Phthisis; no violent symptoms, yet he was evidently sinking. I immediately began with the Potassæ Oxym. and the gas. He went home much better in a fortnight, and I saw him not again at that time. In six weeks he was so well that he discontinued the use of remedies, too soon, he thinks. Soon afterwards he frequently walked six miles and back in a day, without any unusual effort or inconvenience. Toward the end of November he had an attack of Pleurisy, as before, and the early treatment was the same. He had severe pain on the left side, slight cough, but little expectoration, and inability to inspire deeply. When he came to me, a fortnight afterwards, the symptoms were mitigated, yet he had still some pain on coughing, or filling his chest, was much emaciated, and very weak. He had no night sweats; could not count audibly more than six or seven at a breath; chest sounded well on the left side; the right, as formerly, gave a dull obtuse sound. Staid in Stafford a fortnight. Treatment as before. Could

walk better, but began to loose breath after walking three-quarters of a mile on his way home.

'On the 10th of last February, when this account was taken, he had recovered flesh and colour. His own words follow: "Lusty as ever I was; no cough, no pain—can walk two or three miles with pleasure,—get stronger and better every day:" the chest sounds well to seventh rib on left side—to third rib on right side. The dulness on the right is less in degree—in intensity. His pulse was near a hundred when he first applied for relief, on both occasions; and was reduced in frequency to the natural number (seventy or eighty in a minute) before he left. His age is about forty.' It will be perhaps not unimportant to introduce the case by stating that Mr. Hall applied, not to me in the first instance, but to my father, an old and able practitioner; and that my father referred him to me, knowing I wished—thanks to you—to have the treatment of cases of *Consumption*. Considering Mr. Hall's disorder to be decidedly of that hitherto hopeless kind, he smiled incredulously when I expressed my expectation of curing it.

'"I this morning made inquiry of a lady in this town respecting the present state of health of her late servant, whom I had the satisfaction to treat successfully after your plan two years ago. Information that the young woman continues in perfect health had reached the lady as late as a month from this time. When under my care her age was about twenty-one years: she was pale, slender, particularly flat-chested, and stooped. Her disorder, having advanced gradually and insidiously, had almost quite disabled her before she felt the necessity of seeking medical aid. Perhaps too she was deluded by that false and fatal hope, which is almost diagnostic of Tubercular Consumption. At last her mistress insisted that she should have professional advice, having previously provided her a separate bed, lest her breath should induce the same disease in her young fellow-servant. (I state this last particular as affording indirect evidence.) The woman, when I first saw her, had a rapid pulse, cough, humid respiration, and spoke only in a whisper. She had pain in the chest, and a very obtuse sound on striking the sternum between the upper part of the mammæ. She was compelled to move about very slowly, and could only count four or five at a breath. At the end of six weeks from this time all these alarming symptoms had subsided: she could move as quickly as she wished without distress or difficulty, and readily inspire air enough to enable her to pronounce twelve or fifteen syllables in a full voice—not a whisper as at first. In this case the nitrous acid and oxymuriate of Potassa, were (with occasional aperients) the only medicines used."' —pp. 143—146.

We cannot dismiss the consideration of these cases without a few words of explanation, which, in reference to specific remedies in medicine, we are particularly called on to afford. In reviewing the productions of a thriving empiric who still insults common sense and science by his pretensions in this metropolis, we observed that there was scarcely any instance of a quack or a nostrum being unattended with proofs of success. The very individual whom we allude to, exhibits the certificates of his achievements, with the subscription of men whose judgment and talents are undeniable. Testimonials then, of cures, we shall be asked, are not infallible?

We say, certainly not; and to yield the least confidence to such evidence, entirely depends on the state of the circumstances under which they have been procured. There are so many modes of explaining the sudden recovery of a patient under the superintendance of an imposing empiric, that unless we have some acquaintance with his instrument of cure, we are always justified in disbelieving that the recovery was effected by the pretended remedy. Quacks are well aware of this; it is by mystery that they perform such wonders: once let them explain their philosopher's stone, and the spell is gone. Mrs. Stephens, in the commencement of the last century, worked miracles amongst patients with stone. Such was the reputation she acquired, that parliament absolutely granted her £5000 for divulging her remedy. The prescription was made public, and we verily believe, that since that *unhappy* moment of national enlightenment, not one person has used the remedy to the thousand that were cured by it in the mysterious stage of its existence. Concealment, then, is the sheet anchor of the empiric; delusion is the only atmosphere in which he can breathe, and no matter how striking may be his power over disease in certain cases; we must attribute that power more to the susceptibility of the patient than to any positive agency which the former can apply.

There is then all the difference in the world between the quack with his secret talisman, and the man of science who exposes his remedy to public investigation. We see and examine the agent he employs; we hear, and if we please, may examine its operations; we can listen to the recital of experiments by which its power has been tested; we can sift evidence, and make inductions for ourselves. Here all meretricious views are at once parted with by the discoverer; he throws himself upon the world with the conviction that the value of his invention shall alone determine the amount of his reward; and though we too well know how apathetic the gratitude of man is to his most substantial benefactors, still a just reward will, sooner or later, be the wages of every useful discovery. Let Mr. Murray, then, have all the advantages of voluntarily proclaiming his remedy; let his witnesses be heard in support of its efficacy. Thus, then, whilst we refuse our confidence to the evidence by which the character of a concealed agent is sought to be sustained, inasmuch as its apparent effects may be traced to other causes, how can we refuse to assent to testimony, as to the power of an avowed agent, which has not only science and experience to give it weight, but which coincides with the very results that, in consequence of the opportunity afforded us, of investigating the properties of this agent, we ourselves would think natural and probable? This is our opinion of Mr. Murray's claims; with the example of Harvey, Jenner, Davy, and others, before his eyes, he has adopted that course of candid publicity which is most congenial to the high and noble pursuit of chemical investigation which he has adopted.

ART. VII.—*The Law of Population: a Treatise in six books, in disproof of the superfecundity of Human Beings, and developing the real principle of their increase.* By Michael Thomas Sadler, M.P. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Murray. 1830.

AN Irish barrister, as famous for his volubility as for his devotions to Bacchus, once addressed the court in *banco* on a motion for a new trial. After a most impressive discourse, and when, having furled his sails, he was gliding into the smooth waters of the peroration, the attorney, who had employed him, ventured tremblingly to whisper in his ear, that he was, all the while, speaking in behalf of the wrong client. With the most undisturbed countenance, the brazen lawyer turned to the bench and said—"My lords, having stated to your lordships, as forcibly as my poor abilities could do it, the case of the opposite party, you will now be pleased to hear the triumphant answer which my client can give to it." Could we count upon the same docility in Mr. Sadler, as the attorney was sure of finding in the lawyer, how readily should we act the prompter to this self-deceived man; for, certainly, never in the annals of controversy did there exist a more striking case of an advocate betraying the cause he was engaged to support, than that which is now before us. Another tome, we hear, is to be published as a continuation of the present volumes. The best wish we can offer Mr. Sadler is, that he may fully avail himself of the intermediate opportunity,—the locus pœnitentiæ, and that he may produce in this forthcoming volume, something in the character of a codicil, to repeal all the follies of its predecessors.

In endeavouring to show how strictly justified we are in entertaining the feelings which have dictated this wish, we must premise that it is not our intention to enter into the arithmetical details, by which Mr. Sadler seeks to sustain what he calls his own theory of population; and the reason of our abstinence is, that all those details, simply considered,—abstracted from the mass of sophisms, with which this writer has encumbered them,—most powerfully contribute to confirm the positions—we had better say, the demonstrations—of Mr. Malthus. The whole work of two volumes is one colossal error; it is false in statement, false in reasoning, and cruelly iniquitous in accusation. The simplicity of Mr. Sadler's mind can only save him from the guilt of being the author of as mischievous a book as ever degraded the names of a Machiavel, a Hume, a Voltaire, or a Gibbon.

Every body knows what Mr. Malthus's fundamental principle is. He says that, in the human species there is a tendency to re-production in such a ratio as will give a vast number more of consumers of food, than food can be found, according to its inferior power of increase, to supply. That is to say, human fecundity tends to proceed in a geometrical ratio, whilst food augments only in an arithmetical ratio. Mr. Sadler has "enunciated" (his favo-

rite word, and justly so, for it is exactly characteristic of his pompous emphasis), a series of chapters on this doctrine, which, for absurdity, we should challenge the history of literature to outdo; for every word of it is founded upon the notion that Mr. Malthus wants to prove that this geometrical progression has absolutely taken place, and is now taking place! Mr. Malthus says the contrary; he says it cannot occur to the full extent, because the want of food will not allow it; but, in consequence of the eternal pressure of more quickly—multiplying population against more slowly—increasing food, a class of human beings always stands at the extreme limit of supply, enduring all the miseries of a condition that admits of only a precarious escape from the effects of famine. Again, Mr. Malthus has said, population does not exist in the multitudes that, in a natural state of circumstances, would be the case,—inasmuch as wars, pestilence, disease, and such casualties, remove, prematurely, a vast proportion of human beings from the earth, preventing, of course, the practical existence of the geometrical produce. Will it be believed that Mr. Sadler is so incapable of apprehending what Mr. Malthus has thus laid down, as that he charges that reverend gentleman with the desire of absolutely encouraging those positive and dreadful checks, in order to keep down the accumulation of human beings? Can any thing be more abominable than this perversion? Before quitting this subject of food and population, we must present the reader with a specimen of Mr. Sadler's puerility.

'In every view of the question, and most of all, in that taken by the author whose principle I am opposing, I am, therefore, fully warranted in treating these ratios as an abstract question; and, so regarded, there probably never was an assertion hazarded upon any subject that has engaged the attention of man from the creation to the present hour, so palpably at variance with truth as that which represents the natural rate of increase in human sustenance to be slower than that of the increase of human beings; to say nothing of the astonishingly great, and continually increasing, disparity contended for by the theory so maintained. It seems absolutely necessary to recall the advocates of such notions to the evidence of their own senses. Which of those vegetable or animal substances, whose plain destiny it is to administer to the necessities of man, is it that multiplies in a slower ratio than himself? Or, rather, which is it, on the contrary, that does not increase much faster? many of them, indeed, at a rate which speedily baffles all the powers of calculation to express. In what situation can the human being be placed, whatever may be his habits, who does not see his food multiplying around him with a rapidity truly astonishing, whether he avail himself of the gifts of nature, or, through ignorance or oppression, expire amidst their profusion? Suppose him placed in the lowest condition of life, and existing as an animal of prey; that prey is almost infinitely more prolific than himself. To take but one example of the fact from each of the elements that furnishes it; a single pair of one of the species of wild edible quadrupeds, a celebrated historian of nature observes, would, in four years, multiply into a million and a half: the increase of a flock of wild pigeons, in the same space of time, would be

almost inconceivable. Wilson, the American ornithologist, calculated the numbers of a single flight of them, which he observed, at about two thousand millions; an almost incredible fact, were it not corroborated by similar accounts. In the earlier history of the colonies, they were called the victuallers of the plantations, and were well deserving of the name. As to the finny tribes, who has ever compared human prolificness with theirs, or ventured to suppose that the subsistence they might yield to man is exhaustible? Would not these double in twenty-five years? If the experiments of the great Lewenhoek were true, and I never heard of their being doubted, Bradley has shewn, that, according to a very moderate calculation, a single cod would increase in ten years into about a thousand myriads of myriads, a sum which we may more easily write than apprehend; and that "a herring, if suffered to multiply unmolested and undiminished for twenty years, would shew a progeny greater in bulk than the globe itself." '—pp. 68—70.

Now it is perfectly evident that Mr. Sadler, in the first place, is utterly ignorant of the conditions of increase in the vegetable, as well as the animal, kingdom. When he talks of the fecundity of vegetables, he only opens one eye, as it were, and hence he sees but one side of the question. Let us suppose an acre of wheat produces the seed for sowing six acres next year. Those six acres, the crop being untouched, will yield the seed for sowing thirty-six acres the following year. This is all very plain so far; but there is a trifling draw-back upon this fecundity which merits a little consideration, namely, the extent of the soil you have to sow in. If a man have the seed of a thousand acres of tillage, what good is the possession with reference to fecundity, if he have, at the same time, only ten acres to till? Thus, then, we see how little this elderly child understands, that it is not according to the inherent capability of vegetables to increase, that we are to judge of their possible augmentation; but it is according to the practicability of adding to our stock of cultivable land. This practicability can never go farther than the addition of portion to portion; there is no power of reproduction in land; it has no faculty of regeneration; we cannot add a perch to that amount that is already in existence, and therefore we can contemplate as a natural and probable event, the occupation by crops of the entire quantity. Let us imagine the moment when every foot of the earth, being reduced to cultivation, produces just enough and no more to sustain the number of the population. Food then, at least, is at a stand still; but population, at that very instant, is in process of yielding a fresh batch of consumers equal to a third, if not more, of its own numbers. This is the geometry and the arithmetic which Mr. Sadler has yet to study. But touching the 'wild animals,' and the 'finny tribes,' and the 'edible quadrupeds,'—after having yielded to the sovereign impulse of laughter for a considerable time, we are at liberty to take a serious view of Mr. Sadler's proposition. We grant the prolificness of the tribes,—quadrupeds and all. We grant

that, notwithstanding any reasonable consumption of these animals, there would still be created plenty of them both in air, on earth, and in sea. But how is it, let us be told, that with all this abundance of food,—this constantly multiplying fund of 'edible life,' it does happen occasionally that famine strikes her victims—aye, too, in places where this superfluity is most abundant? The sea was never more crowded, since the creation, with animated beings, than was the Atlantic Ocean that beat the shores of Ireland during the dreadful famine of some few years back. We will venture to say, that birds were never more plentiful in that country than during the same season of horrible dearth. We remember well the state of the Lancashire manufacturing population in the summer of 1826, when many certainly died from want of food, and thousands more would have undoubtedly perished but for the charitable assistance of their more fortunate fellow countrymen. It is idle to enter into the causes of this state of things,—we can only look at the fact, that men, when they can no longer be supplied with food, the produce of the earth, are taught, by the Sadlers of our day, to expect a resource in the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea. Whoever had the wildness to speak such mockery to either the English or the Irish, during their privation? Not even Mr. Sadler could be capable of such an act of phrenzy; and why? because the proposition of which, in the mist of his confused mind, he does not see the bearing, would then be reduced to a practical exposure of its absurdity. To the poor operative, with his five children, eking out an existence on some few ounces per head of eleemosynary meal a day, it would truly be a consoling scheme that would teach him to add a couple of roast pigeons, or a salmon-trout, or haply a brace of partridges, to his scanty fare. But in God's name how is he to get them? To obtain the fish he must build a boat, and manufacture a net; and to get the pigeons or the edible quadrupeds, he must purchase him a gun, and be a good long shot to boot. This is Mr. Sadler's proposition. The unhappy gentleman thinks that the facility of our being fed, depends on the quantity of food, and not on our means of obtaining it. To shew again how extremely absurd in practice this proposition would be, we need only refer to those countries where natural food,—food derived from the soil,—is so scanty as to call on the inhabitants for the exercise of their utmost ingenuity, not to speak of their unwearied diligence, in devising expedients to appease their wants. Wild birds and the 'finny tribes' are surely open to them, and yet they never dream of such, but confine themselves to those substitutes that are most easily to be procured. In Siberia, whose shores and rivers swarm with fish, and where wild 'edible quadrupeds,' and game of the very best quality, are literally in superfluity, the Yakuts feed, during the greater part of the winter, on the inner bark of the yellow pine tree, scraped fine, and mixed with beef or horses' fat. Even supposing it possible that food in abundance

could be obtained *ad infinitum*, the consequence would be that every man should be a caterer for himself, that his employment should wholly consist in obtaining food; a state of things than which none could be more irreconcileable with the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty.

One of the saddest of the sad blunders into which his ignorance has led Mr. Sadler to grope, is the physiological part of his theory. He begins by saying that the 'numbers of mankind, and the measure of the means of subsistence, have a very strict and constant relation to each other.' Nothing is more clear: men can exist but a short time without food, so that Mr. Sadler is very safe in making his proposition; population must come down to the level of food,—that there is no denying; but when he lays it down as an universal principle, that population precedes production, we are very solicitous to find out by what reasoning he supports his scheme. It is not our purpose, by any direct argument, to exhibit the falsehood of that scheme; it will fully answer all our objects just to exhibit the manner in which Mr. Sadler maintains it, and a word more in its reprobation will scarcely be necessary.

We quote the following notable piece of logic:—

'But, in arguing on the precedence of production to population, Mr. Malthus descends into a minute examination of the subject, tracing it, as it should seem, to its source, in doing which I shall attempt to imitate him. In replying, in a subsequent edition, to one of his opponents, he says, "In the course of the next twenty-four hours, there will be about eight hundred children born in England and Wales; and I will venture to say that there are not ten out of the whole number that come at the expected time, for whom clothes are not prepared before their birth." We may venture, however, to contradict this. As he seems to have made a minute calculation on the occasion, for what purpose is not very apparent, he ought to have remembered that, in his eight hundred daily births, there would be, according to the calculations of an author he often quotes, founded on actual observations, about twenty-four twins and trigemini. According to other authorities, there would be rather fewer. A large proportion of these births being in the lower classes of society, we may be sure that most of the supernumeraries, at all events, would not have had clothes prepared for them before their birth. But, amidst all this affected precision, it is somewhat astonishing, that it was not perceived that the statement had nothing whatever to do with the matter at issue, which, as applied to the instance adduced, is simply this:—Whether the existence and consequent expectation of these eight hundred unborn children, caused their clothes to be prepared, or their prepared clothes caused the existence of the eight hundred children? If the latter be the fact, which this argument implies, if it imply any thing, then I hope those resolutely self-denying and patriotic old maidens, who are eulogized so highly by the same author, and from whose merits I mean not to detract, will beware how, like so many Dorcases, they continue to make garments for the poor, especially for poor infants, with which employments many of them are atoning for their conduct, and encouraging in others, the fulfilment of the

duties they would not encounter themselves. Clothes, I admit, with Mr. Malthus, are the only necessaries which infants require from human labour; if, then, provision, as it respects them, precede population and occasion it, "our breeders," as old Graunt calls them, breed up to the products of the shuttle, rather than the plough. If, then, Providence could only break the shackles of the arithmetical ratio as it regards the production of food, we may rest assured that the steam-loom would keep pace with the geometric one, as it respects clothing, at least to such a distant period as might, as Mr. Malthus himself owns, "be fairly left to Providence."'—pp. 112—114.

"Whether the existence and consequent expectation of those eight hundred unborn children caused their clothes to be prepared, or *their prepared* clothes caused the existence of the eight hundred children?"! Now we may surprise Mr. Sadler by saying that the latter is a greater cause of the former than the former of the latter, and for this reason:—supposing the parents of these children were morally certain that not a shred could be had to cover the nakedness of their offspring, would they marry? Let Mr. Sadler answer that question. For our parts we can only say that we hope they would not commit such a cruelty. No man can have spent twenty years in the world; no man certainly of Mr. Sadler's time of life can affect to be ignorant that couples,—the very poorest, the most bereft,—engage in the matrimonial alliance from the well-founded hope that their offspring will not want ready clothing, and than when their labour cannot procure it, charity will bestow it on them. But what can Mr. Malthus mean by his hardy denial of the plainest of all facts? When a child is born, is it *then* that the garments are manufactured, or is it when the child begins to be expected? Nothing of the sort; the commodity is in existence long before, in the most abundant profusion; and the machinery which produces it would as soon be controuled by an earthquake in Syria, as by a falling off in the usual number of births at a given period. It was necessary that we should premise thus much, in order to lead the reader to understand the drift of Mr. Sadler's physiology. He says—

'But I should not be satisfied to dismiss this subject without a more serious and appropriate view of it, seeing that the consideration, tenderness, I may call it, of Divine Providence, is peculiarly manifested in the gradual way in which he augments the numbers of his rational offspring, giving timely warning of every immortal being whom it pleases him to call into existence, and an abundant opportunity, after each accession to his universal family, for preparing adequate subsistence. During the protracted period of human gestation, parental solicitude has full time for preparation; and that preparation, as far as this feeling effectuates it, (and here I defy the sophists to raise a cavil) is the consequence of the intimation nature has already given. But to be minutely particular, and to commence with a period previous to that which human exertion has any thing to do with preparing the necessary sustentation. That secretion

which is to constitute the aliment of the future infant, is the consequence of impregnation. Again, the human being appears before the food of innocence is evolved in the maternal bosom; where it hangs, and is sustained for an equal period, before it makes a demand upon any other source; and when it does partake of the products of the earth, how small is the share that suffices to preserve in health and beauty that infancy, the sight of which gladdens and exhilarates every feeling heart.'—p. 114.

Now this, we must say, is as pretty a specimen of falsehood as to facts, and of absurdity as to reasoning, as ever we met with. We take it for granted that Mr. Sadler is an old bachelor; if not nominally, certainly he is one in spirit, otherwise he never would have said that the food of innocence is not evolved until the infant appears. The maternal food *is* evolved long before the infant wants it, and that is enough for our argument. But fed in the arms or fed in utero, what is the ultimate source of the infant's nourishment? Is it not the food which the mother consumes, and to her usual quantity of which she is obliged to add an integral portion for the use of the new claimant? Who then but a fool, without the faculty of observation, would labour to argue against the self-evident truth that production does in fact precede population.

This would be enough in all conscience for such an impotent adversary as poor Mr. Sadler; and in pursuing the exhausted quarry a little further, we excuse ourselves by reminding the reader of one glaring error in his book, which numbers amongst its votaries men not quite so contemptible as this author. Let Mr. Sadler be their oracle for the present. Speaking of Mr. Malthus's theory of population, this champion of a system of affectionate relation, this vindicator of a mild and merciful religion, thus proceeds:

'It pronounces that there exists an evil in the principle of population; an evil, not accidental, but inherent; not of occasional occurrence, but in perpetual operation; not light, transient, or mitigated, but productive of miseries, compared with which all those inflicted by human institutions, that is to say, by the weakness and wickedness of man, however instigated, are "light:" an evil, finally, for which there is no remedy, save one, which had been long overlooked, and which is now enunciated in terms which evince any thing rather than confidence. It is a principle, moreover, pre-eminently bold, as well as "clear." With a presumption, to call it by no fitter name, of which it may be doubted whether literature, heathen or Christian, furnishes a parallel, it professes to trace this supposed evil to its source, "the laws of nature, which are those of God;" thereby implying, and indeed asserting, that the law by which the Deity multiplies his offspring, and that by which he makes provision for their sustentation, are different, and, indeed, irreconcileable; that their adverse operation is not of such a nature as to produce superabundance and profusion, but insufficiency and want throughout all the tribes of animated nature; and that, as it respects mankind, in particular, these laws must be regulated by expedients, or rectified by checks, from the very contemplation of which humanity recoils.

'The moral effects of this theory, however, I leave for further and distinct consideration; but I cannot refrain from declaring, on the very threshold of the argument, that as, in the plain apprehension of the many, it lowers the character of the Deity in that attribute, which, as Rousseau has well observed, is the most essential to him, his goodness, or otherwise impugns his wisdom; as it disturbs our dependence upon Divine Providence, and weakens those feelings of complacency with which man ought to regard his fellow man, teaching human beings to view each other as rivals for an insufficient share in the bounties of nature, rather than as copartners in an overflowing abundance, which still increases with their multiplication; and, above all, as it distinctly aims at destroying the sacred and long-established rights of poverty and distress,—it commits a deliberate outrage on the settled feelings and principles of mankind.'—pp. 5, 6.

Again he says—

'Books are published, and sermons written expressly on this system; even the moral code is revised in reference to it, and new virtues and vices are promulgated in conformity with the new theory of population. Yet, notwithstanding this active coalition in its favour, I venture to prognosticate that its triumphs will be short; the moment that renders it a practical question, to which it seems on the eve of being reduced, will give the signal for its destruction. *The insults it levels at God, and the injuries it meditates inflicting upon man, will be endured by neither.*'—p. 15.

In another place he tells us that this system

'Would have us to believe that the complicated operations of an all-wise Providence are so calculated as to spread misery, if not frustrated by the interference of human beings;—that the universal scheme is, after all, imperfect, either in intelligence or benevolence. This, were it true, would appear, in the book of nature and of Providence, a miracle indeed,—a miracle of malignity.'—p. 23.

The last of the numberless diatribes to be found in these volumes, which we shall quote, is as follows:

'Christianity is decisive. Not that Christianity which gives, in the estimation of some, so "pleasing a proof of its truth," by accommodating its doctrines to the dogmas of the day, making, therefore, "virtue itself ambulatory," but that which ever did, nor ever will, at the instance of all the philosophers in the world, resign one jot or tittle of its principles or precepts till all its purposes are fulfilled; and which has, a thousand times over, and especially on those points on which, for a time, it was thought the most untenable, vindicated itself as the only true and permanent system of moral philosophy in the world. This religion, none can deny, enjoins those virtues which infallibly tend to the increase of that "evil," which the darker theory of population has pronounced to be fatal to the interests and happiness of mankind, forbids those fears which it is its main purpose to infuse, and enjoins that confidence which it would fain destroy; while the views it takes of the rights of poverty and distress, and the duties it ordains, in reference to them, are as opposite to those held by the latter, as light is to darkness. Those who regard the subject in the sacred light which this divine religion pours upon it—and happy is it for the pre-

sent and future interests of humanity, that they infinitely outnumber those noisy declaimers who totally disregard it—have no need to be invited into the present controversy. They may doubt or differ upon other topics, but on this they are fully confident and unanimously agreed, namely, that a God of infinite goodness would not create those whom he could not sustain; neither would a God of infinite purity contemplate means, concerning which he has expressed his abhorrence, in order to obviate the supposed difficulty.'—pp. 28, 29.

It cannot be objected to us that we have misrepresented Mr. Sadler's meaning; we have been anxious rather to tire the reader with extracts, than furnish him with means that might be objected to as scanty, in order that our author's sentiments may be fully developed.*

Says Mr. Sadler, 'this theory would have us believe that the complicated operations of an all-wise Providence are so calculated as to spread misery, if not frustrated by the interference of human beings.' Now, if the theory went no farther than this, it would fall very far short indeed of what the experience of the world would justify every man in repeating; to wit,—that the 'complicated

* In order still more surely to guard against any charge of mutilation, we give Mr. Sadler's summary of his own theory, which, as in our opinion he has not made room for it by abolishing the theory of Mr. Malthus, we shall be excused from examining further.

'The following treatise is founded on principles essentially different, and the views it takes of the structure and interests of society are diametrically opposite. Touching the law of human increase, it upholds it to be in exact harmony with, instead of opposition to, that of the increase of the means of human sustentation, if properly developed; and that in all the different states of society, the variations in which it seems adequately to account for—that increase, instead of having to be regulated by checks abhorrent to humanity, is governed by an unerring rule of nature, as merciful in its operation as in its purpose. This law, which though "not dreamt of in their philosophy" who have written so much about, or rather against, population, is yet perfectly consistent with every physical observation on the human species which has the slightest bearing on the subject, and proved by all the registers of human existence of every age and country, accessible to present examination. Even the exact sciences, under the direction of reason and truth, demonstrate its existence. It harmonises with the best feelings and affections of human nature, unites in bonds of mutual kindness and interest the brotherhood of mankind; and, in fine, investing itself in the characters of truth, and speaking the language of benevolence, it asserts its divine origin, and makes good its claim to the inimitable description of Hooker, who, after having been "considering of food, as of a benefit, which God of his bounteous goodness has provided for all things living," exclaims of that law of "Almighty Providence, of which this forms so essential a part, of her no less can be acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things therein do her homage, the very least as feeling her care—the greatest as not exempted from her power."'—pp. 19, 20.

operations of Providence" do actually "spread misery," and misery too, which "cannot be frustrated" by "human interference." If Mr. Sadler deny that misery is produced amongst men by such operations of the physical world as man cannot controul, and as Providence permits or ordains, (with due reverence be it spoken,) then we want to know who it is that sends the torrent from its accustomed bed to sweep from the vallies, the flock and herds, and the produce of the good man's labours? By whose mighty arm is the colossal avalanche hurled over the harvest, consigning thousands to sudden famine? The observations of profound men, and their subsequent inductions, have now nearly settled it as a law of nature, and therefore, as Mr. Sadler will have it, a law of God, that the constant reparation of the surface of this earth, which is called for by the *tear*, to which it is eternally subject by the *aqueous* principle, as it is technically called, should be effected chiefly by the instrumentality of physical convulsions, which, during their action, produce incredible calamity to men. If this view of the material world be a just one, what becomes of the argument to which Mr. Sadler in another part of his book has recourse? for he says he cannot believe that there should exist in the principle of population an evil tendency, because such tendency would be permanent, and contrary to the wisdom and justice of Providence. His words are—

'The principle of population is declared to be naturally productive of evils to mankind, and as having that constant and manifest tendency to increase their numbers beyond the means of their subsistence, which has produced the unhappy and disgusting consequences so often enumerated. This is, then, its universal tendency or rule. But is there *in nature the same constant tendency to those earthquakes*, hurricanes, droughts, and famines, by which so many myriads, if not millions, are overwhelmed or reduced at once to ruin? No: these awful events are *strange exceptions to the ordinary course* of things: their visitations are partial, and they occur at distant intervals of time.'

In what sort of situation would Mr. Sadler find himself, were it demonstrated that there is "in nature a constant tendency to earthquakes," and not only do they occur, and will continue to occur, but that they have their appointed seasons for breaking forth, and that, though unhappily too often the cause of partial destruction, they are ultimately, we are taught, subservient to a beautiful scheme of general conservative adjustment?

We are, however, conceding a great deal too much, in admitting it to be necessary that an evil should be of uninterrupted duration before it ought to be deemed inexplicable and apparently irreconcileable with the goodness of God. Before we should go a step further, we ought to put Mr. Sadler through his first lessons, and ask him upon what data he presumes to form conclusions as to the attributes of the Deity. The only key which he possibly can have to a knowledge of these attributes, is by an observation

of the Almighty's laws as they are developed in this world, and we should tell him, that to argue from those laws to the Divinity, instead of reversing the process, and arguing on assumptions, was the strict course by which he should be held. If those laws, as far as our limited eyesight can command their operation, do not accord with those notions of a Supreme Being, which our reason had before suggested, our duty is to suspend our judgments for the present, and wait for that opportunity of full and satisfactory explanation, which only such shallow observers as Mr. Sadler can hesitate to believe, will be yet afforded to us. The system of such reasoners would of necessity lead to general doubt and despair, because it teaches that a complete and uniform plan of justice is fulfilled in this world—a theory which every man's experience will reject, and which the whole spirit of revealed religion utterly resists. Is it not so common as almost to be the rule of the providential economy of the Almighty towards mankind, that the good should suffer—the men who have signalized themselves by obedience to the laws of God, and by every sort of beneficence to their fellow creatures; whilst the wicked are profusely gifted with the choicest favours of fortune? What is the reason, we ask, that the Small Pox was sent amongst us to decimate the infant generations of the last few centuries? Was it just that Jenner should have been born so late as that many millions before his time, not partaking of the benefits of his discovery, endured misery and death before their time? John Hunter found out a method of healing a particular disease of the arteries, which restores the patient, with little suffering, to sound health. Why were all those numberless beings, who, before that great man's time, died horrible deaths of a similar disease, suffered to perish untimely, and to undergo dreadful pain before they were numbered with the dead? Such questions as these could be repeated for a week, and that, we contend, without at all augmenting the difficulty which would still be as great as ever, if only a single instance of human misery, by divine permission, could be stated.

No one can have observed the general condition of men on this earth, without feeling convinced that we, of all living nature, are the objects of a special policy. The mere Deist's view of the matter will bring us to this inference—that whether we are comfortable and happy, or the reverse,—all depends upon ourselves; that is to say, no animal in the creation but man, is required to manufacture his own necessaries; and no creature but he can indefinitely improve his state on the earth. Nature, it seems to have been so appointed, was to do nothing for him comparatively—he was to do every thing for himself. What is more legitimate then, than the conclusion that a portion of the divine plan for governing the world is left to be fulfilled by the contingent use which man would make of his peculiar faculties. Let us only observe how well such a theory harmonizes with the progress of things. For

all his comforts, nay, for even his necessaries, man is indebted to the combining power of his own mind. Nature places him on the earth with the materials indeed of nourishment and convenience, but with those materials in their rawest stage:—man is at liberty to do with them as he pleases; but nature has set an immense reward upon his successfully employing *her* powers upon them. Thus the whole of what we feed on at this moment, the whole of the textures that clothe us, and whatever contributes to our comfort or indeed support, are refinements of human skill on a ground work of nature. The original plant of wheat is a contemptible weed, not worth cultivating; man has raised it by art and intelligence to be the great support of his species. Neither oats nor barley, nor any of the common plants that we have, are found wild. The whole of the nourishing and grateful species of cabbage that are brought to our tables, have been obtained from a wild, useless plant. Celery comes from a poisonous weed; and all our apples, some of them of such exquisite flavour, are derived from the disagreeable crab. In the countries of the date tree, the pollen must be carried by the hands of men from tree to tree, otherwise there would be no harvest. The staple food of Ireland is derived from a wild root that only added to the seemingly eternal waste of the American wilderness for centuries.

These facts, duly interpreted, furnish to our apprehensions the most striking proofs that the ends which the Creator has in view are most intimately connected with the exercise of the higher faculties of man, and that it is only as man chooses to exert and apply those faculties that God will yield to him those blessings that are destined for his race. And how much more worthy of a Deity is such a theory than that of the Sadlers, and the remainder of the one-eyed philosophers. *These* would have it that Almighty God has enlisted the grovelling passions which man possesses in common with the beasts of the field, and these alone, amongst his means of accomplishing his great designs, to the exclusion of those nobler elements of man's nature by which he stands distinguished in the scale of creation. Can it be that the exercise of that understanding—that power of reflection, of comparison, foresight, &c., to which man owes every thing that he enjoys in this life, should no ways be necessary to the conducting of the scheme of the Universe, but that the indiscriminate obedience to his animal impulses, by man, should be in exact harmony with that scheme? We can never believe any thing so derogatory to the wisdom of the Almighty. Rejecting, therefore, any such impression, we think it to be a rational and religious course to believe that the laws of population have been left, in a great degree, to man's own discretion, to be regulated as his experience and thinking shall inform him is either well or ill, and that his conduct, with reference to these laws, is to be guided by the very same considerations which he is called on to employ, in numerous instances where

his passions are invited to gratify themselves. If, in respect of necessaries even, man is to suffer by a want of foresight—is to be made miserable by neglecting to look at the future, and by not putting means into present operation with a view to results at a subsequent time, how is it wonderful that in other cases the same consequences should attend the same causes? True or false then, the theory that represents population to have such a tendency to increase as to require the interference of human philosophy to controul it, so far from being inconsistent with the known policy of the Creator, may very safely be supposed to be incorporated with it.

And is it possible that men can be found who think they maintain the spirit of Christianity, when they denounce such a reasonable theory as that we have described; as if one of the grand disclosures of Divine Revelation were not that this earth was but a place of trial for man, whom crosses and calamities were to afflict as a probationer for another and a better state! Does not Christianity represent this life as but a section of man's eternal existence—a passage of it in which he will encounter many chances and much evil fortune, which in another and more elevated stage of his being he will be capable of reconciling with the justice of God? If a principle of evil be not inherent in man—if man be not hourly called on to sacrifice his appetites, to exercise the repugnant duty of self denial—to summon all the energies of his sober reason, nay, to solicit the spiritual aid of the Divinity, for the purpose of making head against his own instinctive impulses—(what Mr. Sadler calls nature's sovereign dictates)—then the sacred volume is no longer a vehicle of Divine truth, and that merit which the Scripture ascribes to him, who martyrs himself to the pleasures of life, is only a dream. Who, then, is the infidel and blasphemer—who, the real enemy of human happiness—who, the dishonourer of the Supreme Being—who, the traducer of his mysterious ways? We leave these questions to the charitable judgment of the reader. The Sadlers would give reins to human appetite—they would condemn as impious the suggestion of its restraint: they would run the risk of producing misery in unexampled abundance—they would silence the characteristic reason of man—they would constitute him an animal, the dead apparatus for instinct to put into action: momentary gratification they would raise up as the idol of his whole devotions—they would turn his aspirations downwards to the earth, and limit his destination to the pleasures of sense.

A far nobler—a far more just, we sincerely hope—view of humanity is that which regards man essentially as the being of immortality, which tells him that the animal nature with which his undying spirit is made to unite, shall be subject to the superior power of the latter, that it shall regulate his actions, and be the intelligent guide of that brute energy, which itself embraces no sort of providence or knowledge of the future. We never can listen to those charges of inhumanity, of indifference to his kind, with which

Mr. Malthus is so often assailed, without the indignation which such iniquitous imputations are calculated to call forth. Who are the real objects of his solicitude, in all that he has ever said or written? The higher orders? the men of his own station, whom a secure competency has placed beyond the reach of physical vicissitudes, ordinarily speaking? No such thing. It is for the labouring class that he toils; it is for those who have none to succour them; those whom a blind and erring submission to passionate impulses has cast upon the earth unwelcome; who compose that unhappy overplus amongst whom an insufficient portion of sustenance is to be distributed, and who had better never be born, than be born to such privations as they must endure—the heirs of poverty—the chosen children of affliction. For aught that concerns himself, or that was likely to concern those who are dear to him, Mr. Malthus might have left the question of population in the state of ignorant confusion in which, as a source of human misery, it had so long remained; and what he was to gain by encountering such a mass of prejudice as he had to oppose in defining its principles, and in exposing their uncorrected effects, save and except the secret approval of a good conscience, is, perhaps, more than even Mr. Sadler can divine. At all events it is to us a source of pride and consolation, that having been amongst the foremost, if not the very foremost of the public Journals which rendered justice to Mr. Malthus's theory, it remains to us, after thirty years' experience, to record that the exceptions to the universal adoption of the sound and rational doctrine which he was the first to develope and recommend, are now to be found only amongst that confederacy of dunces which never ceases to beset the progress of the wise and the good, whenever they disinterestedly engage in promoting the real welfare of mankind.

ART. VIII.—*Journal of the Heart. Edited by the Authoress of "Flirtation."* 1 vol. 8vo. London: Colburn and Co. 1830.

THIS work is a strange medley of sermons and lyric verses, of tender sentiment and nursery tales, in which 'Lines to an Infant' are flanked by a discourse on the Sabbath, and the Memoirs of an Eccentric Nobleman, are pushed into bold relief by a gloomy dissertation on the best method of attending church! There is some cleverness in the performance; but it abounds with all those fatal symptoms of haste, indifference, and want of contrivance, for all of which omissions it is the idle and noxious pretence of the day that mere genius, in its untaught energy, will itself be an adequate atonement. People, now a days, are flattered with the conceit that, by an extemporaneous dash of their pen, they can set the subject world a-meditating for the next quarter. Never was there a delu-

sion less authorized by the fact: some rare instances, no doubt, are recorded of the no less valuable than rapid fecundity of the human mind: but these are exceptions: the *rule* is, that nothing proceeding from the human intellect ever yet entitled itself to, or even received, the permanent admiration of mankind, which was not slow in its germination and gradual in attaining its maturity. The crowd indeed may be caught with well turned periods about nature and her sublimities; and the tinkling of epithets will have marvellous efficacy in subduing young sensibilities, and merging delicate souls in the most delightful transports of distress. But the sentences, all the while, including even the parentheses, have no meaning, and their sonorous emptiness only proves that the concoctors of those select periods who thus lather themselves into a sentimental phrenzy concerning nature's charms, have about as accurate a notion of those said beauties as a Laplander has of a calenture. Far are we from applying these remarks to the work before us, which we are confident could have been made a better one, and we are indignant that it has not. We have three or four theological admonitions about Sunday, by no means bad or unprofitable in their way; we have a 'hard frost' and a 'thaw,' 'Old Letters,' 'The Life of Lord G.,' 'Lines' in abundance, and some miscellaneous meditations on novels and romances, romances themselves, together with a couple of choice essays in the manner of the Spectator. We have found nothing in the work so natural and striking as the following on 'Old Letters:'

'What a world of thoughts and feelings arise in perusing old Letters! what lessons do we read in the silliest of them, and in others what beauty, what charm, what magical illusion wraps the senses in brief enchantment! But it is brief indeed. Absence, estrangement, death, the three great enemies of mortal ties, start up to break the spell. The letters of those who are dead, how wonderful! We seem again to live and breathe in their society. The writers once, perhaps, lived with us in the communion of friendship, in the flames of passion, in the whirl of pleasure; in the same career, in short, of earthly joys, earthly follies, and earthly infirmities. We seem again to retrace these paths together—but are suddenly arrested by the knowledge that there lies a vast gulf between us and them; the hands which traced those characters are mouldering in their tombs, eaten by worms, or already turned to dust. Nature, *human* nature, sickens at the thought; but redeemed nature says, although worms destroy this body, "yet in my flesh shall I see God." In this, and this great trust of faith alone, lies consolation: but yet pause we must, and with melancholy and regret dwell on the pictures of the past which the letters of the dead present to our view. Why are we left here, when the younger, the wiser, the better are called away? What use ought we to make of this favour? How instantaneously it may be taken from us! Shall we disregard the reflection? The highest, deepest thoughts, may sometimes arise on a retrospection of old Letters; but there are others of another nature, which speak to the heart in all its feebleness, in all its waywardness, tossed about in the storms of the feelings. Letters from those we once loved,

who perhaps are still living, but no longer living for us. It may be they grew tired of us: it may be we grew tired of them: or the separation may have arisen from mutual imperfections in character: still the letters recall times and seasons when it was otherwise, and we look upon ourselves, out of ourselves, as it were, with much of melancholy interest. That identity of the person and that estrangement of the spirit, who can paint it? But often a more cruel weapon still than these has cut the tie of affection or love asunder: it is the pride, the prejudice, the ambition, avarice, or fickleness of *one* of the parties only. What a place, then, is the world for a tender, trusting, loving heart to rest in; where so many enemies lay siege to its warmest, best affections! Rest in! Can it rest in it? No, it flits on from hill to hill, from prospect to prospect, but the far off-land of happiness is still far off.

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'There is still a third class of old letters on which the heart delights to expatiate; and it must be remembered, if any one deigns to peruse these pages, that they pretend to nothing more than being a journal of the heart. The third class of old letters I am now alluding to, are those of the still living, but the absent. Oh! what do they not afford of delight! all the imperfections of mortal intercourse are, in this mode of communion, done away with; we see nothing but what is good and fair, kind, tender, gentle, amusing; they have the whole witchery of beauty, love, and truth in them, without one speck or flaw to lower the tone of that enchantment they convey.'—pp. 16—20.

Nature speaks here without one jot of exaggeration, and she who can write so well ought not to be pardoned for mere mediocrity.

The music of the *Rans des Vaches* is inserted in this volume, and an account of the circumstances under which the authoress first heard it are well described.

'Perhaps it is known to few. All I know of it is that I heard it in Switzerland, where I learnt it never to forget it more. I was walking alone, towards the evening, in those solitary regions whose awful wildness engrosses every faculty, and where it seems as if the desire of conversation never would be felt. The weather was fine, the wind was silent; all was calm, every thing was analogous to my sensations—those of a tender melancholy. My mind was indifferent to the course of my ideas; they wandered, and so did my footsteps. No object had preference in my heart: but it was predisposed to that tenderness and that love which has since cost me so much happiness. Through heaths and woods I went, I came, I climbed, I descended.

'Chance conducted me to a valley—a delightful valley—such as I had frequently read of in the descriptions of Gesner. Murmuring streams, green banks, wildly scattered flowers, all entered into the scene, and formed a perfect picture. It was the valley of Montmorenci. I was not fatigued, but I sat myself down upon a stone, and yielded to one of those profound reveries which I have frequently experienced in the course of my life, during which my ideas ramble, mingle, and are lost in mazes of confusion, in such a manner that I forget I am upon the earth. I was seated on this stone, when suddenly my ear, or rather the spring of my existence, was struck with sounds, sometimes precipitate, sometimes long and uninterrupted,

which passed from one mountain to another without being confounded by the echoes. They proceeded from a shepherd's pipe. The voice of a woman mingled with its soft and melancholy tones, and formed a perfect unison. Roused, as it were, by enchantment, I suddenly awoke. I started from my lethargy. I shed some tears, and I learned, or rather I engraved on my memory, the *Rans des Vaches.*'—pp. 119—120.

The following account of a supernatural occurrence, is given on the testimony of a respectable person of the town of Inverary, in Argyleshire. The story is stated to be the best authenticated narrative of the kind which the editor is acquainted with.

'As you wish to have an account of *the vision* which my father and grandfather saw in the neighbourhood of this place, I will now endeavour to comply with your request. I have heard it, with all its circumstances, so often related by them both, when together, as well as by my father separately, since my grandfather's decease, that I am as fully convinced that they saw this vision, as if I had seen it myself. At the same time, I must acknowledge, that however desirous I am to oblige Lady —— and you, I commit this account to writing with some degree of reluctance, well knowing how little credit is generally given, by the more intelligent classes of mankind, to a narrative of that kind, and how little it corresponds with the ordinary course of causes and events.

'This vision was seen by them, about three o'clock in the afternoon of a very warm, clear, sunshine day, in the month of June or July, between the years 1746 and 1753—I cannot go nearer to ascertain the year. My grandfather was then a farmer in Glenaray, (which you know is within four miles of this place), and my father, who was at that time a young unmarried man, resided in family with him.

'On the morning of the day above-mentioned, my grandfather having occasion to transact some business in Glenshiray, took my father along with him. They went there by crossing the hill which separates it from Glenaray; and their business in Glenshiray having been finished a little after mid-day, they came round by Inverary, in order to return home. At that time, the road generally used from Glenshiray to Inverary lay upon the west side of the river of Shiray, all the way to the Gairran Bridge, where it joins the high road which leads from Inverary to the low country, by that bridge.

'As soon as they came to this bridge, and had turned towards Inverary upon the high road, being then, as you know, within view of a part of the old town of Inverary, (which has been since demolished), the ground upon which the new town presently stands, and the whole line of road leading from it, to the above-mentioned bridge, they were very much surprised to behold a great number of men under arms, marching on foot towards them. At this time, the foremost ranks were only advanced as far as Kilmalieu. They were marching in regular order, and as closely as they could move, from that point of the new town near the quay, where Captain Gillies' house now stands, along the shore and high road, and crossing the river of Aray near the town, at, or about the spot where the new bridge has been since built; of the rear there appeared to be no end. The ground upon which the new town now stands was then surrounded by a park wall, and the road beyond it lay in a circular direction, between that wall and

the sea. From the nature of the ground, my father and grandfather could see no farther than this wall; and as the army was advancing in front, the rear as regularly succeeded, and advanced from the furthest verge of their view.

'The extraordinary sight, which was wholly unexpected, so much attracted their attention, that they stood a considerable time to observe it. They then walked slowly on, but stopped now and then, with their eyes constantly fixed upon the objects before them. Meantime the army continuing regularly to advance; they counted that it had fifteen or sixteen pairs of colours; and they observed that the men nearest to them were marching upon the road, six or seven abreast, or in each line, attended by a number of women and children, both below and above the road, some of whom were carrying tin cans, and other implements of cookery, which, I am told is customary upon a march. They were clothed in red, (but as to that particular circumstance, I do not recollect whether my grandfather mentioned it or not, though I know my father did), and the sun shone so bright, that the gleam of their arms, which consisted of muskets and bayonets, sometimes dazzled their sight. They also observed, between Kilmalieu and the salmon draught, an animal resembling a deer or a horse, in the middle of a crowd of soldiers, who were (as they conjectured) stabbing and pursuing it forward with their bayonets.

'My father, who had never seen an army before, naturally put a number of questions to my grandfather, (who had served with the Argyllshire Highlanders in assisting to suppress the rebellion, 1749), concerning the probable route and destination of this army, which was now advancing towards them, and the number of men of which it seemed to consist. My grandfather replied, "that he supposed it had come from Ireland, and had landed at Kyntyu, and that it was proceeding to England; and that, in his opinion, it was more numerous than the armies on both sides at the battle of Culloden." My father having particularly remarked, that the rear ranks were continually running forward, in order to overtake those who were before them: and inquiring into the reason of that circumstance, my grandfather told him, that that was always the case with the rear; that the least obstacle stopped and threw them behind, which necessarily, and in a still greater degree, retarded the march of those who were behind them, and obliged them to come forward till they had recovered their own places again. And he therefore advised my father, if ever he went into the army, to endeavour, if possible, to get into the front ranks, which always marched with leisure and ease, while those in the rear were generally kept running in the manner he had seen.

'My father and grandfather were now come to the Thorn Bush between the Gairran Bridge and the gate of the Deer Park, and at the same time the rear of the army had advanced very near to that gate, which you know is but a very short distance (I believe not above one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards) from the thorn-bush. And, as the road forms a right-angled corner at that gate, and the front of the army being then directly opposite to them, they had, of course, a better opportunity of observing it minutely, than they had formerly done. The van-guard (they then observed) consisted of a party of forty or fifty men, preceded by an officer on foot. At a little distance behind them, another officer appeared riding upon a grey dragoon-horse. He was the only person they observed

on horseback, and from his appearance and station in the march, they considered him as the commander-in-chief. He had on a gold-laced hat, and a blue hussar cloak, with wide, open, loose sleeves, all lined with red. He also wore boots and spurs; the rest of his dress they could not see. My father took such particular notice of him, that he often declared he would know him perfectly well if he ever saw him again. Behind this officer the rear of the army marched all in one body, so far as they observed, but attended by women and children, as I mentioned above.

'My father's curiosity being now sufficiently gratified, he thought it was high time to provide for his own security. He represented to my grandfather, that it was very probable that these men, who were advancing towards them, would force them to go along with them, or use them otherwise ill; and he therefore proposed that they should both go out of their way, by climbing over the stone dyke, which fences the Deer Park from the high road; observing that the spot where they then were, was very convenient for that purpose, as the thorn-bush would help to screen them from their view while going over the dyke. To this my grandfather objected, saying, "that he was a middling aged man, and had seen some service, he believed they would not give any trouble to him;" but at the same time, he told my father, "that as he was a young man, and they might possibly take him along with them, *he* might go out of the way, or not, as he thought fit." Upon this my father instantly leaped over the dyke. He then walked behind it, for a little time, in the direction towards the Gairran Bridge, and when he had got about half way, he turned up towards the fur-clumps, in the neighbourhood of the bridge, believing that he was then out of the reach of a pursuit, should any be attempted.

'But when he arrived near the clumps, he looked back to observe the motions of the army, and whether any person attempted to follow him; but he found, to his utter astonishment, that they were all vanished; not a soul of them was to be seen. As soon as he had recovered from the surprise which this extraordinary scene had occasioned, he returned to my grandfather; and, as soon as he saw him, cried out, "What has become of the men?" My grandfather, who did not seem to pay them much attention after my father left him, then observing that they had all disappeared, answered, with an equal degree of astonishment, "that he could not tell."

'As they proceeded on their way to Inverary, he recommended my father to keep what they had seen a profound secret; adding, that they would make themselves ridiculous by mentioning it; for that no person would believe they had seen a vision so extraordinary: at the same time he told him, that though he (my grandfather) might not like to see it, my father might possibly like to see the vision realized.

'This conversation was scarcely ended, when they met one Stewart, an old man, who then resided in Glenshiray, going home and driving a horse before him. This, as they believed, was the same animal they had before observed surrounded by a crowd. My father, notwithstanding the admonitions he had just received, was not able to contain himself. He asked Stewart what had become of the people who were travelling along with him. Stewart, not understanding the drift of the question, answered that nobody had been in company with him since he left Inverary, but that he had never travelled in so warm a day; that the air was so close and sultry,

that he was scarcely able to breathe; and that his horse had become so weak and feeble, that he was obliged to alight, and drive him before him.

'The account I now send you of this vision was not only communicated by my father and grandfather to me, as I have already mentioned, but was also communicated by them to many others in this place and neighbourhood; it being scarcely possible that so extraordinary an occurrence could be long concealed. It is no doubt extremely difficult to account for it upon the ordinary principles which regulate human events; but no person acquainted with my father or grandfather, ever supposed that either of them was capable of inventing such a story; and, accordingly, as far as I can understand, no person to whom they told it, ever doubted that they told any thing but the truth. My grandfather died several years ago; my father died within these two years; but neither of them saw their vision realized, although, indeed, my father had strong expectations of seeing it realized a few years before his death; particularly at the time of the Irish rebellion, and of the last threatened invasion by the French.'—pp. 102—112.

We can say nothing of this story, we only cite it as a curiosity; and whether it be true or false, it offers matter for reflection. We should like to see the quick sensibility, and the genuine perception of the beauties of nature, which our authoress evinces, turned to more important purposes than those in which she has engaged; we have no doubt that one who to such qualifications can join a fine tone of thought, and an experience of the world in some of its most instructive aspects, would contend successfully in the arena where more important and longer sustained efforts would be required from her hands than any to which her modesty or, perhaps, her indolence would commit her.

ART. IX.—*Humane Policy: or Justice to the Aborigines of new settlements, essential to a due expenditure of British money, and to the best interests of the settlers, with suggestions how to civilize the natives by an improved administration of existing means.* By S. Bannister, late Attorney-General in New South Wales. 8vo. pp. 248, and pp. cclxxxii. London: T. and G. Underwood. 1830.

THERE is no question which may properly occupy more of our deliberate attention during our repose from the turmoil of war, than the one which is so temperately and ably discussed in this volume; namely, the moral improvement of the natives of the British colonies. The treatment which we have systematically observed towards the aborigines of almost every country or island which we have added to our dependencies, constitutes a portion of our political history which Englishmen may well blush to contemplate, and which every successive generation of Britons should endeavour to expiate by, as far as possible, carrying into effect for the future a system of policy towards the natives of our colonies, which shall be exactly in opposition to what has been hitherto so unfortunately its characteristic.

It is the boast of our time, that this injudicious and cruel policy

has been, at all events, acknowledged. Where there is a candid admission of error there is almost always a certainty of correction; and the steps which have been recently taken, by the authority of government, to investigate the moral state of some of our colonial possessions, may be regarded as the harbinger of a general system of amelioration. It is, however, of the greatest consequence that government should be stimulated to perseverance in this good work by the occasional expression of popular opinion,—for supineness in any stage of such an undertaking, would invalidate every former effort at improvement, and, perhaps, place the chance of civilization more distant than ever. The author of the work before us, being a practical man, and speaking entirely from his own experience, deserves that his views and suggestions should be well considered.

We do not know that a more humane or wise system of treating the aborigines of a country could be contrived, than that which was embodied in the "Royal Instructions of Charles II. to the Council of Foreign Plantations."

' " Forasmuch," said Charles II. to the Council of Foreign Plantations, " as most of our said colonies do border upon the Indians, and peace is not to be expected without the due observance and preservation of justice to them, you are in our name to command all the Governors that they at no time give any just provocation to any of the said Indians that are at peace with us.

' " And forasmuch as some of the natives may be of great use to give intelligence to our plantations, or to discover the trade of other countries, or to be guides to places more remote, or to inform our governors of several advantages that may be within or near to our several plantations not otherwise capable to be known to them, we do require you to give strict orders that Indians desiring to put themselves under our protection be received.

' " And that the Governors do by all ways seek firmly to oblige them;

' " And that they do employ some persons to learn the languages of them;

' " And that they do not only carefully protect and defend them from any adversaries, but that they more especially take care that none of our own subjects, nor any of their servants, do any way harm them;

' " And that if any shall dare to offer any violence to them in their persons, goods, or possessions, the said Governors do severely punish the said injuries agreeably to justice and right.

* * * * * *

' " And you are to consider how the Indians and slaves may be best instructed, and invited to the Christian religion; it being both for the honour of the Crown, and of the Protestant Religion itself, that all persons within any of our territories, though never so remote, should be taught the knowledge of God, and be acquainted with the mysteries of Salvation." '—pp. 22—24.

It would have been a happy circumstance indeed, if the spirit of these instructions had actuated the conduct of British planters since the time when they were issued. A total departure from it has marked

every page of the history of our colonization; and looking now to the effects of that opposite system of policy, can any argument demonstrate more powerfully than they do, the wisdom of Charles's council, and the cruelty, as well as absurdity, of the council on which we have acted? No one can take a just view of this great subject, who does not admit, as a fundamental truth, that the obstacles to civilization are very great. It is very much doubted, indeed, if good in this way can be effected by any direct or avowed means of rendering it; and the comparative failure of missionary expeditions to barbarous countries, may be cited as a proof of the truth of this remark. There is, however, great encouragement in the views entertained by Mr. Bannister, who seems to place much reliance on the agency of means already existing, and which, as the channels of necessary relation between us and the aborigines of our colonies, may be made subservient to the imperceptible diffusion of moral improvement amongst the latter. Amongst the first of these means, Mr. Bannister, more particularly directing his observations to South Africa, considers the due dispensation of justice; and, as a proof of the absence of it, he gives us the following account, the facts of which passed under his own observation.

'It happened to the writer of these papers, to pass a few weeks at a remote district of the Cape, in December 1828, and in January 1829; when the current business of Algoa Bay and Uitenhage produced ample materials for reflection on the subject. Brutal assaults upon Hottentots by white people, British as well as Dutch, were common circumstances. Strong proof also occurred, that the performance of contracts and of civil obligations was too often evaded on the part of the employers of the natives. A general reform had been taking place during several years; and it might have been expected that public functionaries would be particularly careful to do justice in cases occurring a few months only after important new laws had been passed, and after that reform was seriously begun. By the legal condition of the natives being raised substantially, sympathy for them was extending; which both facilitated the vindication of wrongs, and proved the new strength their cause had gained in high quarters. The occurrences however alluded to, seem to shew that something more must be done, in order to produce the necessary improvement, even in cautious and good functionaries. One of the local magistrates, understood to be generally well-disposed, and of a mild character, very recently remarked in regard to a clear case, in which success was partially gained, that he thought the rest (equally plain) should be waived. The time, said he, was, when Hottentots would have got no justice: now they wanted too much. The part gained was a criminal sentence of a fine to the crown; and the old Hottentot who was beaten, wanted damages in a civil suit, in the common way, for compensation to himself; as (he said) he had suffered more than the crown had.

'Two other much more gross cases, which happened at the same time, exhibit strongly the unequal course pursued when Hottentots are concerned.

'Wildschot Platjes, of Bethelsdorp, also an old man, was the com-

plainant in the first case. He was beaten on the highway by a young boor, whom he did not know, and without the slightest justification. The man was severely flogged with a hippopotamus-hide whip, violently kicked; and his arm was broken.

The person who committed this violence was a tall, active young man; the Hottentot far advanced in years. There was no apparent provocation for the assault, which took place in open day, on the high road; where the boor on horseback overtook the old man, walking home with some earnings paid in flesh, not money, from Uitenhage to Bethelsdorp. Besides beating the poor man, the boor, under the insulting pretence of discovering a theft, carried away the bag of meat and his walking-staff, which led to the detection of the offender.

'A criminal prosecution was first carried on in the inferior court; and a fine of only 2*l.* (much below what even that court could levy,) was inflicted.

'In a civil action, the damages given were 4*l.* 10*s.*, little more than half the very moderate sum of 7*l.* 10*s.* claimed; and in this action the magistrate expressed himself to feel much difficulty at what rate to value the broken arm.

'The second case is a stronger illustration of the necessity of watching the minor tribunals, where Hottentots most generally seek justice. A boor, with the assistance of several others, had bound a Hottentot to a waggon-side; flogged him severely; and afterwards stretching his arms to an ox-yoke, hanged him up the whole night in his, the boor's, house. The excuse was, that this was done to defend *his* land against the trespass of the Hottentot's cattle, who, *he said*, had rescued those cattle on the way to the pound for such trespass. The assault and imprisonment were proved clearly to be unjustifiable; and a fine of 3*l.* only was inflicted in a criminal prosecution, the magistrate observing that the boor had certainly exceeded the law.'—pp. 27—30.

Under this head Mr. Bannister pointedly notices the conduct of the local government, which, in too many instances, seems to be calculated to create an impression of partiality in the administration of the law.

'In 1828, a body of unknown people were put to death, by *mistake*: and the officer who committed the error, instead of receiving a public reproof, was soon placed in high military trust. In the same campaign the whole tribe was soon again attacked by us in a manner, to all appearance, most unjustifiable and barbarous. In regard to the first attack, there was speedily produced decisive proof of the *mistake* made: the second is involved in more obscurity. If any justifications exist, as has been alleged, in favour of the commander in it, they should be made public. The Government, however, cannot be exculpated in either of these events; which spring out of neglects plainly leading to them.'—p. 43.

The next means of civilization consists in respecting property in lands, belonging to the natives, and in the equitable distribution of them on the part of the crown. The details which Mr. Bannister gives us, show the incredible extent to which a violation of these principles has been carried in South Africa. He says—

'Another example worth recording of the iniquitous system so long in force, may be found in regard to a spot near the mouth of the Swart-Rop's River. It was applied for by the missionary society for Bethelsdorp, and refused because it was necessary to the public. It is now the private property of the magistrate under whose administration it was so refused. Mr. Thompson, the traveller, has preserved another interesting case which happened in Clanwilliam, strongly illustrative of this subject; although in the result brought about by the exertions of a warm-hearted Irish gentleman, it forms an exception to the general rule. There can indeed be no doubt that, practically, individual "Hottentots and other free persons of colour" could not at a very late period obtain land. A short list might be published of some who struggled in vain for a few spots; but the system of exclusion was so firmly established, that frequent applications have not been thought of even by men whose title has long been in all respects unexceptionable.

'Enough is adduced in support of the second proposition, that the land has been absolutely thrown away, so far as the improvement of the natives is concerned, by its being refused to worthy applicants; and we return to the first and most important point; namely, that our unjust seizure of it so excites the hatred of the natives, that the land itself is become an obstacle rather than an incentive to their civilization. As the wrong done on this head continues to the present hour; and as it may be confined in extent only to the limits of uncivilized Africa; it is important to place the truth in regard to it in a clear light. The map shows our progress step by step, in a succession of shades, for a century past, from Cape Town to the Caffre and Bushman frontiers. The dates of the inroads of settlers are inserted, with the subsequent dates of the adoption of their robbery by Government.'—pp. 59, 60.

A third means of diffusing civilization is to protect trade—and, from all that Mr. Bannister says, it is reasonable to conclude that the natives of South Africa are well disposed to embark in commerce, and to use every exertion for the improvement of their produce. The list of sales at Wesleyville, in Caffreland, for the years 1827 and 1828, is not only interesting as a commercial document, but is very curious with reference to the description of the articles of traffic.

'*Sales at Wesleyville in Caffreland, from July* 31*st to December*, 1827.

'Amount of sales, consisting principally of clothing for men and women, with various kinds of hard ware, &c. to about 2000 rix-dollars, =150*l.*, paid for by 139 hides, 130½lbs. ivory, 93 sambocs, 1781 cattle horns, and the remainder in cash.

'*From January* 1*st to December* 31*st*, 1828.

'Amount of sales for the year, consisting as above, about 7000 rix-dollars,=525*l.*, and paid for by 520 hides principally wet, 100lbs. ivory, 300 sambocs, 7613 cattle horns, and the remainder in cash.

'The articles at the African fairs in the north, as noticed by Burckhardt, (Nubia, p. 398,) illustrate the character of the natives as indicated by the foregoing tables; and there seems reason to think the distinction

of the African races quite immaterial in regard to their becoming civilised.

'"On the sands behind the village a market is held once a week, which is frequented by great numbers of Bedouins and country people.

'"The following are the articles brought to market by the country people, besides cattle:

'"Mats and baskets, of reeds and of leaves of the doum-tree, earthen pots for cooking, and for ablution: all the negroes and other poor pilgrims carry one of them for their daily ablutions;—camel saddles; ropes made of reeds; hides; water-skins; a few fowls; dried camels' flesh; butter was not to be procured, the flocks being at a distance; Allobe and Nebek fruits, of the latter of which jelly is made; Tama or Basinya, a bitter bark for fevers and dysentery; gum-arabic; gharab, the seed of the acacia, for tanning; salt brought from the Red Sea; black ostrich feathers.

'"Some blacksmiths attended the fair to mend knives, lance-heads, or the camel chains. They bought tobacco; snuff, which they carry in small gourds of the size of an egg, and take from the nail, not in pinches; natron; spices; incense; beads; and hardware; dhourra, or grain."

'To the same purpose narratives of Bowdich, Park, and Denham, p. 331, may be consulted with advantage.

'Facilities for white men settling in Caffreland would, at no distant period, follow the firm establishment of safe principles of intercourse. In that case the capital in horned cattle, now possessed by the Caffres, would soon be converted into its real value; to say nothing of fine woolled sheep to be introduced hereafter. They would soon learn from their better-informed neighbours that this is an inexhaustible fund, from which an export can be created with but a simple addition to their present stock of knowledge. The raw and manufactured produce of cattle from Algoa Bay, in 1828, was as follows, estimated at the Custom-House value:

	£.
Butter	8114
Cheese	125
Candles	211
Tallow	1734
Salted Beef . . .	6415
Hides	12804
Leather	772
Horns	1914
	32,089.'—pp. 130—132.

Mr. Bannister dwells upon the value of maintaining political intercourse with the natives as amongst the most powerful instruments of civilization. He observes—

'The "savage" who told Governor Janssens that "there could be no true peace, if people might not have intercourse with each other," is now admitted to have been in the right. But it is essential even to peace, to go beyond merely permitting intercourse; we must be active in assisting the

native people to bear it. The liberty of trading with our neighbours, and of employing free labourers from among them, will bring interests and passions into more close collision; the ordinary consequence of which must be checked on both sides upon fixed principles adapted to meet difficulties, which such a state of things cannot fail to produce. In order to preserve peace at moderate cost, and more especially to fulfil the higher duties incumbent upon Great Britain, *political* intercourse must be had with the interior. Activity is also not only indispensable if we would do right, but inevitable under any circumstances; and we have but to elect between a better and a worse mode of activity;—a better, which will civilize the barbarians; a worse, now in force, which will crush, brutalize, and destroy them. The unceasing feuds amongst the native people (as amongst our own ancestors) produce disturbances far beyond the immediate scenes of conflict; and we have now a frontier of seven hundred miles in direct contact with populous countries never at rest. This has been felt in the last two years with no little inconvenience at the Cape:—proving that, whilst our course is fatal to the tribes our neighbours, it is abundantly injurious to ourselves.

'In 1827, the cost incurred by a blind defence against the movements of north-eastern tribes, apparently pressed out from home by more powerful invaders, cannot be estimated at less than 200,000 rix-dollars. Several hundred inhabitants of the eastern districts were assembled during some weeks; and the regular troops were increased by a prompt embarkation of a regiment from Cape Town, with the proper military supplies; whilst the Governor himself hurried to the frontier.

'In 1828, troops were again marched into Caffreland to meet an imaginary irruption, which was thought much more formidable than that of the former year; and more than 1000 inhabitants were assembled with them, including men from their farms 300 miles off; and all were taken 250 miles beyond the boundaries, being absent from their homes during more than eight weeks, without finding an *enemy*;—a mode of defence surely inferior to any course likely to lessen the disturbances in the interior by civilising the people.'—pp. 149—151.

The author's recommendation is, that an establishment similar to that founded by Lord Chatham, in North America, should be formed in South Africa, which, along with civilizing the tribes, would also lessen the expence of the present frontier guards, would increase the internal traffic, and would promote the supply of good free labourers from the interior to the British Colony. Supporting the well-disposed Colonists, which certainly our government has been always far from doing, is another principle on which the local government of South Africa should act, with reference to the general object of civilization. Mr. Bannister makes also religious and moral instruction a part of his means for the same objects; and he is, further, of opinion, that a due expenditure of the money sent out from England, will essentially contribute to the great end in view. The general measures for improvement, proposed by our author, are summed up at the conclusion of his work, and the principal of them are—

'(4). Organise regular communications with the natives as much as

possible in small chieftancies, with their consent: not in order to govern them by divisions, but to encourage individual settlement in agriculture and otherwise; and to promote their earlier union with us.

'(7). Have their laws and usages reduced into writing, and let them be carefully weighed in all matters and changes respecting the natives.

'(9). As soon as possible organise juries of half natives and half colonists, for cases affecting natives; and have good interpreters of the native language.

'(14). Regulate a system of compensation to the injured on both sides, when violences cannot be avenged by law.

'(16). Equalise all the laws which make any distinction between natives and Christian aliens.

'(16). Grant to the missionaries of all denominations, if required, funds for infant schools, and for schools of industry, for girls as much as boys: and where the missionary societies do not supply the country, appoint, at the public cost, a sufficiency of others, laymen and ordained ministers, upon the same footing, as near as may be, as the present missionaries.

'Establish a minister and school at all the military posts.

'(17). Encourage, at the earliest time practicable, the placing of young natives in the offices of civil functionaries on the frontier; and establish civil functionaries as soon as practicable (with the Caffres' consent) in Caffreland, and train young Caffres under them.

'(18). Encourage such visits to England, and to the governor, as Chaca is said to have recently intended his chiefs to make; and promote visits of the native chiefs to Madagascar, that they may see the benefits of improvement amongst coloured as well as white people. Take the visitors in men-of-war, that they may witness our power, and receive improvement from the habits of order which they will witness.'—pp. 244—246.

A very curious map illustrates this work. It shews the progress of the white settlers in South Africa; the populousness of the native tribes near the Cape Colony; and the probability of an immediate intercourse, in consequence of approximation between the Portuguese outposts and our Traders and Missionaries. From the account which we have given of this work, it will be seen that, with reference to many questions of deep political import, it contains a great deal of sound information.

ART. X.—*Cause and Completion of the Revolution in France, containing every particular of Authority to the latest date.* 8vo. London: Fores. 1830.

ACCIDENTAL circumstances have brought within our personal observation a part, and by no means the least interesting part, of the history of the astonishing revolution which has recently taken place in France. Desirous of mingling the sea air with the pure and pleasant breezes of the Isle of Wight, we took with us to Cowes some materials for the present article. They had, however, been scarcely spread upon our table, when news came of the arrival at Spithead of the unfortunate Charles X. and his family; and now, while we write, we see before our windows

the American packet ship, *Great Britain*, on board of which are all the royal exiles, and, at a short distance from her, the *Charles Carrol*, with their suite, both having the starry flag of the United States flying at their peaks and mainmasts. The French corvette, *La Seine*, with her tri-coloured flag and streamer, is anchored near enough to both vessels to shew that she has attended them less as a guard of honour than a jealous and well-prepared sentinel, to observe their movements, and, if necessary, to prevent either from returning to the coast of France. Still nearer to the *Great Britain* are two French cutters, one mounted with swivels, the other armed with a few guns, bearing also the tri-coloured flag, and ready to convey to France, with all possible speed, official tidings respecting the ulterior views of her late misguided sovereign. One of these cutters was hitherto usually appointed to attend on the Duchess de Berri, during her visits to Dieppe, when, in the noonday of her prosperity, and overflowing with spirits and health, she spread her own joy around her at that once fashionable bathing place. She now beholds in it an enemy and a spy, sent to watch and report her proceedings, and those of her royal relatives, to a country no longer hers, no longer the land over which her son is destined to rule.

It being about the time of the Cowes Regatta, most of the members of the Royal Yacht Club, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Anglesea, Lord Grantham, and a great number of the first noblemen and gentlemen of the country, are either sauntering on the parade, or, dressed in white hats and blue jackets, are sailing in their beautiful vessels on the water before us. Some have already gone to pay their personal respects to the expatriated family. Some are preparing to pay them a similar compliment. The whole scene is a moving panorama, possessing, at once, the interest of a grand historical event, and the gaiety of a festival. The sun is out in all his summer glory. The sea just ripples with changeable airs. Over the two American vessels seem to brood clouds of deep melancholy, while nothing is seen around them but the colours of national rejoicing.

What a spectacle is this, when we consider that the most striking part of it is the result of a great convulsion, brought on by the infatuation of one or two men, whose unaccountable ignorance of the spirit of the age; whose miscalculation and obstinacy overturned in one day a throne which has withstood or re-conquered the violence of eight centuries! Three generations of kings—the father, the son, and the grandson—swept away, by a single act, from their native soil, stripped of their royal state, and reduced to the station of private individuals,—who have long been accustomed to the stately grandeur of St. Cloud, Versailles, and the Tuilleries,—are now either pacing the deck of a republican ship, or confined in her cabin, not knowing where they are to find a home, or what is to become of them! And all this is the

consequence not of a series of campaigns, not of a long and well-fought war, the chances of which consecrate the fallen, and give a splendour even to defeat. No such thing. It is the work of yesterday. It was begun, carried on, and accomplished in three days. The sun rose upon Charles X., and beheld him in the height of his power; setting, it witnessed the overthrow of that power and the vacancy of his throne! No depth of reflection can reach the outlines of a theme so fraught as this is with the destinies—not of France alone, but of all Europe.

Nor is it to be passed over as a fact divested of interest, even here where there is so much to call our attention, that the tri-coloured flag has not been seen in these waters for eight-and-twenty years, except with the union-jack of England flying above it. The presence of such an ensign in a British sea is, of itself, an emblem of changes so extraordinary, that we can hardly turn our eyes away from it. We observe that our sailors do not at all like it. They understand clearly enough the causes that have brought it within these waters, and they do not pretend to find fault with what has been done in France. But the tri-coloured flag is not by any means in popular odour either at Portsmouth or Cowes. The ladies, too, dislike it excessively. They sympathise always with the unfortunate, and they think that the appearance of this ensign within the immediate view of the exiles is a wanton and a cruel insult.

We know not whether the royal party were sensible of the existence of any personal feeling in their favour, in the Isle of Wight; but we were witnesses to the frankness with which the Duchess d'Angouleme, the Duchess de Berri and her children, attended by a few of their suite, confided themselves to the hospitality of its inhabitants, as well as to the perfect cordiality with which they were received on landing, and treated during the whole of their sojourn. We frequently met them in the streets of Cowes, where they walked about with as much facility and ease as if they were English visitors of the place. No crowds assailed them with the prying stare of curiosity. There was a show of politeness in this respect, which we observed with infinite gratification. The gentlemen, on passing them, uniformly took off their hats, an attention which was noticed with evident satisfaction. If the young Duke de Bordeaux were present, he took off his cap in return; his aunt bowed; his mother bowed too; but, as a mother, her eyes filled with tears.

It has been generally reported that the exiles bore their fate with great cheerfulness, and were often seen to smile, and heard to speak gaily, while in the Isle of Wight. There was, perhaps, an endeavour, on their part, to put on an air of disengagement and even of good spirits, when they were under the observation of numbers, as sometimes they were, when setting out all together for a country excursion, or returning to the ship which contained the

immediate author of their misery. But we need hardly say to any person, acquainted with human nature, that this outward appearance was too superficial to deceive even an ordinary observer. It is now nearly six years since we saw the Duchess d'Angoulême and the Duchess de Berri, in the cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, when they attended a Te Deum for the overthrow of the Cortes government of Spain. They were of course then arrayed in all the brilliancy of a Court; and now we behold them, we may say, in the russet of the village; for they were usually dressed in plain brown merino and straw bonnets. But the change of dress alone, and even the lapse of these few years could not account for the very marked change which we observed in their countenances. It was evident that anxious thought, apprehension, and doubt, had been busy with their brows, and left upon them traces too deep to be covered or removed by a feigned smile.

It happened to us to see them at a moment when they considered themselves as comparatively secluded from observation. Every body knows that Carisbrooke Castle is one of the *lions* of the Isle of Wight. It is a magnificent ruin of the olden time. It was once the prison of Charles I., and after his departure from it and death, the abode of his family. The window is still shown through which, with the assistance of his gallant and faithful attendant, Henry Firebrace, he attempted to make his escape. In one of the rooms of the castle his daughter Elizabeth died, in the year 1650. We entered the castle by its handsome madriolated gate, and on going into the court-yard, we unexpectedly found there the two princesses and the children. They were all leaning over an old wooden palisade which enclosed, if we rightly remember, a small vegetable garden. The Duchess d'Angouleme seemed to be lost in meditation. The Duchess de Berri, still the affectionate mother on every occasion, had hold of her son's hand (a small, fair, delicate hand), which she patted and gazed upon from time to time, with an expression of forlorn grief in her face, which shewed how poignantly she felt her new condition. To her sister-in-law adversity was no stranger. She met the blow bravely; but now that the first shock was over, reflection began to come in upon her like a tide. She held in her hand the common guide-book to the island, and doubtless she had just been reading to her companions the connection which this castle had with the history of our Charles. The associations of the place must have opened a-new the springs of feeling which resolution might have almost suppressed. The young duke, though his face is quite that of the Bourbons, and his eyes, like those of his mother, seem almost starting from their sockets, nevertheless usually wears an appearance of intelligence, mildness, and good nature, which is really prepossessing. Yet even the boy, now near the completion of his tenth year, manifestly caught on this occasion the contagion of grief from his mother. His sister, who is a year older than himself, was by far the sprightliest person of the whole party. She made some remarks in a quick, brilliant tone of voice,

which had nothing in common with the genius of the place or the misfortunes of her family.

When next we saw them it was at prayers. The Mass was celebrated without any pomp in the chapel at Cowes. They were attended by all their suite, and appeared during the whole of the service to be quite devoted to the act of homage in which they were engaged. When the young prince had occasion for his tutor to assist him in finding out the collects, or gospel for the day, he turned around and put his finger to his lip in a simple, unaffected manner, which would have interested even a republican in his favour. He knelt at the railing of the sanctuary, as the most distinguished member of the family, his mother on his left hand, his sister at a little distance on the right, and on her right hand the Duchess d'Angouleme. Immediately before the prince a silk covering was hung upon the railing, ornamented with the royal Bourbon arms, including the lily. This, however, was the only mark of royalty that was paid him, as the incense, which is usually offered to crowned heads during the solemnity of the Mass, was not presented to him on this occasion.

Charles X. did not land at all; the Duke d'Angouleme once or twice came on shore incognito, but attracted very little notice. His ill-fated father we repeatedly saw pacing the deck of the *Great Britain*. He was dressed in a plain ill-made blue coat, trousers and boots, and a black round hat much the worse for the wear. Those whom he addressed always took off their hats. He took abundance of snuff, and looked full of energy and determination. We could hardly believe that he was in his seventy-third year, for in countenance and demeanour he hardly seemed as old as his son. He had a peculiar way of keeping his hands closed, and pointing in a good natured way with one finger when giving his orders, or conversing. We had occasion to know that he is much beloved by those who have long been in immediate attendance upon his person; that he is much devoted to the duties of religion, in which he has, under all circumstances, found great consolation, and that in this respect he always allowed others to do exactly as they wished.

We collected from gentlemen of the royal suite two important facts: that the famous ordonnances of the 25th of July, were principally the work of Charles himself and of the Prince de Polignac, and that neither was at all prepared for the sudden resistance which was made by the populace of Paris. They both expected much angry complaint and some slight disturbances, but they thought that the new order of things would be established in time. They had no idea whatever, that after the capture of Algiers, any part of the army would have turned against them. It was said that if Bourmont had been in Paris on the 27th of July, the first appearance of resistance would have been effectually quelled, and the consequences that have since occurred would have been avoided.

Having now briefly mentioned some of the circumstances con-

nected with this magical revolution which happened to fall within our own observation, we take advantage of the title of the little publication which stands at the head of this article, to offer to our readers a few reflections which have occurred to us upon this all-absorbing topic. We do not pretend to express any decided opinion upon it, because the materials for any such opinion are not yet at hand. Every day, every hour, adds to them, and changes their aspect. At one moment we are induced to hope that things are settling down, and inclined to subside into order and tranquillity. At another, the elements of strife seem to rise again to the surface of affairs, and to threaten the renewal of those commotions which were felt from one end of Europe to the other. Amid these varying appearances there are, nevertheless, to be discovered some prominent points, which well deserve the attention of thinking men.

The state of France since the restoration of the Bourbons has been any thing but a state of happiness for those who were called to regulate its government. From the recommencement of their reign the question was perpetually to be discussed, whether there was to be a return to the simple despotism of the old régime, or concessions were to be made to the spirit of the times, which from year to year was growing more and more liberal. The presence of the army of occupation, the sudden change from war to peace, from military excitement to the pursuits of industry; the important step from the rule of an autocrat to that of the charter, for a while were sufficient to occupy mens' minds in France. Louis XVIII. was besides an astute king, if not a very wise one. He had the tact to manage all parties by alternately shewing them his favour, and he was assisted in his councils by one of the cleverest men in his dominions, M. de Villele. During his reign the germs of liberty which were contained in the charter, had not developed themselves so far as to require any new institutions, or any enlargement of those already in existence. This process was, however, going on silently, but with the certainty of nature herself. The conspiracy of Berton and his associates in the year 1822, shewed that the spirit of Jacobinism was not yet extinct in France; nor would it even now have been out of fashion in that country but for the labours of that mighty engine, the press, which may be truly called the Hercules or the Briareus of modern times.

Charles X. commenced his reign by removing the censorship—an act which he soon found ample reason to repent. For the press of Paris, no longer led astray by the impracticable theories of the men of the revolution, but enlightened by their fatal experience, and clinging constantly to the charter as its great bulwark, employed itself with great talent and energy in pointing out the ameliorations and new institutions which were wanted, in order to sustain the different branches of liberty which were growing, as it were, from the trunk of that national monument of freedom. The

existence and maturity of this sentiment were proved by the celebrated manifesto of the Martignac ministry, in which a scheme was propounded for forming municipal corporations, and for giving legitimate employment to those restless spirits—restless, we must add, through a natural and proper love of liberty—which were constantly increasing throughout the monarchy. We thought at the time that this manifesto was the precursor of an immediate revolution. It shewed a thorough acquaintance with the state of opinion in France; and the objects pointed out as desirable, clearly indicated a speedy termination of the question, whether the sovereign was gradually to melt down his prerogatives so as to adjust them in harmony with the times, or whether he was to revoke the concessions which had already been made, and stand upon the doctrine of absolute power. The abandonment of the Martignac propositions, the dismissal of his ministry, and the appointment of the Prince de Polignac settled all doubts upon this point. It demonstrated the intentions of the king as clearly as if they had been reduced to the shape of an ordonnance, and became the signal for a confederacy which was established in every part of France, not by torch-light in caverns and secret dungeons, but openly, in the face of day, by means of the press; which appealed with indefatigable ardour to the aid of all the instruments of resistance—and they were not a few—which the charter afforded. Thus law and consistency, two powerful weapons, were to be found on the side of the people, and nothing was capable of encountering them save a series of measures conducted with steadiness, and enforced by an overwhelming energy.

The first of these measures was the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies, on account of its address against Polignac's ministry. This proceeding was met and triumphantly defeated by the elections. The next step was the issuing of the ordonnances of the 25th of July, which was met by physical resistance, and ended in the expulsion of the elder branch of the Bourbons from the throne.

The ministerial report by which these ordonnances were introduced, will hereafter be deemed one of the most curious documents connected with the eventful history of our times. It may be called the *charter of despotism*. It lays down the most efficacious mode for strengthening the springs of monarchical government, for first defaming the voice of freedom, and next for silencing its murmurs. It contemplates a community of above thirty millions of souls as the hereditary property of a single family. It calls religion to its aid as a political instrument, and displays a most ingenious combination of fetters for repressing the energy and stopping the growth of the human mind. It may be looked upon as the manifesto, not merely of Charles X., but of the monarchical system in Europe, and as the first declaration of that war of opinion which Mr. Canning saw fast approaching, and the effects of which he predicted with such alarming eloquence, when speaking on the

Portuguese question he alluded to the "furies of war." There is not a paragraph in this atrocious document that is not pregnant with matter for grave reflection. We therefore repeat the whole of it without apology.

'"SIRE,—Your Ministers would be little worthy of the confidence with which your Majesty honours them, if they longer delayed to place before your eyes a view of our internal situation, and to point out to your high wisdom the dangers of the periodical press.

'"At no time for these fifteen years has this situation presented itself under a more serious and more afflicting aspect. Notwithstanding an actual prosperity, of which our annals afford no example, signs of disorganization and symptoms of anarchy manifest themselves at almost every point of the kingdom. The successive causes which have concurred to weaken the springs of the Monarchical Government tend now to impair and to change the nature of it. Stripped of its moral force, authority, lost in the capital and the provinces, no longer contends but at a disadvantage with the factious; pernicious and subversive doctrines, loudly professed, are spread and propagated among all classes of the population—alarms too generally credited, agitate people's minds and trouble society. On all sides the present is called upon for pledges of security for the future.

'"An active, ardent, indefatigable malevolence labours to ruin all the foundations of order, and to snatch from France the happiness it enjoys under the sceptre of its Kings. Skilful in turning to advantage all discontents, and to excite all hatreds, it foments among the people a spirit of distrust and hostility towards power, and endeavours to sow everywhere the seeds of trouble and civil war; and already, Sire, recent events have proved that political passions, hitherto confined to the summits of society, begin to penetrate the depths of it, and to stir up the popular classes. It is proved, also, that these masses would never move without danger, even to those who endeavour to rouse them from repose. A multitude of facts collected in the course of the electorial operations, confirm these data, and would offer us the too certain presage of new commotions, if it were not in the power of your Majesty to avert the misfortune.

'"Everywhere, also, if we observe with attention, there exists a necessity of order, of strength, and of duration; and the agitations which appear to be the most contrary to it are, in reality, only the expression and the testimony of it.

'"It must be acknowledged that these agitations, which cannot be increased without great dangers, are almost exclusively produced and excited by the liberty of the press. A law on the elections, no less fruitful of disorders, has doubtless concurred in maintaining them; but it would be denying what is evident, to refuse seeing in the Journals the principal focus of a corruption, the progress of which is every day more sensible, and the first source of the calamities which threaten the kingdom.

'"Experience, Sire, speaks more loudly than theories. Men who are doubtless enlightened, and whose good faith is not suspected, led away by the ill-understood example of a neighbouring people, may have believed that the advantages of the periodical press would balance its in-

conveniences, and that its excesses would be neutralized by contrary excesses. It is not so; the proof is decisive; and the question is now judged in the public mind.

'"At all times, in fact, the periodical press has been, and it is in its nature to be, only an instrument of disorder and sedition.

'"What numerous and irrefragable proofs may be brought in support of this truth! It is by the violent and incessant action of the press that the too sudden and too frequent variations of our internal policy are to be explained. It has not permitted a regular and stable system of Government to be established in France, nor any constant attention to be devoted to introduce into all the branches of the administration the amelioration of which they are susceptible. All the Ministries since the year 1814, though formed under divers influences, and subject to opposite directions, have been exposed to the same attacks and to the same license of the passions. Sacrifices of every kind, concessions of power, alliances of party—nothing has been able to save them from this common destiny.

'"This comparison alone, so fertile in reflections, would suffice to assign to the press its true, its invariable character. It endeavours by constant, persevering, and daily repeated efforts, to relax all the bonds of obedience and subordination—to weaken all the springs of public authority—to degrade and debase it in the opinion of the people—to create against it, every where, embarrassment and resistance.

'"Its art consists, not in substituting, for a too easy submission of mind, a prudent liberty of examination, but to reduce to a problem the most positive truths; not to excite upon political questions frank and useful controversy, but to place them in a false light, and to solve them by sophisms.

'"The press has thus excited confusion in the most upright minds—has shaken the most firm convictions—and produced in the midst of society a confusion of principles, which lends itself to the most fatal attempts. It is by anarchy in doctrines that it paves the way for anarchy in the state. It is worthy of remark, Sire, that the periodical press has not even fulfilled its most essential condition—that of publicity. What is strange, but what may be said with truth, is, that there is no publicity in France—taking this word in its just and strict sense. In this state of things, facts, when they are not entirely fictitious, do not come to the knowledge of several millions of readers, except mutilated and disfigured in the most odious manner. A thick cloud, raised by the journals, conceals the truth, and, in some measure, intercepts the light between the government and the people. The Kings, your predecessors, Sire, always loved to communicate with their subjects. This is a satisfaction which the press has not thought fit that your Majesty should enjoy.

"A licentiousness, which has passed all bounds, has, in fact, not respected, even on the most solemn occasions, either the express will of the King, or the words pronounced from the Throne. Some have been misunderstood and misinterpreted, the others have been the subject of perfidious commentaries or of bitter derision. It is thus that the last act of the Royal power—the Proclamation—was discredited by the public men before it was known by the electors.

"This is not all: the press tends to no less than to subjugate the sovereignty and to invade the powers of the state. The pretended organ of

public opinion, it aspires to direct the debates of the two chambers; it is incontestible that it brings into them the weight of an influence no less fatal than decisive. This domination has assumed, especially within these two or three years, in the Chamber of the Deputies, a manifest character of oppression and tyranny. We have seen in this interval of time the journals pursue with their insults, and their outrages, the members whose votes appear to them uncertain or suspected. Too often, Sire, the freedom of debate in that Chamber has sunk under the reiterated blows of the press.

"The conduct of the opposition journals, in the most recent circumstances, cannot be characterized in terms less severe. After having themselves called forth an address derogatory to the prerogative of the Throne, they have not feared to re-establish, as a principle, the election of the two hundred and twenty-one deputies whose work it is; and yet your Majesty repulsed this address as offensive—you had publicly blamed the refusal of concurrence which was expressed in it—you had announced your immutable resolution to defend the rights of your crown, which were so openly compromised. The periodical journals have paid no regard to this; on the contrary, they have taken it upon them to renew, to perpetuate, and to aggravate the offence. Your Majesty will decide whether this presumptuous attack shall remain longer unpunished.

"But of all the excesses of the press, the most serious, perhaps, remains to be pointed out. From the very beginning of that expedition, the glory of which throws so pure and so durable a splendour on the noble crown of France, the press has criticised, with unheard-of violence, the causes, the means, the preparations, the chances of success. Insensible to the national honour, it was not its fault if our flag did not remain degraded by the insults of a barbarian. Indifferent to the great interests of humanity, it has not been its fault if Europe has not remained subject to a cruel slavery and a shameful tribute.

'"This was not enough. By a treachery which our laws might have reached, the press has eagerly published all the secrets of the armament, brought to the knowledge of foreigners the state of our forces, the number of our troops, and that of our ships; they pointed out the stations, the means to be employed to surmount the variableness of the winds, and to approach the coast. Every thing—even the place of landing was divulged, as if to give the enemy more certain means of defence; and—a thing unheard of among civilised people—the Press has not hesitated, by false alarms on the dangers to be incurred, to cause discouragement in the army, and point out to its hatred the Commander of the enterprise. It has, as it were, excited the soldiers to raise against him the standard of revolt, or to desert their colours. This is what the organs of a party which pretends to be national have dared to do.

'"What it dares to do every day in the interior kingdom, tends to no less than to disperse the elements of public peace, to dissolve the bonds of society, and evidently to make the ground tremble under our feet. Let us not fear to disclose here the whole extent of our evils, in order the better to appreciate the whole extent of our resources. A system of defamation, organized on a great scale, and directed with unequalled perseverance, reaches, either near at hand, or at a distance, the most humble of the agents of the Government. None of your subjects, Sire, is secure from an insult, if he receives from his sovereign the least mark of confidence

or satisfaction. A vast net thrown over France envelops all the public functionaries; placed in a constant state of accusation, they seem to be in a manner lost from civil society—only those are spared whose fidelity wavers—only those are praised whose fidelity gives way; the others are marked by the faction to be in the sequel, without doubt, sacrificed to popular vengeance.

'"The periodical Press has not displayed less ardour in pursuing with its poisoned darts religion and its priests. Its object is, and always will be, to root out of the heart of the people even the last germ of religious sentiment. Sire, do not doubt that it will succeed in this, by attacking the foundation of the press, by poisoning the sources of public morals, and by covering the Ministers of the Altars with derision and contempt.

'"No strength, it must be confessed, is able to resist a dissolving power so active as the Press. At all times, when it has been freed from its fetters, it has made an irruption and invasion in the State. One cannot but be singularly struck with the similitude of its effects during these last fifteen years, notwithstanding the change of circumstances, and notwithstanding the changes of the men who have figured upon the political stage. Its destiny, in a word, is to re-commence the Revolution, the principles of which it so loudly proclaims. Placed and replaced, at various intervals, under the yoke of the Censorship, it has always resumed its liberty only to recommence its interrupted work. In order to continue it with more success, it has found an active auxiliary in the Departmental Press, which, engaging in combatting local jealousies and hatreds—striking terror into the minds of timid men, and harassing authority by endless intrigues, has exercised a decisive influence on the elections.

'"These last effects, Sire, are transitory; but effects more durable are observed in the manners and in the character of the nation—an ardent, lying, and passionate spirit of contention. The school of scandal and licentiousness has produced in it most important charges and profound alterations; it gives a false direction to people's minds; it fills them with prejudices, diverts them from serious studies, retards them in the progress of the sciences and the arts, excites among us a fermentation which is constantly increasing, maintains even in the bosoms of our families fatal dissensions; and might, by degrees, throw us back into barbarism.

'"Against so many evils, engendered by the periodical press, both law and justice are equally obliged to confess their want of power. It would be superfluous to inquire into the causes which have weakened the power of repression, and have insensibly made it an ineffectual weapon in the hands of the authorities. It is sufficient to appeal to experience and to show the present state of things. Judicial forms do not easily lend themselves to an effectual repression. This truth has long since struck reflecting minds. It has lately become still more evident. To satisfy the wants which caused its institution, the repression ought to be prompt and strong. It has been slow, weak, and almost null. When it interferes, the mischief is already done, and the punishment, far from repairing it, only adds to the scandal of the discussion.

'"The judicial prosecutor is wearied out! but the seditious press is never weary. The one stops because there is too much to prosecute; the other multiplies its strength by multiplying its transgressions.

'"In these diverse circumstances, the prosecutions have had their

appearances of activity or of relaxation. But what does the press care for zeal or lukewarmness in the public prosecutor? It seeks, in multiplying its excesses, for the certainty of their impunity.

'"The insufficiency, or even the inutility of the institutions, established in the laws now in force, is demonstrated by facts. It is equally proved by facts that the public safety is endangered by the licentiousness of the press. It is time—it is more than time—to arrest its ravages.

'"Give ear, Sire, to the prolonged cry of indignation and of terror which rises from all parts of your kingdom. All peaceable men—the upright—the friends of order—stretch to your Majesty their suppliant hands. All implore you to preserve them from the return of the calamities by which their fathers or themselves have been so severely affected. These alarms are too real not to be listened to—these wishes are too legitimate not to be regarded.

'"There is but one means to satisfy them—it is, to return to the Charter.

'"If the terms of the 8th Article are ambiguous, its spirit is manifest. It is certain that the Charter has not given the liberty of the journals and of periodical writings. The right of publishing our personal opinions certainly does not imply the right of publishing the opinions of others. The one is the use of a faculty which the law might leave free, or subject to restriction; the other is a commercial speculation which, like others, and more than others, supposes the supersedure of the public authority.

'"The intentions of the Charter on this subject are accurately explained in the law of October 21, 1814, which is, in some measure, the appendix to it. This is the less doubtful, as this law was presented to the Chambers on the 5th of July; that is to say, one month after the promulgation of the Charter.

'"In 1819, at the time when a contrary system prevailed in the Chambers, it was openly proclaimed there that the periodical press was not governed by the enactment of the 8th Article. This truth is, besides, attested by the very laws which have imposed upon the journals the condition of giving securities.

'"Now, Sire, nothing remains but to inquire how this return to the Charter, and to the law of the 21st October, 1814, is to be effected. The gravity of the present juncture has solved this question.

'"We must not deceive ourselves—we are no longer in the ordinary condition of a Representative Government. The principle on which it has been established could not remain entire amidst the political vicissitudes. A turbulent democracy, which has penetrated even into our laws, tends to put itself in the place of the legitimate power. It disposes of the majority of the elections by means of the journals, and the assistance of numerous affiliations. It has paralyzed, as far as depended on it, the regular exercise of the most essential prerogative of the Crown—that of dissolving the Elective Chamber. By this very thing the Constitution of the State is shaken. Your Majesty alone retains the power to replace and consolidate it upon its foundation.

'"The right, as well as the duty, of assuring its maintenance, is the inseperable attribute of the Sovereignty. No government on earth would remain standing, if it had not the right to provide for its own security. This power existed before the laws, because it is in the nature of things.

These, Sire, are maxims which have in their favour the sanction of time, and the assent of all the publicists of Europe.

' " But these maxims have another sanction, still more positive—that of the Charter itself. The 14th article has invested your Majesty with a sufficient power—not, undoubtedly, to change our institutions—but to consolidate them, and render them more stable.

' " Circumstances of imperious necessity do not permit the exercise of this supreme power to be any longer deferred. The moment is come to have recourse to measures which are in the spirit of the Charter, but which are beyond the limits of legal order, or the resources of which had been exhausted in vain.

' " These resources, Sire, your Ministers, who are to secure the success of them, do not hesitate to propose to you, convinced as they are that justice will remain the strongest.

' " We are, with the most profound respect, Sire, your Majesty's most humble and most faithful subjects, (Signed)

' " PRINCE POLIGNAC, MONTBEL,
BARON D'HAUSSEZ, CHANTELAUZE,
COUNT DE GUERNON, COUNT DE PEYRONNET,
BANVILLE, BARON CAPELLE " '

We need hardly add that this report was followed by four astounding ordonnances; that the first abolished the freedom of the press, the second dissolved the newly-elected chamber of deputies which had never met, and that the third and fourth annulled the existing law of elections and decreed a new one which had for its object the appointment of mere minions to their important functions.

Never, in the history of any nation, was so much audacity reduced to writing as is contained in this report and the ordonnances which are appended to it. Measures beyond the law have been decreed in many countries, but usually promulgated either by the sound of artillery, or by the voice of the nation in cases of acknowledged emergency. But in the present instance, the decree of violence was issued without the means being at hand for enforcing it. There were not, we understand from good authority, seven thousand men of all arms in Paris, on the day the ordonnances were published in the Moniteur. It is clear, from the tenor of the report itself, as well as from other circumstances, that Charles X. apprehended an immediate attempt at revolution; and it has been said either by him, or for him, by way of excuse, that he deemed it right, seeing what was about to happen, that he should strike the first blow. If this were the case, why strike the blow without being prepared to follow it up? We confess that we entertained some apprehensions on the side of Austria and Prussia, imagining that without their preconcerted assistance such measures as these could never have been attempted. We imagined, moreover, that troops were on their march for Paris, and that Bourmont was to have appeared as their leader. But nothing of all this has yet been realized. No plan beyond the mere ordonnances appears to

have been even thought of. So much afraid was Charles of being instrumental to the shedding of blood, that it is positively asserted that he gave no orders beyond those for dispersing, by means of military display—not actual hostility, the groups which, in Paris, began the revolt. The whole affair, so far as royalty was concerned, was conceived in utter ignorance of the state of public opinion, was conducted by the most infatuated councils, and abandoned with the most despicable cowardice.

Of the measures taken by the people, and their heroism, prudence, and moderation after victory, it is impossible to speak too highly. It would seem as if an opportunity were presented to them for effacing the stains of their former revolution, and that they availed themselves of it in a manner which entitles them to the admiration of the human race. If ever again they are taunted with the deeds of their Robespierres and Marats, they need but appeal to their "three days," to the civil courage of their Lafittes and Periers, to the generous chivalry of their Polytechnic school, to the sudden—the magical re-organization of their national guard, to the respect which was paid, in the midst of anarchy, to private property; and to the grand national act of mercy which shielded, even from insult, the principal conspirator against their liberties, and permitted him and his family to travel over an immense tract of their territory to a sea-port, whence, without impediment and with a most liberal provision, they have repaired to the shores of their choice.

We were grieved beyond expression to find in some of our public prints, admonitions to our Ministry against affording even temporary hospitality to the royal refugees. Some of our contemporaries too,—we regret to be obliged particularly to specify the *Times*, the ablest political journal we have,—applied epithets to Charles X. and his son, of which we were really ashamed. The nation which those individuals had attempted to destroy spared them with a degree of magnanimity, which even hid in the soldier's bosom the tri-coloured cockade, wherever they were likely to observe it. But in England—the uninjured nation, the nation that had no wrong to vindicate, no crime to forgive—writers are to be found who heap upon the heads of these exiles the meanest vituperations! There is no expression of indignation and horror which we deem strong enough to convey our sense of the atrocity and folly which the ordonnances exhibit. But the moment the pardoned offenders, for pardoned they have been by their own country, arrive within the friendly shade of our fig-tree, infamous be the mouth that would upbraid them, or the hand that would drive them to more distant shores.

We are not prepared at this moment to conjecture, even in the loosest manner, what may be the further proceedings which the abdicated monarch may have in view. It would seem that he relies upon Austria to acknowledge the Duke of Bourdeaux as Henry V. of France. This is a step which Metternich will hardly

venture to take, unless he be assisted by Prussia, and, above all, by Russia. Nicholas has, and will have for some time, quite enough to do to retain his own unwieldy empire in obedience; and unless he enter into the pro-monarchical alliance, it cannot contend against the vigorous and highly disciplined troops of France, burning as they are to renew the days of Marengo, Austerlitz, and the Boristhenes. At the same time it is perfectly manifest, that Austria will look upon the recent events in France with a deadly jealousy, and either by a perpetual sanitary cordon secure her territory from the example which those events have held up in such brilliant colours; or endeavour altogether to destroy it; or, on the other hand, adopt the spirit of the age. The imperial subjects of Hungary will probably be among the first to give reality to the liberties of which they have for some years been accustomed only to behold the shadows, and from these the work of regeneration will necessarily make its irresistible progress to the capital of Vienna itself. If they be not anticipated, the Hungarians will be followed in the new march of liberty by the Austrian portions of Italy. All the recollections of their ancient freeedom and glory will be roused into activity by the revolution of the "Three days;" and thus on all sides Prince Metternich will find that he has a most difficult and perilous game to play.

As to Spain, the question of the influence of French freedom may be said to be already decided. The moment the throne of Charles X. was vacated, that of Ferdinand must have begun to totter to the ground. It depended for its permanence entirely on the physical, the pecuniary, and the moral aid of France. Even as matters were before the 25th of July, it is understood that a well-concerted plan had been devised for the restoration of constitutional government in Spain. It is gratifying to us to learn, that in this instance also the lessons of a former revolution have not been thrown away, and that a system comprising all legitimate interests, those of religion well understood, those of the peerage and commonalty, is to be adopted. Above all things, the error of having only one assembly, which, under the name of the legislature, acted also as the executive, will, it is said, be carefully avoided. In the conduct of what may be called the military part of the revolution, we hope the proud chivalry of France will be closely imitated; that political offenders, including Ferdinand himself and all his perfidious family, will be quietly sent out of the territory, and that no judicial acts of vengeance will tarnish the renown of the liberators of the Peninsula. We say of the Peninsula, meaning the whole extent of it between the two seas; for the expulsion of Don Miguel will naturally follow that of his friend Don Ferdinand.

It is not difficult to foresee, that in England also important consequences will flow from the triumph of freedom in France. Indeed, already the radical reformers, who have hidden their diminished heads for some time, begin to re-appear, and Tom Paine has again

become a toast at certain public dinners. The spirit of Jacobinism and Atheism, however, will find no permanent abode upon our soil. All extreme measures will be, as heretofore, looked at with instinctive jealousy, while measures really calculated to advance the public welfare, such as the complete abolition of negro slavery, the most strict economy in the management of the public treasure, the reduction of the number of members nominated for small boroughs, and the transference of their franchises to the large and unrepresented towns, will now be urged upon the ministry with an energy which cannot safely be resisted. The Duke of Wellington knows all this better than we do, and he will make his arrangements accordingly.

The question has been repeatedly asked, what prospect is there that France, even if let to pursue her own course without interruption from abroad, shall return speedily to a state of order and tranquillity? Her greatest admirers must admit that this is a question which time alone can effectually solve. That there is a strong republican party in that country, is an acknowledged fact, which nobody pretends to deny. It is also incontrovertible that the King of the French is personally not popular in France. He has been accused, we trust without any good foundation, of having materially assisted, both by his counsels and money, in fomenting the opposition which has been for nearly a year operating with tremendous energy against Polignac, and in giving to the recent events a direction favourable to his own elevation. It is said, on the one hand, that he accepted the crown for the sake of ultimately preserving it for the Duke of Bourdeaux; and on the other, that he is only the locum tenens of the party who are anxious for a government on the plan of the United States. Not one of these contradictory charges may have the slightest grounds for its support. We mention them among the on dits of the time, being convinced in our own minds that Lewis Philip, though not the favourite of any party, has good sense and ability enough to enable him to manage them all.

There is, indeed, in the modified Charter one article which we should wish to see expunged from it,—we mean the article which confides the liberties of France to the especial protection of the National Guard. It is to be remembered, that this body will henceforth be regularly organized; that it will have a direct intervention in the election of its principal officers, and that this democratic army will be at all times in readiness to act upon any real or supposed emergency. Should the king be under the necessity of issuing an ordonnance not exactly suited to the taste of the Parisians, the National Guard will be called upon to get it forthwith rescinded. Should the Chamber of Peers, or of Deputies, be disposed to pass an unpopular law, the National Guard will be required to oppose it. Should the ministry be changed, and any man appointed to office who carries not with him the stamp of public approbation, the protectors of the Charter may deem it

their duty to request his dismissal. Thus the Guard may eventually become as influential as the Prætorian Band of Rome, which is supposed to have powerfully accelerated the fall of the empire.

It were also also to be wished that, during the process of modifying the Charter, the two Chambers had conferred and concurred *pari passu*, in the alterations. The lower house took upon itself the initiative in this respect, with a monopolizing spirit which augurs not well for the future. The upper Chamber was only called upon at the eleventh hour for its *adhesion*, which it gave in under the influence rather of authority, almost resembling force, than of free deliberation. But this is not the only act of which the Chamber of Peers has a right to complain. If there be any one principle more essential to the preservation of a constitutional government than another, it is that of a most delicate and even etiquettish abstinence in each branch of the legislature, from interfering with the rights and privileges of the other. But one of the first measures of the lower chamber of France, upon the late occasion, was to pass a resolution by which no fewer than seventy-two Peers were, without trial or enquiry of any sort, to be divested of their rank and their seats. This was a most serious error, and although it has not been embodied in the charter, as was at first intended, the attempt to introduce it into that instrument has, added to the other cause just mentioned, sown the seeds of future division between the two houses.

Altogether the prospects of the new government are clouded and unsettled. Their foreign relations are yet to be arranged. The parties which they have to reconcile are various, some being wedded to the exiled house of the Bourbons, some limiting their wishes to the proclamation of the Duke de Bourdeaux, many inclined to a Presidency and a federal Republic, none enthusiastically attached to the house of Orleans, and the army panting for new victories. Friendly as we are to the liberties of France, we would take permission to recommend to our gallant neighbours a spirit of mutual compromise, and incorruptible union. They have in their hands the fate of the European continent; and upon their firmness and discretion in preserving the blessings which they have won, will depend the happiness of millions of unborn generations. That a war of opinion is not far off, every thing prophetically indicates. It is impossible that the conflict of principles, which will soon take place between the South and North of Europe, shall not ultimately break out into a collision of arms. Expediency and the want of preparation may postpone the evil day; but it is, nevertheless, fast coming on. If the French do nothing to provoke this war; if they seek not to propagate their political tenets, and keep within their own boundaries, they may be assured of the sympathies of England, and perhaps of her support. But if, on the contrary, extravagant notions supersede the wisdom and the moderation which distinguished the late revolu-

tion; if they fight amongst themselves for office and sordid emolument; if they plunge their country into hostilities with foreign powers through vanity and ambition, they may unquestionably despair of any assistance from this country. As far as they have yet proceeded, we rejoice in their success, and with the two exceptions before alluded to, entirely approve of their measures. We sincerely trust that they will go on as they have begun, and that the French revolution of 1830 may be favourably compared, in all its consequences, with the English revolution of 1688.

ART. XI.—*Travels to the Seat of War in the East, through Russia and the Crimea, in* 1829; *with Sketches of the Imperial Fleet and Army, Personal Adventures, and Characteristic Anecdotes.* By Capt. J. E. Alexander, (late) 16th Lancers. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn and Co. 1830.

A YOUNG officer, possessing a very fair share of talents, and very meritoriously free from prejudices, travelling for his own amusement and writing for ours, is not the sort of person to whom the strict dispensations of criticism ought to be applied. Motives are every thing: and if ever the ministers of reputation are justified in taking collateral matter into their consideration, it certainly is in the case of him who, being gratified with what he has experienced under peculiar circumstances, proposes to share his satisfaction with the rest of his countrymen. Upon this occasion, then, we renounce the sterner rules of our office, and enter into the spirit and temper of Mr. Alexander's book.

Mr. Alexander having been educated for a military life, seems to have become impatient of the piping time of peace in his own country: he resolved to follow to the field, and, if not to be a party, at least to be a witness of the fight. The invasion of Turkey offered a spectacle worthy of all his chivalrous expectations, and to the seat of war in the East he made up his mind to proceed. To facilitate his progress there, it was necessary that he should be provided with the authority of the Russian Government, and, accordingly, he was obliged, in the first place, to go to St. Petersburgh. Some delay in that beautiful city and its neighbourhood, enabled Mr. Alexander to collect materials for some descriptive pages: but, as all our readers must have been, by this time, satiated with accounts of the Neva, and the Baths, and the town house, and the palaces, we shall pass over these matters. We cannot, however, so cavalierly dismiss the military information which our author has collected, and which, being gathered by one who is technically skilled in the economy of armies and the discipline of soldiers, cannot fail to be regarded as very valuable. A camp is annually formed at a place called Crasnecelo, about 25 versts from St. Petersburgh. In the summer of 1829, about 20,000 men were assembled there, and Mr. Alexander had, there-

fore, a good opportunity for inquiring thoroughly into the condition of the troops. He says :—

'The tents of the infantry were of single cloth, and each contained six men, who slept on straw in their great coats. The officers were in small and comfortable double cloth tents. Sods of almost a foot in height surrounded the tents on the outside, which completely excluded the rains; in front of each company was a wall of sods for the cross-belts, and on each side of this were the belts of arms very neatly arranged: they were all exposed without cover. The officers' kitchens, in the rear, consisted of a pyramidical roof of branches covered with turf: and the floor was three feet below the surface of the ground. The store houses for the provisions had long roofs, and, like the officers' kitchens were covered with turf; the floors were also sunk. Suspended to the timber-work of the roof, were the birch rods which are used in the vapour bath, which was on the shores of the lake: and the bread and vegetables were contained in sacks. In rear of the store-houses and inclosed with long turf walls, the men cooked their victuals, in camp kettles two feet in diameter; and behind these were long tables and seats of turf, where they messed in the open air. All the encampments were exceedingly clean, and no accumulation of garbage was allowed within 200 yards. The men, when off duty, were commonly asleep, except in the evening, when a certain number went to the bath.

'At some distance from the encampment, and on an eminence, was a field-chapel, consisting of a large tent, surmounted with three crosses on the poles, and a bell in a wooden belfry outside, near which stood a sentry. Inside, there was a handsome screen, on which were representations of the Virgin and Saints, well painted and richly gilt; silver lamps hung before them, and crimson banners on each side. Behind the screen stood the altar. Soldiers, at all hours, might be seen, cap in hand, standing there at attention, and bowing and crossing themselves; and, on Sundays and Saints' days, chaplains performed divine service to the troops in divisions. The sappers and miners annually construct field-works, which they afterwards destroy; but there were a few remaining of last year, round their encampment, consisting of redoubts, and gun and mortar batteries. The ditches of these works were merely shallow cunettes, the interior *revêtement* of turf was quite perpendicular, as also in the cheeks of the embrasures; consequently, the frost and rain had distorted this perpendicular revetting, which also bulged out in different directions. The *Carbette* batteries had an embrasure on the crest of the parapet, formed by two gabions on each side of the gun; but the pickets and rods were much smaller than those used at Chatham; where, also, under the able directions of Col. Pasley, more attention is paid to ramming the earth of the parapet."

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'In the morning, the heavy dragoons mount at four o'clock, in white jackets and forage caps; the lancers in white linen surtouts, and the covers on their chakos; the former with their sabres, and the latter with their lances and sabres. A few men, on each side the standards, are armed with light carbines, suspended, by an iron swivel, to a belt which crosses the left shoulder under the pouch-belt; the carbine is in no wise attached to the saddle; but it appeared to me to swing about, so as to incommode

the trooper; and must injure his clothes. Both heavy and light dragoons, at exercise, wore grey pantaloons, strapped in the inside of the leg with leather. The wheeling was good; and, owing to the charge not being so energetic and rapid as ours, few were dismounted; yet I was surprised there were not more unhorsed, for the equitation of the Russian dragoons is certainly *sui generis*; and it will hardly be believed, that they are taught to project both the toe and elbow! What is the meaning of the toe being kept in, in our service? because it looks better, prevents accidents in the ranks, and obliges the horseman to hold by the thigh and knee.

'The Russian horse artillery charged better than the dragoons, and showed a good deal of life about them; still, from the inferiority of the food of the Russian troopers, (consisting principally of black rye-bread and vegetables,) they cannot have muscle or stamina of British dragoons. I have seen their six-feet men stripped, and they certainly would not make a good appearance beside our life guards; but their black, long-tailed horses are more equal to the weight of the men than ours are. I was surprised that the grand duke had not introduced gymnastic exercises for the men. Nothing contributes so much to increase the activity, and develope the muscle, as the German system of gymnastics.

'There cannot be a more objectionable mode of saluting than the Russian; when an officer or soldier, in a forage cap, approaches a superior, he immediately stands at attention, pulls off his cap, and remains uncovered until the superior officer has passed. Of course, a chako with scales cannot be taken off to salute.'

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'The men in a body look uncommonly smart and soldier-like; but like the cavalry have an extraordinary and unseemly mode of projecting the left elbow: in shouldering the musket the arm also is contracted. They are always drawn up in three ranks. The Parloffski regiment wear the old conical grenadiers' cap: the front entirely of brass: many of these have shot-holes through them. The step is a very short one; and, in wheeling, they grasp the pouch with the right hand. In drilling, the recruits are obliged to balance themselves on one leg for a very considerable time, and at the same time, elevate the other leg to a horizontal position. If the recruit is unable to do this, the non-commissioned officer works the leg in the air like the handle of a pump, holding back the knee of the other, which rests on the ground. They still use the cane in the Russian army, and on field days the major may be seen running about with one, and very actively employed; but in our own service it is not long since it was ordered to be disused.

'The Russian manner of taking aim with the musket is excellent; they first bring it down to the charge, and then elevate it slowly to the shoulder, always keeping their eye fixed on the object aimed at. The under officers have both a sabre and bayonet; the latter almost concealed by the pouch. The great coats are certainly better than ours; for they can be made into a cloak to sleep in when required. There are five plàties at the back of the neck, which are confined at the small of the back with a strap and button; this undone, the platies are freed, and taking the arms out of the sleeves, a cloak is formed. One thing is wanting to make them complete, viz. a small cape: those who have bivouacked know the comfort of a cape to protect the ears. The great coats are rolled round, and inclosed in an oil

cloth cover, on the top of the knapsacks, which in the guards is also of oil cloth, and in the lines covered with red hair. They fight in their great coat to save the jackets.

'The pay of a Russian foot soldier is about six rubles (five shillings) *per annum;* but they have rations of black bread, salt, &c. Every Russian recruit when brought to the head quarters of his regiment, is obliged to learn a trade; to one man they say "you must be a carpenter;" to another, "you must be a shoemaker or tailor," and as the Russian soldier is commonly a very industrious, hard-working and saving fellow, he has always plenty of money to lay out in trifling luxuries; and he commonly drinks his year's pay. In our service the soldiers of these regiments, than which none are more distinguished, go about with their undress jackets open and party-coloured waistcoats, *because they are artizans;* now every Russian soldier is an artizan; but none are allowed in undress to go with the jacket open, or to wear any forage cap but the regulation one; they are, therefore, on *all* occasions soldier-like.

'The Russian guards get a complete suit once a year; the line once in two years. If a soldier loses a button, or any of the metal part of his appointments, he is obliged to replace it: he also furnishes for himself pipe clay, blacking, and pummice stone. The barrels of all the muskets are bright, and the stocks of many of them of yellow birchwood. Once a year the soldier gets cloth for two shirts, and white trowsers; and plenty of leather to make boots with: but they are so economical that by mending they make their old boots last a long time, and are therefore able to dispose of the leather in the shape of new boots.

'The pay of a *praperchick* (or ensign) is about 500 rubles (20*l.*) *per annum*, out of which he finds his uniform, which costs about 150 rubles. The pay of the *polkounick* (or colonel) of a regiment, is 1,200 rubles *per annum*, and 3,000 for table allowance. Russian colonels are very kind to their young officers, and see them often at their houses: for there is never that promoter of *esprit de corps* in a regiment, a mess. A major general has only about 2,000 rubles, 100*l.* annually: that is when he is not in the field. Officers are promoted by seniority, and for distinguished services.

'The most extraordinary thing that I remarked in the Russian army was, that at the most remote points, at Abo, in Finland, and at Serastapol in the Crimea, and in fact in every part of the empire as well as the seat of the war, *all the uniforms seemed as if they had been made* (*and well made*) *by the same tailor.* Now the system must be good which enforces such uniformity in dress; but it is also the same with respect to drill.'

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'Regiments of cavalry consist of almost 900 men: regiments of infantry of 3,000 men, under a *polkounick* (or colonel,) divided into three batallions, each under a chef de bataillon: each company consists of 200 men under a *capitan, parooschick, putparooschick*, and *praperchick*, (lieutenant, sub-lieutenant, and ensign). There are four companies of 200 men each in every batallion; and with officers, under officers, musicians, &c., the whole make up 1,000 men. It may appear that there are too few officers, (four to a company): but Russian soldiers are much more easily managed than our fine fellows; and, being constantly working for themselves, the *devil is kept out of their heads.* I have had the good fortune to see soldiers of almost all the armies of Europe and of the East: and to none

are the British to be compared for individual bravery and daring: but still they require to be strictly looked after in quarters.—But to return to the Russians.

'Every company has a small green painted waggon or *yaschick* attached to it, which contains sixty rounds of spare ball-cartridge for each man, beside the sixty rounds he has constantly in his pouch; the yaschick also contains the company's books and cash chest. To each batallion there is one standard, near which is kept a drum to assemble the men. There is only one band for the three batallions. Russian recruits are selected by the head men of villages, each of which is required to furnish a certain number. Jews are now also obliged to serve, or pay for a substitute. Formerly it was very difficult to prevent the men from deserting on the road to the depôt, as the being selected for a soldier was considered perpetual banishment from family and friends; they were frequently fastened together or tied on *telegas* or carts, and thus sent to the depôt: now, however, I know that leave is frequently given to men to visit their native villages, and they are discharged after twenty-five years' service: consequently, they have not now such a dislike to be made soldiers of. Arrived at the depôt, the recruit is immediately stripped, washed, and shaved:—if he pays the barber well, he uses a sharp razor; if otherwise, he performs with an iron hoop. The under officers of these depôts are great rogues: if the recruit wishes to retain any article of dress he brought with him, he is obliged to purchase it back from the under officer: the only thing he is allowed to retain without paying for it, is the silver or brass cross round his neck. No Russian parts with this: and if lost, it is considered a great misfortune. In Russia if a man commits any fault they make a soldier of him.'—vol. i. pp. 86—102.

Mr. Alexander was fortunate enough to be able to obtain leave to proceed to the seat of war, and he started from St. Petersburgh on his destination, arriving at Moscow when the young Prince of Persia had just come there on a very particular mission. The occasion of it was to explain, on the part of the Shah, the circumstances of the assassination of M. Gribäedoff, the Russian minister, resident at the court of Tehran. The cause of the murder of M. Gribaedoff is stated by our author as follows:—

'In the beginning of 1829 it happened that there were two Armenian women living at the house of a Persian Khan at the capital. The Russians had heard of these, and wished to make it appear that they belonged to the provinces lately conquered, and were, consequently, Russian subjects. The minister applied to the Shah for the women to be given up. "The point of adoration of the universe" wisely replied, "these Armenians are not my property. I believe they have been purchased in the regular way: with what shadow of justice then can I order the Khan to surrender what is his own? But if the women can be prevailed upon to go over to you, we will not prevent them; neither do I object to their being cross questioned by your interpreter, as to whom they belong to, and how they came here. If they belonged to me, you might take them and welcome; for, *alhumdullilah!* (praise be to God!) I have got plenty of fair faces; but I cannot compel the Khan to give up what he considers his property." The good old Shah (whose saddle is the moon, and whose stirrup is the new moon,)

then made a personal request to the Khan that he would allow the women to be examined, to discover if they really were Russian subjects or not. The Khan consented: and the Armenian damsels, who were most beauteous to look upon,

> The pearl, in Persia's gulf that glows,
> Yields to the dazzling whiteness of their neck:
> Their eyes the Indian hyacinth's heavenly hue,
> Could vainly emulate.

'Though at first they refused to go to the Russian minister's, they, at last, were persuaded to do so, on condition of being sent with their attendants. By some accident or other, when they arrived at the residency, they were separated from their servants, and placed in a room by themselves. They got alarmed at this, and began crying out at the window that they were about to be violated. A crowd collected round the house and demanded their release: at the same time abusing the minister's domestics, telling them that they "eat dirt"—and spitting at their heads. On this the Cossack guard, losing temper, fired on the Persians: and after killing several of them, the crowd dispersed.

'Whilst this was transacting, the king sent a message to the minister, that it would be better for him to give up the women at once, for that the greatest irritation prevailed in the city: the people were in a ferment, and that he could not answer for the consequences: (in fact, though the Shah is the "Vicegerent of Omnipotence on earth," on this occasion he dared not quit his palace for two days:) but it was now too late. The Kizzilbashees had long watched for an opportunity of revenging themselves on the Roos, and now they had found it. The bodies of the slain were carried to the mosques, and the moollahs, or priests, did all in their power to increase the tumult, and to inflame the minds of the populace. "Shall these infidels," cried they, "who have already brow-beaten us and taken from us our fairest possessions and treasure, now violate our women and beard us in our very capital? Not content with this, have they not shed the blood of the faithful, and poured it out like that of dogs in the street? *Ustuckhferoollah!*—God forbid that we should submit to this indignity! And wo be to him who draws not the sword of vengeance to sheath it in the bodies of the accursed Kafirs! Arouse, then! and in the name of Ali, let us cut them off from the face of the earth, and defile their graves!"

'The people needed but little additional excitement: the whole city was in a ferment: and shutting their shops, and hastily arming themselves, the Persians rushed in crowds from the bazars towards the house of the Minister, calling to one another to remember that they were Mussulmans, and not to spare the impure infidels. The residency was built in the usual oriental style: it was divided into a number of courts; and the apartments were around these, facing inwards. The crowd thundered at the gate, which resisted their efforts to break it open. The guards again fired upon the assailants, which only exasperated them the more, and wheeling round to the rear, they planted ladders against the walls, and mounted on the flat roofs. They were not long in breaking through these: and they discovered the devoted Gribäedoff and his suite endeavouring to shelter themselves from the impending storm in one of the rooms. They implored for mercy: (but by all accounts they did not shew an unmanly fear of death:) they were answered with curses and a shower of bullets from above.

Wounded and dying they fled into the courts, and endeavoured to defend themselves: but the Persians still poured in upon them a murderous fire, and jumping down, despatched them, to the number of fifty, with their sabres. For some days afterwards the blood of these unfortunate men was lying in pools in the courts, and their bodies were terribly disfigured. One only escaped the general carnage! this was the interpreter: he ran to the apartments of the Persian mahmandar (purveyor), and distributed among his servants a considerable sum to screen him: and when the people came to search for any Russians that might be concealing themselves, they were told that they were all despatched.

'The King, during this melancholy affair, sent a strong body of his guards, under the guard of one of his sons, to endeavour to save the Russians: but the populace threatened to turn on these troops if they interfered: and they only succeeded in conveying the interpreter in safety to the palace, after the residency was cleared. A dispatch was immediately sent by the Shah to inform the British Envoy at Tabreez of what had occurred: and one of the suite proceeded to Tehran, through a country covered with deep snow, and at considerable risk, collected the particulars of the massacre, and succeeded in bringing the interpreter out of the capital by night. The lady of Gribäedoff, a young and interesting woman, had left him a few days before his death, and being near her confinement, was on her way to her friends at Tiflis, in company with M. Hamburgor, the Consul General: she had got as far as Tabreez when the King's dispatch arrived. Sir John and Lady Kinneir Macdonald, fearful that if Mad. Gribäedoff was allowed to proceed, the dreadful news might be suddenly communicated to her, (which, in her situation, would probably be attended with fatal effects) kindly solicited her to remain sometime with them, and she was given to understand that her husband was indisposed. As all the servants knew the real state of the case, it was extremely difficult to conceal it from her, and it was quite distressing to hear her talk of soon rejoining her lord, and describe her attachment to him. At last she insisted on continuing her journey, notwithstanding the urgent solicitation of the Envoy and his lady for her to remain. She accordingly left Tabreez, and arrived in safety at her destination: but the fatal truth was incautiously communicated to her, and she was brought to the brink of the grave.'—vol. i. pp. 154—159.

Having so lately journeyed with travellers, good and indifferent, through Southern Russia, we must pass over Mr. Alexander's pleasant account of his route to Sevastapol, where, under the authority of a government order, he embarked on board one of the vessels of the fleet in the Black Sea, and was in due time conducted to within sight of the walls of Varna, of the siege and surrender of which place he gives us some not very important particulars. Mr. Alexander, in consequence of his excellent introductions to the Admiral of the Fleet, obtained a birth on board his Excellency's ship the Paris. He gives a short biographical account of his new patron, whose name is Greig, and who, though born at Cronstadt, is the son of a Scotsman. The father had been also Admiral of the Black Sea fleet, and distinguished himself in the reign of Catherine II., against the Turks and against the

Swedes. 'His character,' says our author, 'may be summed up in a few words. To the most unbending integrity and honourable bearing, he unites a truly amiable and warm-hearted disposition; and besides possessing a highly cultivated mind, he is quite master of his profession in all its details: and, withal, his appearance is noble, and his manners those of a perfect gentleman.' Mr. Alexander then proceeds to sketch the condition and discipline of Russian sailors afloat, which he does in a manner that shews him to be as well versed with the technicalities of the sea service as, by education and study, he is with that of the land.

'On board the Paris there were sixty officers and about 1000 men; 500 of these belonged to the equipage of the guard, under the command of Rear-Amiral Belingshausen. The ship was in the highest order, and built after the model of the Royal Charlotte, Lord Collingwood's vessel; but if an English tar had been dropped suddenly on board, he would have rubbed his eyes, looked round, and asked where the sailors were, for every man on board was dressed as a soldier; in full dress, with chako and tuft, green jacket, black cross-belts, and firelock; and in undress, a forage-cap, a shell jacket, white trowsers, and boots. Part of the equipage was daily drilled in the waist, and occasionally inspected in marching order, with knapsacks on.

'It is quite astonishing to think of the docility of the Russian. It frequently happens that not till the age of five-and-twenty is he taken, a rough peasant with a bushy red beard, from his village, and put on board ship, to which and the sea he has hitherto been an entire stranger. He is immediately made to go aloft, and in six months is as good a sailor as needs be.

'The messes consist of five-and-twenty men each; and after a glass of grog, they stand round a wooden vessel, hung by cords from the beams, and sup with their wooden spoons casha (millet) and butter, on alternate days, with soup and meat. This food, so superior to what the soldiers get, and which the Admiral by his exertions obtained for his sailors, showed itself in their appearance, and also made them more forward in action. Every evening a party of the men used to assemble at the gangway, to sing their national airs; and two excellent bands played by turns at the Admiral's table. Sundays were distinguished by the lamps being lighted before a silver screen, on which were paintings of the Virgin and Saints. The priests and their congregations were as devout as their brethren on shore: still it was singular to see hundreds of sailors between decks, kneeling behind one another, and amongst the engines of death, and crossing themselves and praying before their Iconas. I shall now give a connected narrative of the naval operations of 1829.'—vol. ii. pp. 20 – 22.

Many desultory anecdotes are related by Mr. Alexander of the Russian campaign. Having arrived at Adrianople towards its close, he was suspected by the authorities to be an English spy. His letters of recommendation, however, procured him, not merely an interview, but an invitation to dinner from General Diebitch the Commander-in-Chief of the campaign. Mr. Alexander's account of the interview is lively and interesting.

'After making myself as smart as the uniform of the 16th would enable me, I proceeded to the residence of Diebitch, who occupied a suite of apartments in the same house to which I had been conducted in the morning. On mounting the staircase I was shown into a large hall, open on one side; in this about a dozen officers were promenading, dressed in their green surtouts and epaulets, and wearing their swords. Several came up and spoke to me, and examined my regimentals with great minuteness. In a few minutes a side-door opened, and a personage advanced towards us; on seeing whom all the officers fell back to attention, and saluted him with repeated bows. The object of their respect was a little man with an aquiline nose and florid complexion; his hair was dishevelled, and streamed from his head like a meteor. He also was dressed in a green double-breasted surtout and trousers, and wore round his neck the cross of St. Andrew, and at his button-hole, the black and yellow riband of St. George. Advancing towards me, bowing, he said he was happy to see me in camp. This was Diebitch Zabalkansky.

'We then adjourned to the dining-hall: it was a comfortable room, with a divan round three sides, the walls painted with flowers, and the roof of trellice-work; in the centre a fountain poured out a gurgling rill into a marble basin. The Field-marshal seated himself at the head of a long table, and his guests took their places on chairs of every shape and size. Two general officers were on Diebitch's right and left, and I was placed next to my examiner Danileffsky. The Russian dishes which were handed round, were dressed with an overabundance of rich sauce. Not a word was spoken for some time. At last the Field-marshal, after satisfying his appetite, addressed himself to those on either hand.

'The Count talked a good deal about the Turkish artillery, and their superiority of practice by land over that by sea. He then turned to me, and asked regarding the Burman and Persian warfare; then touching the pay of officers in India, the amount of which was hardly credited; for a Russian Colonel in command of a regiment receives about 150*l.* per annum, whereas many subalterns on the staff in the East receive between 600*l.* and 800*l.* The Count then said, that though the Russian military system was considered one of the most perfect in the world, yet that in one point the English was preferable, viz. a senior department at the Military College, of which officers of the cavalry, and of the line, could become students; and his Excellency intimated, that when he was at the head of the *état major*, he had intended to have formed a similar establishment in Russia, and thereby introduce more science in the army, by selecting an officer from each division, and making him study the higher branches of his profession. "But," continued the Field-marshal, "there was one obstacle to this scheme of mine: those officers who would be inclined to study, would be such as could not live apart from their regiments, owing to their limited incomes; for it is not likely that young men who were independent of the service would be much inclined to advance their knowledge of their profession."

'At this entertainment, as at similar ones at which I had been present in Russia, there was hardly a word spoken, except by the chief. No man held social communing with his neighbour, but every eye was turned to the Count: his remarks were listened to with the greatest attention; and his jokes laughed at, as if by fugle. I made several attempts to draw my neighbours into conversation, but it was unavailing; for it was contrary to

etiquette to take of attention from the Field-marshal: so, like the rest, I listened to him *arrectis auribus.*

'Finally we rose from table, and coffee was introduced: after which Diebitch came up to me, and said he hoped to see me frequently; and in the mean time consigned me to the care of General Danileffsky, who, wishing to do away with the unfavourable impression which the morning's investigation might have occasioned, shook me warmly by the hand, and said, "I have a great regard for your nation; as a proof of which, I have taught all my children English; and I received, only yesterday, an English letter from one of my little boys, which I wish I could read. I am well pleased to have made your acquaintance; and, as you have been placed under my charge, I beg you will apply to me for any thing you want." I bowed, and replied, "Votre Excellence me fait trop d'honneur:" and forthwith we were excellent friends.

'Field-marshal Diebitch is a Silesian by birth, and distinguished himself in the service of Russia, in the division of Wittgenstein, during the campaign of 1812. He subsequently became the head of the *état-major*, or staff, and succeeded to the command of the second army, at the commencement of the campaign of 1829. His rewards last year have been promotion to the rank of Field-marshal, of which there are only four or five in Russia; the title of Count; the orders of St. Andrew and St. George; a million of rubles, or forty thousand pounds sterling; six cannon taken from the enemy; a regiment called after his name; the appellation of Zabalkansky, or Passe rof the Balkan, &c.'—pp. 119—123.

The suspicion that our traveller was "no better than he should be," so far from declining in consequence of the notice taken of him by Diebitch, seemed to have increased, and he was put to very serious inconvenience by it. But he was finally released and proceeded back to St. Petersburgh, which (it being now winter) presented a very different aspect from that which it had assumed in summer, at which time he had visited it before. With respect to Russian literature, Mr. Alexander remarks:—

'The cause of our ignorance of the great advancement of Russian literature is owing to their language being only known in the country. The fame of their authors is therefore contracted, though they commonly move in the best classes of society. Many of the literati of Russia occupy themselves with translations; but the original works by Russian authors are both numerous and (many of them) highly meritorious. Karamsin is the great historian of the North, and his principal work has been translated into French I had the pleasure of frequently seeing the poets Joukoffsky and Pouskin. The former is entrusted with the education of the heir-apparent, now twelve years of age. His original pieces are remarkable for sprightliness of imagination with intense feeling, and he has made admirable translations of Gray's Elegy, and some of Moore's and Schiller's works. Pouskin has been equally successful with Lord Byron's vigorous strains, and many of his original pieces have a satirical vein pervading them. Besides these, Batuchkoff is celebrated for his beautiful descriptions of the face of nature; Nouchkin for his delineations of the passions; and Dmitrieff and Kriloff are the Hypoborean Fontaines or fabulists. Kneguine and Ozeroff are the best tragic authors, and Prince Schichosky's comedies are

redolent of wit and humour. The satirical novel of *Ivan Vouzigin* attracts considerable attention at this time: it is descriptive of Russian manners, and highly interesting.

'I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of some of the first Oriental scholars in Russia; among others the Baron Schilling, (who has paid great attention to Chinese literature, and is now on a mission to Pekin,) and Professor Fraehn, well known for his translations from the Persian and Arabic, and his numismatical knowledge. He lately prepared a Catalogue Raisonné of the libraries, taken from the Mosques of Sheikh Safee at Ardebil in Persia, and of Ahmed at Akhalchick, which are now systematically arranged in the Imperial Library St. Petersburgh, and open for the inspection of those interested in Oriental literature. There are works on theology, history, philosophy, poetry, the belles lettres, medicine, mathematics, &c., and many of them illustrated with splendid and highly curious drawings.'—pp. 249—251.

From St. Petersburgh Mr. Alexander went to Stockholm, and at the palace of that capital he had the opportunity of seeing the Swedish military.—He says

'The soldiers were tall fair-haired men, and their uniform very peculiar: the Hussars on guard wore black caps and feathers, white pelisses and grey overalls: in summer their costume is as in the plate. The Horse Artillery wore a bear-skin cap, similar to the British, and the jacket and trousers blue. The infantry of the Guards had a high felt cap with brass ornaments and a bear-skin set diagonally from front to rear; the jacket was also blue. The Norwegian Rifles, who are exercised in winter on skates, were dressed in green and black. There were no heavy Dragoons at the capital, and in fact the standing army of Sweden consists now of a few regiments: for it is the aim of the Government to economise the public money as much as possible, and to emancipate Sweden from the pecuniary difficulties she so long struggled under, after years of expensive warfare. The Militia, horse and foot, are called out annually to drill: and quite wonderful is the aptitude of the Swedes for military exercises; for, after a few weeks' training, men and horses cut a very soldier-like figure. The actual standing army of Sweden amounts, I believe, to thirty-five thousand men; and every landed proprietor furnishes a certain number of soldiers, each of whom has a house and a portion of land allotted for his maintenance. The Swedish navy consists of few large vessels, but a considerable fleet of gun-boats.

'When I left England, I had no intention of visiting Sweden, and consequently had not provided myself with an introduction to our minister at Stockholm: but none was required: and during my short stay there I received such attention from this nobleman, that, if I had had the honour of being a connexion, I could not have experienced more civility. I will not offend by fulsome eulogium, but merely say, that no foreigner at Stockholm is held in such high estimation, by Prince and people, as Lord Bloomfield.'—pp. 267, 268.

Mr. Alexander returned to England by Copenhagen, and the civility which he met with from the various Russian ministers, on his homeward journey, was such as to wipe away the memory of the injustice which he had suffered from their countrymen.

ART. XII.—*The Death of Ugolino. By George William Featherstonhaugh, Esq.* 8vo. pp. 116. Philadelphia: Carey and Lea. 1830.

WE but share with every man of right feeling in this empire, a deep interest in the social improvement of our trans-atlantic brethren. Neither the laws of nature, nor the regulations of men, can interrupt that fraternity of mind which binds the inhabitants of the remotest corners of the earth in one bond of sympathy, and which engages, in still more endearing ties, the dispersed adherents of one common language. In letters, therefore, we no longer regard the Americans as a distinct people. The intellectual republic, to which we *all* belong, acknowledges neither a William nor a Jackson, neither a parliament nor a congress. If, then, we watch, with tender vigilance, the growth of any branch of literature in the newly-cultivated soil of the United States, it is, we must confess, very much with the view that no detriment shall come to our own.

We are not aware that America has, as yet, produced a poet who has raised any sure foundation of immortality for himself. The feverish days of revolution have passed by in that country, without producing any of those extraordinary intellectual achievements, which usually accompany seasons of great mental excitement. But if, in originality and energy of passion, the American bards cannot cope even with cotemporary poets of Great Britain, they must still be allowed to have vindicated the integrity, purity, and beauty of the language in which they wrote. They sought not to strike and confound, by novelty in their measures; or by recalling the obsolete manner and restoring the phrases of antient times. Neither did they propose to remedy, by the choice of a harrowing plot, the deficiencies which they might have allowed to exist in the execution of their performances. But in all their poetical undertakings, they adhered to legitimate expressions, and developed their ideas with a degree of simplicity and order, that required neither trouble nor acuteness in the reader to cause them to be understood. Hence, then, in reading the effusions of the American poets, we are struck with the absence of many of those—we should call them—faults, to which we are so much accustomed in perusing even the best of our own poets. We encounter no ambiguous relations between the different parts of speech which are connected with each other; no labyrinths in which the mind is called on to fatigue itself, to find out a clue to the syntax. In their descriptive poetry, the Americans observe a great fidelity; they do not allow their fancies to mystify or confuse their pictures; and they seem rather to desire to be intelligibly minute, than to aim at imaginative splendour which conveys no definite impression.

Of the justice of these remarks we have, in the well-printed Tragedy before us, a very fair example. We do not think that it would be serving any useful purpose, to examine this drama accord-

ing to the general rules which apply to such compositions. We propose only to regard it as a specimen of American poetry, the merits of which are to be considered solely in reference to the state of literary cultivation in the country to which the author belongs. It matters little what were the accidents or inducements, in which this Tragedy originated; but finding from Mr. Featherstonhaugh's own explanaton how much of his time and thoughts have been devoted to the study of Dante, we cannot but augur favourably, at least, of his judgment and taste; and we need scarcely say, that old and beaten as the story of *Ugolino* is, yet, borrowed so immediately from the poetical fountain where it has lived in immortal freshness, it is impossible for us to object to the subject, though it should be even the thousandth version that called for our attention. As, however, the foundation of a tragedy, the dreadful tale of Ugolino is, by no means, a happy selection. The interest exists in the catastrophe alone, and the mind, constantly looking forward to that event, becomes impatient of delay and is only fatigued with the intermediate action. We may say, too, that the powers of a poet must be very much oppressed indeed, who, having involved himself in such a task as this, must, in conformity to dramatic necessity, prepare a long gradual introduction to the denouement; and, perhaps, it would be unfair in this instance to cite any passage from those parts of Mr. Featherstonhaugh's tragedy, composed under such adverse circumstances, as a criterion of his poetical abilities. We shall, therefore, pass over the early acts of the piece, and proceed at once to that stage of the business of the drama, in which we find Ugolino a prisoner, with his children, in the Gualandi tower in Pisa. The reader will remember that Ugolino had, some time before his imprisonment, joined the Archbishop Ruggieri, then the head of the Ghibbeline faction. By this coalition, the Guelphs were so disheartened that they fled, leaving the Ghibbelines in quiet possession of Pisa. Ugolino, taking advantage of the triumphant state of his party, resolved to secure the ascendancy to himself alone; and, in a fit of passion, slew the Archbishop's nephew. Apprehending the consequences of his violence, he renounced the Ghibbeline party, and attached himself to the Guelphs. The former took alarm: Ugolino retired to his castle, from which he was forcibly taken by the Archbishop's officers, and placed with his children in the Gualandi tower. It is under such circumstances that we are first introduced to Ugolino.

'SCENE III.

Evening. A Chamber in the Gualandi Tower.

Count UGOLINO *and his children manacled. The children sleeping on the floor.* UGOLINO *looking to the small grated window.*

'UGOLINO.

Night falls again! Thou peaceful sunset hour,
That erst upon the desolated hearts
Of our first parents stole, closing on them

The wondrous spectacle · as if their God,
Plunging with his spent glories from on high,
Was bearing them and nature too along,
Into the irrecoverable tomb
Of night and death. Thou melancholy hour!
That dost suspend the influence of life,
Announcing sleep—Image of longer death.
All nature seems to shrink at thy approach—
E'en now yonder distant convent bell, that twangs
Amid the evening shades, and strikes mine ear,
Seems to feel sorrow for the dying day.
Ye soft embrowning shades, that fading light
Subdue; and to the wearied passengers
Of life's long journey, bring a rest from toil—
Fall gently on my senses. Me alone
Except not from the general blessing. Let
Your grateful influence wrap my wearied sense,
My ever waking dream of hope deferred,
My ever present, restless misery,
In your oblivious shrouds. And when sleep falls,
And gently lifts the bonds from these poor babes,
Then be it so with me. Let not my dreams
Press these accursed chains deeper within
My wounded soul. Put not within my grasp
That phantom of revenge, that mockery
Of liberty. That when my brooding day
Is done, my soul may know some rest—nor wake,
To curse the day, that I was born, to bear
This bondage. They sleep. The world's affections
Are now dead to me—for me no passion lives
But hatred, rancorous hatred, both to me
And mine. I can hate—truly I can hate
An arrogant, deceitful world as well.
And my affections, they are compassed
In the brief space this prison doth afford.
Yet they are strong and more my father's heart
Is wrung for them, than for my wretched self.
This artful tyrant, this Ruggieri,
Who in my path hath ever stood; he knows
No kindlier movements of our nature. He
Is a priest, and has no children. His mind
Is bent on garnering for himself alone—
He has not the excuse, if insufficient,
That ambition lends to those, whose name
Must be held up, and in some honour given
To their fair sons. He has no name—no sons.
His is one thought—how by hypocrisy
He best may veil his lust of power. And I,
Fool that I was to trust this faithless priest,
And call him with his Ghibellines to my aid,
Against my kinsman who but thwarted me,

With whom I should have dealt with gentleness—
But 'tis ambition's way. We rashly stake
Realities, for things, which, when attained,
We can't preserve; and so lose all. E'en so
Have I done. I have lost all—more than all,
Hy own—my children's liberty to boot. [*A noise.*
What noise is that? 'tis an unwonted hour!
They have unbarred the prison door below.
Gualandi, may be—with some food. 'Twas strange
They brought no food to-day, and since the morn
Of yesterday we fast. I deemed him galled
Last night; the silent scorn he got, might well
Ruffle my haughty jailor—and I thought
He kept it back perhaps to harass me,
And try my patience more. Once indeed, thoughts
Flashed o'er my mind—too horrid—They are passed—
I did not dare to think on them. And now,
I wot, he sends us food when day and spite
Lie down together. Arise, my sons, shake
Off your sleep—here's food for ye at last.'—pp. 64—66.

The high poetical beauty of this passage will not fail to fix the admiration of the reader.

A visit from the Archbishop and Count Gualandi is the cause of this disturbance, and they come to offer terms of compromise to the prisoner, which, however, the latter scornfully rejects, as he avows the most decided distrust in the good faith of the Archbishop. The latter having resolved to starve his prisoners, the effects of the first cravings of hunger on Ugolino's children are thus developed :—

'SCENE III.

Chamber of the Gualandi Tower.

UGOLINO; GADDO, UGUCCIONE, NINO, ANSELMUCCIO, *his sons; all pale and weak.* ANSELMUCCIO *lying on the ground.* NINO *leaning against the wall.* UGOLINO *on one side—his hands clasped in agony, looking to heaven.*

'UGUCCIONE.

Gaddo, sweet Gaddo—patience, patience! see
How those most pitying tears fall from his eyes.
Let us not move him further—'tis for us
He weeps.

'GADDO.

Ay, and those precious little ones,
Those jewels of the centre of his heart,
That fraudful famine now would steal from him,
Oh! I will be patient—Oh yes, I will.
For your sake, Guccio, for my noble sire,
I will restrain me—be insensible
To all the horrors of this dreadful place,
If I could be alive and dead at once.

'NINO [*faintly*].

Gaddo—see, my father cries—he's hungry—
Won't they bring us something soon to eat—say?
And Anselmuccio 's crying too—But I
Have not been hungry since I dreamed last night.
I wish I were though, for I feel quite strange.

'GADDO.

Hush, dearest Nino, and come here to me;
It is for us he weeps.

'NINO [*advancing to Gaddo*].

Oh Gaddo, help! [*Falls down.*

'GADDO.

What, sweet one, art' so weak—nay then look up,
And lean thyself on dearest Gaddo's breast. [*Raises him.*
See there's our father looking at us.

'UGOLINO [*looking at them, and clasping his hands*].

God!
Are thy just eyes then turned away from us,
Or, in the depths of thine own counsel, thus
Dost preparation make for some great good,
Beyond the scope and view of our weak minds?
I dare not speak to them! 'tis the fourth day
Since we have looked on food. All hope is fled.
Excuse and consolation—all alike
Exhausted. One short word can comprehend
All that the tyrant priest will send us now—
And that is death—death, that I have looked upon
Too oft perhaps, and dealt too largely in—
With him too—and the turn is come, when he
And fate may think to square accounts with me.
But here I die ten thousand deaths each day.
There's not a pang of these dear innocents,
But stretches me upon the rack. My soul,
And body too, are tortured by this fiend.
This is not retribution.—Oh, my God,
Let fall thy wrath on me, but spare my babes!
I am not heard! Famine alone reigns here.
I am grown hoarse with bellowing aloud
For help. I am forsaken—God and man
Have barred the doors of mercy on me. What!
Shall this most foul, most horrible of deaths
Pass, without gracing of a dear revenge?
Thou monstrous, murderous priest!

[*Gnaws his hand in a rage. Children run to him.*

'ANSELMUCCIO.

Oh father, dear,
I pray thee do not this—thou clothedst us
With this most miserable flesh—and
Do thou, to stay thy hunger, eat of this.

[*Averts his head, and offers his arm.*

'UGOLINO [*hides his face in his hands*].
Come near to me, beloved ones, and dry
A father's tears. It is for ye I feel,
Not for my miserable self. My grief
Was rash. Our God hath not abandoned us.
The cruel tyrant that hath mewed us up,
Hath left me rich in my dear children's love.
Cheer up, my Nino. Gaddo, thou art more
Than son to me—dear Anselmuccio too,
And sweetest Guccio. Come, come, to my arms,
Not even famine can divide us now. [*Embraces them.*

'NINO.
Sweet father, now I love to look on thee—
I was afraid before. But now thou smilest,
And kissest us so tenderly—indeed
I could be well content to die at once.
I had a dream last night akin to death,
And in that dream I was right happy too.

'UGOLINO.
Come tell it, my brave son.
[*They sit on the floor, he in the midst.*]'—pp. 78—81.

Perhaps it may be considered as inconsistent with the circumstances of the boy Nino, to relate a long account of a dream to his father. But we have only to do with the poetry of the piece, and, in that view, we do not hesitate to offer some passages of this vision as very charming poetry :—

'NINO.
I was oppressed
With hunger's fiercest pains, when the sun set.
The rivulets too, from Casentin's green hills,
That gently trickle down to Arno's bed—
Cooling their channels as they murmur on—
Were ever present to my longing eyes.
Much weeping, I suppose, brought me to sleep.
When I awoke, somehow as if I'd fled,
I seemed, from out this Tower. My spirit felt
An airy lightness in it, as I've thought
The butterflies must feel, when they rove on
From flower to flower. It seemed as if I flew;
And though I had no wings. I felt as gay,
And happy, as a butterfly could do.
In what fair land I was, I knew not then,
The mild and beauteous orient sapphire hue,
Which the serene expanse disclosed around,
Far as the pure ethereal spreads to heaven,
Struck my delighted eyes. The golden sun
Within the glorious expanse was not;
But in his place four brilliant stars I saw.
Joyous the heaven appeared with these fair lights.
Wondering I gazed, like to a new born thing,

Unconscious and incredulous alike.
Sudden a noble voice broke on my ear;
And turning round, I saw a gracious form,
Announcing dignity and high command.
His silvery beard was long, and white his hair,
Mixed, they together venerably flowed
Adown his breast, in full and ample folds.
The rays of those four sacred lights of heaven,
Fell with such wondrous splendour on his face,
That even his aspect dazzled like the sun.
Moving his venerable locks, "Fair child,"
He said, "the precincts of thy earthly home,
By thee are past for ever, and to me
Is given, to guide thee in a fairer land,
Where death can make no spoils."

'UGOLINO.

The child's inspired!

'NINO.

Now, with my guide, most reverently I bent
My steps, along a pleasant mountain's side,
Laved by a tranquil and a boundless sea.
And as I mused where such an ocean went,
Lo now, a light, quick moving o'er the wave,
Came on, outstripping the most rapid flight.
Scarce was my eye an instant turned from thence,
To speak my guide, when suddenly it seemed
Larger, and still more brilliant than before.
Something of white at length I could discern,
And then methought 'twas one had wings within.
My guide, who hitherto had silence kept,
Knew well the galliot which now approached,
And cried, "Haste, bend down thy knees to the ground,
And clasp thy hands. Lo! here an angel comes!
God's minister thine eyes shall now behold.
See how of him are human means disdained:
His bark he urges not with oars or sails,
But with his outstretched pinions gains the shore.
See how they're firmly fixed, erect towards heaven,
Catching the air with his eternal plumes,
That like material wings, are never changed."
As he approached, downwards I cast my eyes,
Unable to sustain the extreme of light.
The seraph reached the shore. His nimble bark
Was light, and sank not on the wave's soft breast.
The heavenly pilot stood upon the poop;
His front was radiant with beatitude.
More than an hundred spirits sat within.
"When Israel out of Egypt fled," they sang,
With one full swelling melody, and poured
That soul inspiring anthem to the skies.
Then did the angel sign the holy cross,

Whereat they instant leaped upon the shore,
And he returned, like lightning, as he came.

'UGOLINO.

'Tis inspiration, rather than a dream!

'NINO.

Sweet father, but the best of it's to come.

'UGOLINO.

Speak on, my eloquent beloved one.

'NINO.

The gentle spirits that were thus arrived,
Seemed timid as young fawns, ere they have dared,
In coppice ground, to crop the rustling leaves.
They looked around, and when they saw my guide,
They shrunk as if they feared to give offence.
Nor till they heard his mild and gracious voice,
Were they assured; but when he beckoned them,
They came to where we stood. As they approached,
A strange, ungovernable, yet most sweet
And happy feeling thrilled my inmost soul.
A longing and a keen desire; a new
Anticipation of a thing, both good
And welcome, though unknown, came o'er me.
Often I'd heard men speak of happiness,
And I believed that I should know it now.
I felt a love unto these gentle shades,
Not like to mortal love; and as I smiled,
And looked on them, wondering, I first perceived
They breathed not, neither bore their mortal flesh:
And stranger still, I found 'twas so with me.
Then I began to think that I was dead,
And that I ne'er again should hear or see
My dearest father, and my brothers here.
Whilst I was musing on this wondrous change,
One of the fairest spirits rushed i' the front,
Where I was with our guide, and, in his arms,
Clasped me with such affectionate desire,
That I was moved to fold him too in mine.
'Twas Anselmuccio, our dear brother here.
Thrice with my arms I clasped the spirit round,
And to my breast thrice vacant they returned—
An airy phantom, but in aspect true.

* * * * * *

Along the brink, a gentle winding path
Led us unto the border of the place,
Where died the slope mid-way into the vale.
There on the verdant earth, reclined, I saw
The shades our guide had spoken of anon,—
"Salve Regina," pouring to the skies.
And as I gazed intent, the sainted host
Of grave and reverend persons seemed composed.
And then my thoughts, dear father, turned to you;

But not in sorrow; sorrow is unknown
Beyond the grave—save where 'tis nought but woe.
This from our guide I learnt, who said, "Behold
The vale of penitents, and this the mount
Of Purgatory, where are cleansed the souls
Of those, who, deeply stained with mortal guilt,
Yet died, invoking blessed Jesu's name.
Amongst the pilgrim penitents ye see,
Is one, who, when ye've gained the mountain's top,
Shall enter with you into endless joy—
But not till then. The parent and the child,
Where they for ever meet, is Paradise,
And at it's gates you'll meet your noble sire.

'UGOLINO.

Nay, then, man's wrath is harmless, let it fall—
And welcome death, since it's the door of life.
To be with you, my lovely ones, in realms
Where sin, and guilt, and mortal pain's unknown;
Living like little children, in the smiles
Of one approving common parent, God—
Can I look forward to such bliss? Alas!
Sweet Nino, much thy dream doth move me—Still
'Tis but a dream. And did it end here, child?

'NINO.

And now the solemn strain at length was hushed;
When of the shades, I one observed, arise
And wave his hand, for silence, to the rest.
Both palms he closed, and raised towards the east,
And both his eyes intently fixed that way.
"Te lucis ante," it devoutly sang,
With such transporting tones, my soul my thrilled—
The rest devoutly raised their eyes to heaven,
And with soft voices and with pious warmth,
Did follow it throughout the sacred hymn.
The chant being done, the saintly host still kept
Their eyes, in silence fixed, intent on heaven,
As if by reverent expectation filled.
When issuing from the skies and darting down,
Two angels I beheld, bearing along
Two flaming swords. Most radiant were their brows—
Green were their garments, like to budding leaves,
Borne up by wings of verdant plumes, that fanned,
And trained their vestments in the air behind.
Adown their heads bright golden tresses fell;
But on the splendour of each glorious face,
Vain 'twere to look. In a defenceless part
Of this small vale, an evil serpent came,
Gliding along, amidst the herbs and flowers,
Of that fair lawn. But though I saw them not,
The bright celestial falcons darted off;
For well I knew that they were sudden gone,

Feeling the air cleft by their verdant wings.
The serpent fled, and soon in rapid flight,
The guardians both returned, and took their post.
And now the deepest shades of night came on;
When the dead silence that prevailed was broke,
By sounds, that gently crept upon the ear,
Of a celestial music. Soon it rose
To harmonies so blissful, and so keen,
My raptured senses could no longer hold,
And as I struggled with them, I awoke.'—pp. 81 –87.

In the mean time, the Archbishop is assassinated at the council, through the contrivance of a Guelphic chief; and the keys of the Gualandi tower being surrendered, a party proceeds to the apartment of the prisoners, where they arrive only to behold the reality of that agonizing scene, in which Ugolino is gazing, in a paroxysm of insanity, over the dead bodies of his children. Ugolino, who is startled at the approach of strangers, thus endeavours to account for the noise.

'UGOLINO.

Stop—I hear a noise. Why then, shame
To make such noises, when an old man dies.
But still they make it. Oh! I have it now—
They 're barring up the outward gate of the Tower.
Now we shall have him fast—the prelate's caught–
He wanted gold [*laughs*], and gets an old man's bones.
He said they should be blenched—that takes some time.
He must be paid for that! How they all love
This gold! as if it were a child—and then
It must be watched too, else it runs away.
You 've got more gold than you can carry, sir—
Are you going home with some, to make you glad,
And your fair friends—or do you spend your life,
Here in the wilderness to watch it all?
There were some thrift in that! Pray, sir, take mine,
And watch it too! I am provided for!
But you must never sleep—not even wink—
You must be jealous of your charge—nor let
Your nerves be touched with charity. My word
She 'll put you off your guard—and you may lose
A ducat. You will want no sleep—for gold
Is all a dream itself—and oft men wake
From it, to wish their souls asleep for aye.
[*Shivers*] I'd think a thousand ducats poorly paid
For a good garment, sir—it is so cold—
So cold—so—where is my cloak [*feeling his sons*]?—ah,
they 're here,
I know them—This is Nino [*laughing*], I know *him*—
How the black flies are gathering round him!
[*Tenderly*] Every thing hath loved him! and now the flies
Will kiss him up, if I don't brush them off.

[*Mutters*] Well, well, and what of that—they died so quick—
I had not time to bury them, in sooth.
He was the dreamer—When will this dream end?
I sometimes think that I am in my sleep,
And I were proner still to think it so,
Could I but waken up one blessed hour,
To know all this was but a mockery—
Nay, dreaming, could I but dream it but a dream.

'GUIDO.

There—gently [*they lift him up*]. Now the food—his
strength is gone.
Alas! he cannot swallow it. Some wine—
He swallows that: give him some more—he faints—
Give him some air—fan him—thus—gently—so.

'MONZANO.

My Lord, he dies—Heaven rest his soul.

'GUIDO.

Not so—
It is the unwonted food hath overcome,
For some few moments, that most slender thread,
His life is held by. Bear those bodies hence—
Stop—he revives.

'UGOLINO [*gazing*].

I am lost in wonder—
Is this a dream, or do I wake from dreams?

'GUIDO.

This is reality, most noble Count!
We are your friends—we bring you food, fair sir,
And honourable liberty. The wretch
That gave you to these bonds, is now in chains
Himself—Ruggieri's tyranny is o'er—
Come, gentle sir, now take some food.

'UGOLINO.

And to whose courtesy, are my poor thanks,
Kind sir, now due?

'GUIDO.

Guido of Montefeltro, noble sir,
Now stands before you.'—pp. 113—115.

In conformity with the the universal notion, that the death of insane persons is preceded by a few moments of intellectual light, our author artfully throws more consciousness and reason into Ugolino's words as he approaches the time of his dissolution.

"This hour of death has given me more
Of reason's light, than years before,"

says the dying Blanche, in the "Lady of the Lake;" and Ugolino, under the power of a similar supposed restoration to sense, thus addresses the friends who had come, but too late, to succour him:

'UGOLINO.

Then do I think that I am waking.—Count,
Your generous nature doth assure me. Well

Do honour and humanity combine
In you.—Deal with my enemy, I pray,
In mercy, as I trust God will with me.
Nor let the manner of my death be cast
Upon him altogether. It was pride,
Ungovernable pride—and haughtiness,
And rage in me, that partly drew me to it.
Deal with them then, I say, in mercy, sirs.
My generations die with me! So let
My wealth go back unto my country—thence
We had it. Ransom the poor captives, now
In bonds in Genoa. Ah, there they lie [*seeing his sons*]!
Often I called on them that here lay dead—
And, being blind, did grope and feel them o'er.
But I shall join them; for I know I'm called.
A lightness grows on me—a thrilling sound
Of distant heavenly music fills my ears—
'Tis Nino—my loved Nino—speaks to me.
Famine at length does that which grief could not.
Farewell, kind sirs, and lay me by my sons.
Now till the dread angelic trumpet sounds,
When I shall see the great avenging Judge,
I wake no more. [*Dies.*]'—pp. 115, 116.

We can answer for the encouragement which the simple and natural poetical spirit, so eminent in this poem, will meet in Great Britain, where, we are happy to say, a taste for artificial and meretricious attractions in poetry, too long indulged, is fast declining. We trust that the young bards of America, having discovered the source of their strength, will not neglect or misapply it.

We are grateful for the attention which has led to the transmission of this work to our office, from Philadelphia.

Art. XIII.—*A Rationale of the Laws of Cerebral Vision: comprising the Laws of Single and of Erect Vision, deduced upon the Principles of Dioptrics.* By John Fearn, Esq. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1830.

It is not our purpose to examine the series of propositions which Mr. Fearn here lays down on the subject of vision, because they embrace details which are so purely scientific, that we could in vain expect them to awaken much interest amongst the indiscriminate classes that compose the great body of the readers of periodical publications. We may, however, observe that, with reference to that very important object, so justly insisted on by Mr. Fearn, namely, the *general consummation or consistency of knowledge*, or rather, the general combination of divers contributors of knowledge, he would do well to consider how far anatomy and physiology agree with his views of the laws of vision, as deduced from physics. If he will take the trouble only to observe the connection between the branches of a certain pair of nerves and the

surface of the iris, he will discover a truth with respect to cerebral influence in the process of vision, which may be of some consequence to his theory.

But the principal purpose for which we place the title of Mr. Fearn's book in our pages, is to once more invoke the scientific community of this country to examine into the claims of this author, and consider whether or not they have been all this time treating with merited contempt the absurdities of a presumptuous empiric, or earning both the contempt and indignation of the civilized world, in consigning to neglect the valuable speculations of a sound philosopher. If the man's data be false, let them show it —if his arguments be rotten, let their corruption be exposed,—but do not let it be said that, because his inferences are new and startling, and differ from those which you have cherished from your childhood, therefore you cannot enter into any examination of his positions. Mr. Fearn's appeal, under this discreditable apathy of scientific persons, is really affecting; and, as far as we can diffuse it, we shall be happy to wipe off from ourselves the stain of combining in this confederacy of neglect, by doing so. This author commences by addressing an appeal to the 'Philosophers of the French Nation,' from which we extract the following passage :—

'Gentlemen,—After having passed the latter half of a life in studies, concerning which there are at least ample vouchers that I did not mistake the propensity; I find myself compelled to appeal the following Essay, from the anticipated neglect of my county, to the scientific justice of a foreign nation—the nation of Mons. de la Hire and of a constellation of philosophers of the mechanism of vision.

'That I am driven to this appeal, would certainly be ignominious to my intellectual pretensions, were it not a fact too well known, that the apathy of living Englishmen toward abstruse science in general has become a theme in the mouths of reflecting persons, both at home and abroad. Nor is the general apathy the sole external cause of the predicament in which I stand; since I, together with the subject, suffer rather from obstacles that form a barrier between me and the public, than from the prevailing indisposition toward such walks of research. The brief truth of the matter is (and the present limits oblige me to announce it with the utmost brevity,) a hurtful difference has subsisted between myself and a name that (owing to a combination of circumstances) is of a colossal influence in this country in those departments in which I have been occupied, and especially in the estimation of almost the whole of the arbiters of philosophical criticism among us; and this difference, consisting in a two-fold matter,—namely —of philosophical views, and of personal concern, has operated in closing up against my labours all the principal avenues of periodical notice; insomuch that it must be impossible for works of their description to reach the eye of Europe under such proscription, unless through the intervention of some fortunate accident, or extraordinary recourse.'—pp. iii. iv.

After some acknowledgments of the spirit of justice and fair dealing which had been exerted in his favour by one journal, conducted by gentlemen, whose knowledge of Mr. Fearn is strictly

limited to his works, the author proceeds to notice the conduct of Professor Stewart towards him. He says,

'And, as I have been thus led to mention the name of an individual who was especially characterised by moral rectitude, as well as by erudition; and one who was the avowed friend and admirer of Professor Stewart, but who nevertheless expressed his disapprobation of his procedure; I shall add, to the foregoing testimony, a single expression of Dr. Parr, in one of his letters to me, now before the public in the work referred to. In that letter, he says—"If Stewart deal out a scanty portion of justice to you, leave him thus far to the disapprobation of wise and good men."

'Gentlemen. The late Professor Stewart left this world without dealing out to me, or at least without *acknowledging to the* PUBLIC, the smallest portion of justice. And, what is more; I must beg of you to be informed that the injustice, to which alone Dr. Parr alludes, was *only upon general philosophical* ground: for he, (I suppose from amicable considerations,) *did not expressly speak to the personal* claim in question; which last, however, was of the most vital importance in my case.

'In closing this statement; I would not have it understood that I am less ready, than any one, to bear acknowledgment to the intellectual merits and high general character of the late Professor Stewart. Nor, on account of the subject in question, would I have it supposed that there was any thing hostile in the conduct of our difference. The expressions of Mr. Stewart, in one of his letters to me now before the public, are indeed of a tenor highly gratifying; and such as might have been eagerly caught at by any individual, who had not staked his life to the attainment of an object incompatible with its exchange for the private friendship of any man.

'In fine. The matter to which I would now immediately solicit the favour of your decision is—Whether the following Essay on Vision is, or is not, in any extent, a contribution to Science. If your answer should be in the affirmative; then, I may presume, it ought to be supposed, by the reading public, that the tenor of my former labours is not altogether such as would be for the interests of mankind to neglect. And, if the present specimen should merit your unqualified censure; I shall be content, (although its Preface will explain that the matter is *not my subject*,) to have it supposed that my previous writings are of no better complexion.

'The evil to be rectified, is not merely if I am wronged of my philosophical rank or estimation in the community. For, when much has been written, there may be much to explain, or amend: And great detriment might arise to general truth from a want of such explanation. While I need not inform you how fatally life is undermined, and the power of thought itself paralysed, by the amount of obstruction against which I have had to labour.'—pp. vi., vii.

In an address to Mr. Brougham, which succeeds that to the French Philosophers, our author affectingly describes the results of this melancholy neglect with respect to another branch of his important labours: and if his appeal in this instance do not awaken attention, at least his facts ought to make some impression.

'As far as regards my Pneumatological writings; I may be told that mine is only a common lot, in their not having been taken up in the leading vehicles of criticism. And I am so sensible of the truth of this, that I should never have made it a topic of specific complaint. But, a very

different consideration urges the present appeal. The fact is that my speculations in Pneumatology have formed not any thing like the whole of my labours. And a period of no less than seven years (including intervals of borne-down health) has been occupied in the exclusive prosecution of an Analysis of Language; which now, for some time, languishes before the public, from a want of that aid which alone could bring to the notice of Europe any Philological work that diverges far from the usual track, especially when, as in my peculiar case, it is the production of an ungraduated author, and one who, more than any man, has been abstracted from the events, and the parties, which give security, or return, to literary exertion. Nor can the case be esteemed the less hard when the subject of Language, in every modification, and gradation of its treatment, is daily issuing from the press; and is deemed of sufficient importance to find effectual periodical notice.

'It will be said that, what I have now advanced affords no proof that the work in question is deserving of better treatment than it has received. To this I answer, first; that I pledge myself, (without any previous intimation to the parties of my intention to do so,) that the houses which publish for me have had ample testimonies, from persons strangers to me, that the tenor of the work justifies my urging its claims to consideration.—But, besides these, there is, by a fortunate accident, *one* public criticism extant upon the work, although it is a locked-up one; to which I may refer.—Nearly the whole of the article *Philology*, in the CYCLOPÆDIA EDINENSIS, is occupied by an account of its *first volume*, the second not having then been published.—If, in this case, either the impartiality or the competency of the writer of the article be questioned; it is for the "society of gentlemen" who have been engaged in that Cyclopædia (any one of whom, even by name, at the time I knew not, and now hardly know,) to answer to the public that they did not intrust that department of their undertaking to an improper hand. But, their defence is rendered unnecessary by the details of the criticism itself; which, to any person in the subject, will pronounce its own sentence, whether or not it is a fair, or a competent one. I trust, I need go no farther, in order to satisfy any well-informed mind that the Monthly Review has spoken truth, in its assertion that I am a sufferer under some influence which does not raise the literary character of the country.

'And here I avow the unshaken reliance that, what I have done is at least sufficiently known to secure justice from those who shall come after us. But much detriment to the subjects in question, as well as to me, will intervene if they can be made to wait till then. And, if this wrong shall be accomplished; I hope, I meet your own feeling of the matter in auguring that, there is no contemporary name, of which posterity will so primarily ask, whether or not justice was done at the time, as of yours.

'Fortunately; the principles of Dioptrics (*which I nowhere contradict*,) are not only long-established truths; but, in addition to this, they are understood by a comparatively large class of persons, in every country; insomuch that, any matter deduced legitimately upon them cannot, from any accident, remain long in obscurity.'—pp. viii.—x.

We feel that we are only fulfilling a sacred duty in thus putting forward honest claims to public consideration, and in doing so, we are confident that not their generosity, but their justice, will induce scientific men to examine and decide upon those claims.

ART. XIV.—*The Friend of Australia; or a plan for exploring the interior, and for carrying on a Survey of the whole Continent of Australia.* By a retired Officer of the Hon. East India Company's Service. *Illustrated with a map of Australia, and five plates.* 8vo. pp. 428. London: Hurst, Chance & Co. 1830.

THE interests connected with Australia are of such growing importance, that we gladly avail ourselves of every opportunity which enables us to make our countrymen, in general, better acquainted with the capabilities of that most valuable dependency of our empire. Much as has been said and written upon the subject, there are few persons amongst us who know any thing of that region, beyond the bare fact that New South Wales forms a portion of it; and that shoals of convicts are transported thither every year. No attention, or, at least, very little public attention, is directed to the inquiries which have been made, as well by the Government as by individuals, as to the extent of our possessions in that quarter, and the facilities which they afford for the support of a numerous population. The state of Europe, and, we may say, of England alone, is such, that every succeeding session of Parliament brings with it some two or three topics arising out of our domestic or foreign policy, which absorb the minds of all our statesmen and legislators, to the exclusion of minor affairs, amongst which those of our Colonies are uniformly ranked in the lowest scale. The frequent changes of our ministry, as the author before us very justly remarks, forcibly concur with other causes to postpone indefinitely the execution of measures previously resolved upon, for the benefit of our distant dependencies, and the consideration of many useful plans which have been suggested for that purpose. A new Colonial Secretary seldom adopts the ideas of his predecessor. He must have principles and systems of his own, and before he fixes and matures them, it is ten to one that he is no longer in office. This is a great misfortune, though, undoubtedly, one that cannot be very easily remedied in a representative government.

Under these circumstances it becomes an imperative duty on the press of the country to stand, in some degree, in the place of the government; to examine suggestions for the development of our colonial strength, from whatever quarter they come; to insist upon the adoption of those that are reasonable; to oppose monopolies that are always subservient to personal influence; to dissipate the delicate vapours of particular biasses, which form the atmosphere of cabinets; and to place practical principles upon their natural basis,—the well understood interests, not of this or that set of ministers, but of the people at large.

We have more than once complained of the neglect with which our Australian dominions have been, and continue to be, treated by

the Colonial department. We cast no blame on Sir George Murray, than whom a more able, or a more useful minister never existed. It is not the man that is to be censured, but the whole system of his office, which, being limited to a small establishment, almost of necessity confines itself, as much as possible, to matters of mere routine. It has no inventive faculty, no elastic power, upon which the increasing wants of the Colonies may draw for useful ameliorations. The formalities of office are preferred to the enterprizes of reform; expense must be avoided; theories must be shunned, the legislature must be attended, and what with Cabinet meetings all day, and Parliamentary discussions all night, our ministers, in a session or two, become so jaded, that, unless measures be forced upon them, there is little chance that any thing really effectual will be done.

It would, we think, be highly expedient that a council of three or more commissioners should be appended to the colonial department, for the peculiar purpose of watching over and promoting the development of the incalculable resources which our distant dominions afford. Such a council, to be useful, ought not to be removable with the minister, but to be considered permanent, as long as the members of it should be fit for the execution of their functions. To them should be referred all questions connected with emigration, and with the colonial constitutions, laws, and official appointments. They ought to have seats in the Privy Council, and attend that tribunal upon all appeals from the settlements, with whose local legislation they should be thoroughly acquainted. Such a council as this we have for Trade, such a council for the Admiralty, for the Treasury, and for India. Yet, in no department would the benefits of a consultative body of this description, be more strongly felt than in that of the colonies. It is not merely shameful, the manner in which their political and law offices are filled up at home, but positively injurious to the whole empire. The consequences, however, arising in this way, are as nothing, compared to those that spring from the gross inattention with which the colonial establishments, standing most in need of parental care, have hitherto been treated.

Foremost, among these neglected spots, stands Australia, which, although it has been colonised by us for more than forty years, still appears upon our maps nearly as a terra incognita. Thousands of pounds have been spent in order to solve the geographical problem, whether the northern coast of America is hemmed in by eternal ice, or washed by a sea; abundance of money, and, what is much more valuable, of human life, has been sacrificed in expeditions to Africa. These enterprises, far from underrating, we would do every thing in our power to encourage. But, at the same time, we may be permitted to lament that the spirit of discovery is not also turned towards a continent which, besides offering many facilities for research, is, in all probability, destined to repay a million

fold any trouble that may be bestowed upon it. Our author's remonstrances on this subject deserve the most serious consideration.

'Although large accessions have been made to our general stock of geographical knowledge within the last thirty years, and enterprising travellers have spread themselves in every direction, yet there is still one great blank in the map of the world, staring Britain in the face with a look of askance and reproach:—the continent of Australia, so interesting in its topographical features, its strange productions, and its thriving English colony, seems peculiarly deserving of our attention. And considering the opportunities and advantages we possess, for forming expeditions for the exploration of its mysterious interior, (for exploring parties might be fitted out at Singapore, Malacca, Penang, Calcutta, Madras, Trincomallee, Mauritius, and at the Cape,) and the time which has elapsed since the first founding of the British settlement on its coast, the cause of science has been sadly neglected, in as far as it regards this most singular country, than which, it is allowed on all hands, no other has produced so many indigenous and rare productions.

'The benefits, too, which flow from expeditions of discovery, are truly immeasurable; among which, the peopling of uninhabited countries with Englishmen is not the least: and should we, through the permission of Providence, cover Australia with inhabitants as we have done North America, and I suppose there is no man but would rather see it inhabited by an English-speaking population than by a foreign one; the reflection is a proud one, that two mighty empires sprang from the loins of Britain, and in future times the fact will be an unfading memorial of their greatness.'—pp. 1, 2.

* * * * * *

'The frequent changes in the Ministry of late years, and the engrossing nature of European politics, seem to have absorbed every thought; at the same time that public men have not remained in their places long enough to put in execution any plans that might have been formed; and successors to office too frequently possess diametrically opposite views and interests to those of their predecessors. Now that we are at peace with the whole world, it is to be hoped that a portion of the public attention will be bestowed upon the interesting investigation of this continent. It is a slur on our character, as a powerful and enlightened people, having possession of a continent so singularly peculiar in its physiology and productions, and continuing neglectful and ignorant of its geography and resources; while, on the contrary, a scientific expedition confers eternal honour on the authors, gratifies the curiosity of the public, and benefits the world.

'Let us not imitate the Spaniards who founded the first Spanish city, St. Michael, in Peru, in 1531, and kept the Geography of South America a secret for nearly two hundred years, until De la Condamine voluntarily explored the Amazons river in the year 1737, and gave the first correct map of its course; for the journies and narratives of D'Orellana, Texeira, and even Pére Fritz were made up of fiction and inaccuracy. Neither let us procrastinate the honourable distinction of being the first interior discoverers and christeners of Terra Incognita. Delay is dangerous; we may be superseded, and have the palm snatched from us by a foreign nation of more enterprising genius. Louis XV. sent a scientific expedition to South America, composed of eleven men of science with attendants amounting to the

number of twenty-five persons, at the very time that he was engaged in extensive warfare. France still cherishes the genius of geographical discovery; she still possesses her learned men. Should the French government send a similar expedition to traverse Australia; it is to be hoped that its instructions will be to penetrate the country from some other coast than that of the Eastern, which, being already in the possession of English colonists, the survey thereof belongs properly to them.'—pp. 9-11.

The discovery of the embouchure of the interior waters of Australia, is a point that still, we are ashamed to say, remains to be effected. An expeditionary party encamps in a smiling valley, or on a plain of considerable extent. Suddenly, as if the gates of heaven poured down a fresh deluge, an enormous flood is seen rushing towards the tents, and unless the travellers happen to be within reach of a hill sufficiently high, there is no escape from the fury of the element. Yet no one has yet found out whence these surprising inundations proceed, or through what channel they depart; they come in a moment, and in two or three days they disappear. That persons, and very competent persons too, have been commissioned, from time to time, by the government, to explore the coasts and interior of Australia, we do not deny. But their means have been so parsimoniously limited, that they have all, we believe, been obliged to cut short their tours, on account of the want of provisions. Certainly this was the case with Blaxland, Wentworth, and Lawson, with Captains Oxley and King, and Mr. Thomas Jamieson.

The object of the work before us is to propose a combination of land expeditions, consisting of three or more parties, to be supplied with such necessaries as they could not carry with them, by a chain of depots, with which they might keep up an uninterrupted communication,—the depots being, of course, so arranged as to vary their stations in conformity with the directions they should receive from the respective detachments. For this purpose the author brings together under one view 'a number of useful and tried expedients, most or all of which are, at this day, in constant use in eastern countries, and therefore particularly adaptable to the country and climate of Australia.' It does not appear that he has travelled over any part of that continent himself, and therefore it is right to warn readers that some of his schemes might ultimately be found impracticable. They are, however, all of them plausible, and drawn up with great labour and very considerable ingenuity.

Into these details it would be superfluous for us to enter. They are too minute to engage the attention of general readers, and are besides entirely intended for the consideration of persons about to plan such an expedition, or to become members of it. We shall confine our views principally to the objects which still remain to be explored, and the consequences likely to follow a complete examination of the interior of Australia.

Captain King observes, that on the western side of Mount Upstart there is a bay, which "*may be*" the mouth of a river—a con-

jecture the more likely to be well founded, as between that mountain and Mount Abbott, there is an "evident break in the hills," through which a river might have found a channel. On the eastern side of the former mountain there is another bay which leads to a similar conclusion, and after suggesting the probability of there being more than one or two rivers of importance in that direction, the author adds:—'The range of mountains, which has continued uninterruptedly for a distance of 150 miles from the southward, here ceases or retires, and leaves a gap of low land, of ten or twelve miles wide. This remarkable opening or break in the range of mountains, is about the latitude 21°; and the range is resumed and continued northward. The considerable tract of low land between the mountains and the sea, a distance of thirty miles, is, possibly, a rich country, and, from the height of the hills, must be well watered.' Upon this 'remarkable opening,' the author has the following observations:—

'This being the only opening in the mountains, and that of such a nature as to be called *remarkable*, together with Captain King's frequent view of it from different places, and repeated allusions to it; it seems a probability, almost amounting to a certainty, that a river bends its course through it from the interior, notwithstanding its *embouchure* is not visible to ships sailing along the coast. This *only* opening in the range of mountains is therefore highly deserving the speedy investigation of an exploring party. There is not another likely place for the course of a river coming from the interior, in the whole of eastern Australia but here. If such a river exists, its estuary will probably embrace numerous channels, severally reaching the sea at Broad Sound, Repulse Bay, Port Molle, Edgecumbe Bay, Cape Upstart Bays, Rockingham Bay, another Bay abreast of Frankland's islands, and Trinity Bay; none of these places having ever been explored.

'The spot being so near home, (Sydney,) the Local Government would confer a benefit on the geographical world, by establishing a temporary depot on the coast, as near Mounts Upstart and Abbott as possible; and while a small party of military might remain at the depot, another might march into the interior, with a sufficient supply of provisions, where, having attained the ridge of the highest mountain, commanding a view of immense extent, might return to the depot after an excursion of two months, in which a large fund of geographical knowledge would be collected, and the question respecting this interesting portion of the continent set at rest.'—pp. 23—25.

Mr. Oxley, it may be remembered, had the honour of discovering the Brisbane—a river of considerable magnitude which discharges itself into Moreton Bay, and is three miles wide at the entrance. He succeeded in attending it upwards of fifty miles; but, his *provisions failing*, he was obliged to retrace his steps, though not before he was enabled, from a neighbouring eminence, to trace its course, by the eye, for thirty or forty miles further. It was once thought that the Macquarie joined the Brisbane, but that idea is now exploded. It is highly probable that Peel's river,

in itself a fine stream, unites with the latter; but we have, as yet, no means of solving this question—a question, by the way, of no ordinary interest, since 'as the olive, the vine, the date, the sugar-cane, the fig,' also flax, tobacco, and fine wool, must be the future productions of the neighbourhood of the Brisbane,—should that river and the Peel ultimately prove the same, and the ledge of rocks, which crosses the former at twenty miles from the sea, be blown up, so as to open a passage for small vessels, particularly steamers of light draught, and the facilities of its navigation improved,—it would become one of the most important and populous parts of the colony.

Thus the author proceeds, in a northerly direction, all round the coast of Australia, pointing out those parts which have either been imperfectly surveyed, or not surveyed at all, and suggesting reasons for examining them upon a more extensive scale. He observes:—

'On the north-west coast are some inlets on the south side of Clarence's strait, and one of considerable extent to the eastward of Cambridge Gulf, which require examination. That part of the coast also, between Depuch Island and Port George the Fourth, yet remains unexamined, the mainland being fronted by an Archipelago of islands. "If there is an opening into the interior of Australia, it must be in this neighbourhood. Whatever may exist here, there is something of importance, and it is not at all improbable that there may be a communication with the interior for a considerable distance from the coast."

* * * * * * *

'At Cambridge gulf is a range of hills extending in unconnected patches towards Mount Connexion. The stems of some trees, of larger growth than any that were seen on the hills, were found washed up on the beach of Adolphus island in this gulf; an unequivocal proof of the *fertility* of the *interior*. The country at the bottom of the gulph appeared to be of a rugged and mountainous character. The hills are in detached ranges, and rise abruptly from a low level plain which extends to the shore. Over these plains, were scattered the stems and branches of trees, that had evidently been washed down from the hills and deposited there by inundations, to which this part of the continent, in common with the rest of it, appears to be frequently subject. The trees appeared to be of so much larger size than any that were seen growing near the coast, that we may reasonably conclude the interior to be of a much more productive character than the country in the vicinity of the sea. The rise of the tide was twenty-one feet, but at low tide the water was still salt, although sixty miles from the sea, notwithstanding which, I entertain very strong suspicions of this gulf being one of the numerous mouths of a large river, the bed of which being dry or reduced to a shallow stream, would not, of course, afford sufficient water to descend and cover the salt plains at the time that Capt. P. P. King was in it, it being the dry season (September), although it brought down with it large trees, and perhaps did other damage up the country in the rainy season, particularly as Capt. K. was not able to examine the extensive river at the bottom of the gulf that trended in a south-east direction under Mount Connexion.

* * * * *

'In York Sound is Prince Frederick's Harbour, at the bottom of which are Hunter's and Roe's rivers, bounded by irregular ranges of rocky precipitous hills, in many parts inaccessible; among which are three peaks, one named Manning Peak, the others Mount Anderton and Donkin's hill. Under these hills are the two large openings or mouths of the rivers. Hunter's river was found to be blocked up by masses of stone at the distance of ten miles from its mouth at the bottom of the harbour. The hills there were ascended, but the view in every direction was obstructed by higher hills. The bed of this river continued through a deep gully between the hills, and in the wet season is doubtless a considerable stream. Roe's river was explored thirty miles up from its mouth, and was thought would afford depth enough to navigate a boat perhaps fifteen miles further. It appeared to be a very considerable stream, and from the very hilly character of the country, must send down a vast body of water in the wet season.

'As this river was not examined higher for want of provisions, it is equally likely, with the other unexamined inlets, to be one of the numerous mouths of a large shallow river, which being only swelled during the rains, is necessarily very low at its entrance, in the dry season. The tide here rose rapidly twenty-four feet. This, or the Swan river, on the west coast, or any other river which may be discovered hereafter, having an *embouchure* over a sandy beach, or an impracticable barrier of rocks, I am led to imagine will be found, when better known, to bear a strong resemblance to several of our rivers in the south of India.

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'Prince Regent's river was examined for fifty-four miles up, but at the fiftieth mile a rapid, formed of blocks of stone, crosses it, above which the tide did not reach; but the stream continued to form a very beautiful fresh water river of two or three hundred yards wide. The tide rises here above thirty feet; it runs strong and sets at the rate of four and a half and five knots in the narrows. A considerable gully joins the main stream, supposed to have the same source as Roe's river. And although at the end of the dry season, a considerable cascade was still falling into it from a height of 140 feet, fifty yards wide, which must be a magnificent object, and afford an immense body of water in the rainy season. The marks of great floods were noticed upon its shores, and the wrecks of very large trees were thrown up twelve feet above high water mark; which, as the surrounding country presents only a series of rocky hills and sterile desert, although the hills in its neighbourhood are rather more wooded than at Hunter's and Roe's rivers, must be a proof of the luxuriant fertility of the interior. So also must the quantity of water found here at the end of the dry season, be equally a proof of the mountainous surface of the interior. As this beautiful river could not be examined any higher, for want of a sufficient stock of provisions, as well as the want of more men for defence in case of an attack from the Indians, who, although not seen, might not have been far off, it rests in the same mystery as all the other many unexamined rivers and inlets. No one can pretend to say that these are not so many mouths of a large river; the volume of water in this river in the rainy season must be immense, and probably the character of a river winding through a sandy and rocky country in a climate governed by a regular wet and dry season like that of Australia, would resemble similar rivers in

Southern India, that have a course of several hundred miles up the country, although not navigable.

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'Swan River.—This promising stream winds through a valley, its banks being alternately precipitous like those of the Derwent in Tasmania. The French examined this river for twenty leagues, or sixty miles, from its mouth, and found it still to contain salt water! From Captain King's description of it for about twenty miles, its shoals, deep narrow passages, and slow current in the dry season, I perceive its resemblance to several rivers in India, and should suppose that, like them, it would present a great volume of water in the wet season, too rapid for the purposes of navigation.'—pp. 32—46.

The author then proceeds to the southern coast of Australia, where he finds many tracts which have been explored only in a most superficial manner. Among these is an extraordinary bank of land, which closes in with the shore, in longitude 129° 9′, and forms cliffs which continue the whole distance to the head of the great Australian Bight, a space of 33 leagues! The total length of the level bank, from near Cape Pasley to Bight Head, is 435 miles; and its height is nearly the same throughout, being from 400 to 600 feet! The writer adds,

'Captain Flinders supposed the interior of this portion of the continent to be flat sandy plains or else water. I, on the contrary, consider the bank as an evidence of the country possessing high ground, and if high, so also low ground; and I am inclined to believe that at a certain distance from the shore, where vegetation is out of the influence of the saline air of the ocean, that the interior will be found to present the varied surface and fertility of the most southern parts of Europe. I have noticed the same levels (although of trifling extent) on the Concan, the Canara, and the Malabar coasts; and where is there a more lovely or more luxuriant back country than there?'—p. 49.

Such are a few of the objects which the coast of Australia presents, requiring further investigation. In the interior, the necessity for research is still more apparent. The mystery of the sudden inundations is still to be revealed. The author has reasoned himself into the belief, that a river of the first magnitude will be found in Australia; he tells us that he has a kind of second sight of its existence! We are totally ignorant of the cause of the hot land winds, which prevail there. Some writers have inferred from them the aridity and barrenness of the land from which they blow, but not upon sufficient grounds. Upon this point, the author's observations carry with them the force of authority.

'Much has been said by various navigators on the supposed barrenness of Western Australia; judging from the appearance of many parts of the west and north-west coasts, they have been too apt to draw their inferences therefrom, as conclusive evidence of the whole vast interior being all of the same description.

'One of the reasons for condemning the interior as an arid desert, are the fierce hot winds felt occasionally on those coasts: but, that scorching

winds do not always proceed from sandy deserts, is pretty severely recognised at Sydney sometimes, when those kinds of winds have been known to be heated by extensive conflagrations of the back country, which, having been explored in all directions, is well known to be beautiful and luxuriant in woods and forests, fine natural parks, and fertile valleys and meadows: why may we not suppose that similar extensive conflagrations in the woods, far out of sight of the coast, during the dry season, would produce similar effects on the thermometer off the north and north-west coasts, instead of condemning the interior to rank with the burning deserts of Africa and Arabia. Besides, as the sun's rays in a warm climate are concentrated in the valleys, the condensed atmosphere of which being forced out and carried along by the winds, not only causes the heat in those winds, but is an indubitable proof of there being mountains and valleys in the interior, and if mountains and valleys, then water also, either in rivulets or standing pools.

'I am disposed to think that a belt of sandy and desert country, of from fifty to a hundred miles in breadth, lines the shores of those coasts, parallel therewith, in a greater or less degree, and shutting in the more fertile interior; bearing some resemblance to the Coromandel coast, which, previous to being inhabited, must have presented a low barren sandy track, nearly to the foot of the eastern branches of the Ghauts: that coast is, even at this day, surprisingly naked of trees in many parts, and here and there sprinkled with a few low barren rugged hills, exactly answering the descriptions of similar hills visited by Captain P. P. King, on the north and north-west coasts of Australia; but population and the arts have produced numerous large tanks or reservoirs for preserving water; fine groves, and sheets of rice fields, mostly watered by the industrious hand of man, otherwise it would be all like the desert or jungle in the Gingee and Tiagar districts. The Coromandel coast itself, however, still preserves its broad sands, covered with the gigantic ground convolvulus and wild indigo, and presenting other barren and desert-like appearances for many miles, besides several large salt-water lagoons at the back of the beach, parallel with the low sandy shores, as well as many shallow rivers, which are only full during the rains on the Ghauts. I have not much data to ground my belief upon, yet I feel persuaded that the whole of so vast an interior as that of the continent of Australia cannot be a desert, but will be found to consist of ranges of hills, commencing at a certain distance from the west coast, the irregular branches or debris of an inferior range of mountains; also extensive savannas or plains, sprinkled with chains of ponds or lakes; numerous dry beds of water courses or mountain rivulets, discharging torrents in the rainy season, and in the bottom of which water might always be found in the driest weather by digging.

'The coasts of countries situated within or near the tropics, very generally present either a bold rocky or a low sandy front to the sea; and for the most part only producing a stunted vegetation or none at all, the truth of which the accounts of numerous voyages will corroborate: the following observation may be thought opposite to the subject, and tend to shew that the saline atmosphere of the sea is opposed to nature's works in the vegetable kingdom, unless assisted by human agency. When I sailed along some parts of the Coromandel coast, it appeared to me a low, sandy,

and barren country, and nothing could be seen of the stupendous Western Ghauts, on account of their great distance, being four or five hundred miles to the westward of that coast; and had I not known the geography of the interior of that part of India, I should have been tempted to condemn the whole, as consisting of nothing else but vast, sterile, burning, sandy deserts, exactly as Freeynet and other geographers now do Western Australia, from the appearance of the north-west and west coasts; but the richness, beauty, luxuriant fertility and sublime scenery of the interior of Southern India, shews, in a strong light, the impropriety of thus sweepingly condemning the interior of any country on account of its mean outside.'—pp. 153—156.

Independently of the acquisitions which science would gain by a complete examination, as well of the coast, as of the interior of Australia, it would produce the most important consequences with respect to the overgrown population of the United Kingdom. We entirely subscribe to the opinions of our author upon this subject.

'The expense of supporting the poor in Britain is at least equal to the cost of sending them abroad, leaving out of the question the increase of crime and the increase of misery; but it appears by Parliamentary documents, that the expense of their support greatly exceeds the cost of sending them abroad. A pauper cannot be fed, clothed, and lodged for a less sum than 30*l.* per annum; therefore, a parliamentary grant of 60,000*l.* per annum, would pay for the annual and voluntary emigration of two thousand persons, and by the time 300,000 had left Britain, there would be a saving of 240,000.

'There can be no question then, of the economy of such a grant, nor would there ever be any danger of a glut of labourers in the colony, if two thousand, or even twice two thousand labourers were sent every year: the complaints of the want of them are very numerous and importunate; besides, the local government might incessantly be increasing the arrangements for the reception of free settlers, such as erecting a small house, and clearing ten or twelve acres of land upon every location in the districts intended to be settled; or by building a few huts on every spot marked out for a village at regular distances, say every tenth mile, on the high roads; and square tanks should also be dug at these distances as in India.

'Good sense and prudence point out, that encouragement ought to be given to voluntary emigration; which encouragement should be in the shape of a *free passage* to the colony. "It cannot be an objection to emigration, to say, that the vacuum will soon be filled up. If the sphere of civilization be enlarged, and a body of unproductive labourers at home be established as consumers of our manufactures abroad, then the encouragement of emigration would be doing good, even though the vacuum should be speedily filled up."

'It is with a nation as with a single family; the increase of children, although counted as a blessing in the language of Scripture, is a source of anxiety, perplexity, and expense, unless new lands can be divided among them as of old; and it is nothing new in the history of the world, to find a great nation both illustrious in deeds and learning, and in a general sense thriving and multiplying, and yet thousands of its natives in want of employment and subsistence. Great Britain stands in this dilemma. There

are in fact multitudes of our countrymen in a state of destitution, or at least gaining a bare livelihood; such being the case, the sooner means are devised to provide for their annual emigration, passage free, the better; for otherwise there will be an accumulation of discontent and wretchedness that must, apparently sooner or later, lead to some *home* calamity, in which every class of society will suffer. The increase of crime in consequence of the lenity of the laws and the want of employment, cannot be viewed without the secret question, of what will it end in?

'It is a pity that something like an annual expedition is not organized by Government as a national affair, during the constant and protracted dearth of employment for the Irish poor; an expedition which might employ some of our useless frigates in the annual conveyance of voluntary Irish emigrants, and thus be the means of putting a stop to their swarming into England to the ruin and misery of the English labourers.

'What would it cost the nation, if Government were immediately to equip three frigates, victual them, and convey (passage free) one thousand free Irish families in one fleet, and set them down at or near Roebuck Bay on the N. W. coast of Australia, say on the Cloate's Island of my map, (which exhibited more abundant proofs of fertility than the country of Swan River), with tools, stores, and provisions sufficient for one twelvemonth, compared to the support of as many idle poor, year after year?—and even in addition to the expense of the expedition, if we were to store and victual the emigrants in their new colony for the first five years, what would the cost be, compared to their continual support at home, which, as their numbers increase, increases in amount?

'Suppose one hundred towns were each to turn out fifty voluntary emigrating families; would it not lessen the population, afford more employment to the remaining numbers, and banish from the land much misery and discontent? for the poor only want employment with fair wages, to make them a happy and contented class. The promise of estates rent free, a free passage out, and assistance for the first twelve months, would induce thousands to embark for the colonies, and it would drain the United Kingdom of all who were in want of work, at the same time that the emigrants would then only have to work on their own land and for their own families, instead of slaving for poor wages and ending their days in a workhouse.'—pp. 199—203.

The author has taken infinite pains in laying out plans for Australian towns, in giving advice to the Australian youth, in showing them the necessity of abstaining from spirituous liquors, and, as much as possible, from the use of flesh meat. He strongly recommends that the system of transporting convicts to that country should be discontinued; that a colonial nobility should be instituted, and that Wellington valley should be selected as the site of an interior metropolis. In arranging his capital, he has shown more of fantastic thought than we had given him credit for. His national flag for Australia is, on the contrary, one of the most beautiful things of the kind we have ever seen. Several beautifully coloured plates, and a large and elaborate map, adorn this volume, which is itself a beautiful specimen of the typographical art.

ART. XV.—. *The Garland of Grief.—An Elegiac Tribute to the memory of his late Majesty. By John Gwilliam.* 4to. pp. 20. London: E. Wilson. 1830.

NOBODY of the world at large can know what a personal grievance, (to say nothing of it as a national calamity,) is the death of a British monarch to a periodical critic. The gates of Parnassus are then thrown wide open; every man, woman, and child, has a right to enter; and we do not believe that even the condition of "a respectable dress" is imposed on the freedom of admission into this hallowed place. We and our critical cotemporaries are then assailed with such a quantity of waste paper covered over with metrical lines; our table groans under the accumulation of elegies and tributes, insomuch that we fear to face the huge heap of lamentation, to single out one cypress wreath, or "tribute," or "garland," for perusal. We observe, however, in those loyal strains, which we have occasionally ventured to read, that the affliction of the poet is uniformly capable of the easiest consolation. He compromises with our mortal aggressor—death, in a marvellously brief time. This is easily accounted for; since the bard, being a sensible man of the world, is sufficiently contented for the loss of so good a king as has gone, by the presence of so excellent a king as has succeeded him. Thus,—much as the 'Garland of Sorrow,' before us, indulges in desperate repinings for the death of George the Fourth, it displays a resignation and a susceptibility to consoling reflections that are truly philosophic, if not absolutely christian. The author begins by calling on all those, who were wont to charm their Patron with delicious strains throughout the varying year, to hang up *their* harps; for the purpose, we were going to say, of letting Mr. Gwilliam play alone on *his*—but, no; it is because—

> 'He, who us'd to cheer
> With his *distinguished presence* those domains,
> Which taste had chosen for their matchless charms,
> Lies senseless now in Death's destructive arms!'

The bard then calls on 'Music' and 'Painting' to join in the mourning throng, 'for,' to these ladies, he says,—

> 'For he encouraged you *with the design*
> Of calling all your powers into play,
> That men might grow enamoured of your worth,
> And blend—*amelioration* (!) with *their mirth.*'

After numerous invocations in a similar strain, our bard now comes to his subject, and, in indignant rhymes, vindicates the character of the 'recent Sovereign,' as he calls him, from the aspersions of his posthumous libellers. It takes but a few stanzas to confound these rogues; when the bard gives to them a hint which, if they had any hope remaining, would inevitably destroy it.

'Enough of such declamatory knaves,
We have sufficient evidence in store
(In spite of all their miserable staves)
To prove we never had his like before
In all those qualities, which e'en the grave's
Voracious appetite can not devour;
And, though their slander for a time may last,
The truth will neutralize their dull bombast!

'We have the proofs of his consummate taste,
In works that seem determin'd to defy
That desolating hand which hath displac'd
The proudest temples Sculpture could supply:
In these alone his greatness can be trac'd,—
But let the storm of prejudice pass by,
And those who now are foremost to assail,
Ere long shall blush and tell another tale.'—pp. 9, 10.

But what makes the Monarch's memory infinitely dear to our bard, is the distinction which his Majesty made in his lifetime between good and bad poets,—

'Poets he foster'd; but mere "men of rhyme,"
He look'd upon as mountebanks of taste,
Fools that were tickled with a silv'ry chime,
Wherein no mental property was trac'd;
We've many thousands of them in our clime,
By whose productions nothing is embrac'd,
Except that common, evanescent stuff,
Which lives alone by paragraph and puff!'—p. 11.

We are told by the poet of his Majesty's love for music, and how vainly they calculated on his taste, who supposed that he could mistake a 'rush of sounds' and 'sleight of hand' for musical skill; and we are still further informed—

'And there are spirits in existence still,
To prove his judgment never was debas'd
By all that trick which never can fulfil
What music's principles at first embrac'd,
And the mere run of the chromatic scale,
He deem'd a *ruse*, too vulgar to prevail!'—p. 12.

Windsor, proud Windsor, the seat and sepulchre of Royalty, is next apostrophized, and the imagination of Mr. Gwilliam beholds the grass turning black, and the trees assuming crape, and the birds of the forest converting their carols into lamentations.

'The very rooms where happiness prevail'd,
Are hung with darkness, and the breathless space
Frightens the spirits that have there regal'd,
So awful is its melancholy grace:
A sudden chill the palace hath assail'd,
Dejection saddens ev'ery menial's face,
And where the voice of revelry was heard,
Triumphant Death prohibits e'en a word!'—p. 17.

But, as we said, Mr. Gwilliam finds ready consolation in King George's successor, of whom he sings,

'We have already from his past career,
Proofs of a lib'ral and enlighten'd mind,—
And, from the pleasing tidings that we hear,
A soul to justice nat'rally inclin'd;
From such a monarch we have nought to fear,
But everything to hope,—and we shall find
In William's reign, whatever change ensue,
Our welfare kept incessantly in view!'—p. 19.

This is about as fair a specimen as we can find of the 'things,' to which the ordinary race of Monarchs give rise when they die. A Princess Charlotte called forth the hall owed strains of a Byron.

ART. XVI.—*An Essay on the Creation of the Universe; and Evidences of the Existence of a God.* By Charles Doyne Sillery. 1 vol. 12mo. Edinburgh: Waugh and Innes. 1830.

THE Essay contained in this volume may be regarded as a practical illustration of some of the positions, so beautifully developed in Dr. Chalmers' justly celebrated Discourses on Astronomy. But to us, by far the most interesting part of its contents is that in which the author speaks of himself and his strangely varied career; and we should be ashamed of ourselves if we could mark for ridicule the undoubted extravagance which he mingles with the display of the kindliest and most enthusiastic of spirits. The following passages have afforded us, we confess, a great deal of pleasure:—

'"To search after knowledge" has ever been my greatest delight. My childhood was spent in the study of the sciences, and my whole soul devoted, at that time, to these my favourite pursuits. Often have I sat on the green slope of a sunny bank, apart from my playful schoolfellows, by the side of the silver-flowing Tweed, pondering on the works of Newton, Ferguson, Franklin, Bacon and Paley—many, and many a quiet night have I stood, in the solitude of my own soul, watching the apparent motion of the stars, when the heavens seemed sweeping over the slumbering country; and thinking, with tear-brimmed eyes, of the mighty philosophers who had once lived in this little world before me, till I had poetically fancied them the spirits of the stars, that shone so brilliantly above me. Nor can I ever forget the rapturous impression that the first reading of Dr. Chalmers' Astronomical Discourses made upon my youthful mind—how my ideas were elevated in the contemplation of the greatness and goodness of God, and how my very soul expanded into a new world of being and of bliss. My cheeks were seldom free from tears—but they were tears of inexpressible pleasure, and I felt such an unspeakable ecstacy in pouring forth my feelings and my prayers to Almighty God in the peaceful stillness of the night, that I never envied the head which was laid in placid forgetfulness on the downy couch of sleep. At this time I constructed a large telescope, which revolved vertically and horizontally on two wheels, and

which magnified to a considerable extent: with this instrument I watched the eclipses of the moon—the belts and spots on the planets—the satellites surrounding them—the comets, and other celestial phenomena. But the sublime study of astronomy only increased my desire to become acquainted with other more amusing, though not more delightful sciences. Chemistry followed, which possessing many branches, led to the study of mineralogy and conchology—thence I directed my attention to botany, zoology, ornithology, &c. From which I proceeded to geology itself; and, lastly, to physics and metaphysics, till I had completed the whole round of natural philosophy. I then began to collect materials for a museum, and wherever I went, I was in search of minerals, shells, fossils, flowers and insects; and I have no hesitation in saying, that I possessed one of the finest collections of native insects and minerals in the country. I was never so happy as when seated at my studies in the centre of my museum—the cases of the seven orders of my own preservation—my native and foreign minerals—multifarious assortment of shells—arrangement of quadrupeds—variety of birds, amphibious animals, fishes and insects—my antiquities, comprehending armour of every description; ancient busts, marbles, vases, and vessels of various kinds from Herculaneum, Pompeii, Nineveh, and other places; gold, silver, and brazen coins; together with a vast variety of curiosities, partly collected by myself, and partly presented by my daily visitors, were rapidly increasing around me.'—pp. 5—8.

* * * * *

'Apart from all society, and living in a little world of my own, at this time, I had no desire—no ambition to go beyond it—philosophy occupied my thoughts by day, and mingled with my dreams by night—and Newton, Bacon, Boyle, Hervey, Halley, Priestley, Hunter, Herschel, Berkeley, and Jenner, were the intellectual stars that adorned my hemisphere, unto whom my thoughts and soul were turned.

'I now finished an astronomical work of 700 *closely written folio pages*, in which I described the figure, motions, and dimensions of the earth; the different seasons; the cause of the ebbing and flowing of the sea; the moon's motion and phases; gravity, light, transit of Venus; the eclipses of the sun and moon: the ptolemaic, tychonic, and solar system; the parallax of the stars; refractions; occultations, and causes producing the planetary motions. I also gave a history of the rise and progress of astronomy, a description of the principal astronomical instruments and machinery which serve to illustrate the above phenomena, and some observations on the ancient zodiac found in Upper Egypt. The work is accompanied with several illustrations of my own delineation, and is still in my possession.

'My next undertaking was a volume of mechanics and melange of natural philosophy; I then invented a self-acting machine, of very singular construction, and thought of the proverb of Solomon, "I wisdom dwell with prudence, and find out the knowledge of witty inventions." Shortly after this, and very casually, I discovered a new syphon, which I named the filtering syphon, because it raises water by means of a filter, or capillary tubes, from the vessel in which it is immersed, to another vessel elevated some inches above it, consequently by this means a perpetual dropping of water is produced. When I had constructed this instrument it was whispered abroad that I had discovered the perpetual motion! and it was

highly amusing, though extremely annoying to me, to see the multiplicity of unknown visitors, who were daily overwhelming and disturbing the "philosophical eccentricity," as they were pleased to term, not the instrument, but its disquieted constructor.

'I now commenced a Series of Philosophical Letters, the principal of which, were, 1st, On Prismatic Light—2d, On Coral —3d, On Sound—4th, On the existence of a continent at the South Pole; of this I rest perfectly satisfied, and shall lay my observations and proofs before the public, in a pamphlet or periodical, shortly after this work is published—5th, Accounting for live toads found in solid masses of rock—6th, Hints on the natural history of Insects—7th, A perpetual motion, on the principle of the Barometer—8th, On the utility of keeping Chronometers in vacuo, and a method of making the changes of the atmosphere wind them by the mercury in the Barometer—9th, A new pump, capable of raising a ton of water with one stroke of the piston, by the strength of a single individual—10th, Tests for proving the illuminating power of various lights —11th, Water Barometer—12th, Suggestion of a perpetual motion by specific gravity, &c. &c.

'The study of Chemistry gave me infinite delight, and independent of my museum, I fitted up a regular laboratory, with furnaces, retorts, stills, bottles of every description; and earths, and acids, and alkalies of every kind. Then I made an electrifying machine, then a galvanic battery, then a compass, then a thermometer, then a barometer, and then a steam-engine.

'The day was spent in ascertaining, by actual experiment, the *elementary*, or first principles of which bodies are composed. The night was entirely devoted to study. Often have I plied my unwearied task by the midnight oil. Often has daylight shone through my blind, dimming the light of my lamp, and I have withdrawn it to gaze enraptured on the rising sun. Often have I gone to school wearied and worn out with my contemplations during the night, yet returned in the afternoon with refreshed delight to renew my studies. In the garden, when I looked up to the star-bespangled heavens, I thought of "the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God." In the drawing-room, when I saw the prismatic light beaming from the crystal chandeliers, I thought of Newton's glorious discovery, and the tears unconsciously gushed from my eyes.

'I was then but a boy—my mind was daily expanding—every thing I read—every thing I saw was new and novel to me, and though I often experienced, even then, a secret solitary sadness: it was a sadness with which the purest pleasure was blended, and which never went beyond the solitude of my own bosom, to throw the slightest gloom on the individuals with whom I mingled.

'But the tenor of man's life never yet flowed smoothly altogether.—This could not last for ever: and it *did* not last. My pilgrimage had but begun—I knew not what it was to be in the world, for hitherto I had lived in a world entirely of my own. But I was destined for other things.—The morning arrived when I had to leave my museum—my little universe, for the wild wintry ocean. And ah! that morning—I will never forget it; I visited my repository of curiosities for the last time—gazed around on all the birds with which my very soul had grown familiar; I had sat beside them for weeks and months together; indeed they seemed a part of my being: and when I turned to tear myself away from them, I thought my very heart would break.'—pp. 10—15.

In another page Mr. Sillery says,—

'I have stood on the rough rocks when the wrathful billows were foaming at my feet, and the wild sea-mew screaming above me—I have climbed the hills of a foreign land, when the lightnings were playing over-head and the thunder-echoes rolling down the sides of the rattling mountains,—I have stood on the brink of the volcano, and descended into the bowels of the earth through its crystalled-portalled caverns and grottoes,—I have clung to the quivering masts, and hung upon the dreary shrouds when the tempest was howling around the labouring bark,—I have seen all descriptions of people, climate, and country—heard all varieties of tongue—enjoyed every pleasure that this world can afford. And what have I learned? —what conclusion have I drawn from the retrospect of the whole? That there is no real happiness—no quiet resting-place on earth—that all is but a chequered scene of sin, and vexation, and disappointment, and folly—and to sigh, from my soul, for "the wings of a dove to flee away,"—far, far away from this melancholy world—"and be at rest," in the bosom of my God!'—p. 20.

In many an amiable heart, agitated by noble, but impracticable schemes of self improvement, Mr. Sillery's sanguine eloquence will find a prompt echo. The philosophy of his resignation, his cheerfulness under the pressure of a fate which seems to oppose his cherished designs, offer instruction to the best of us at times, and under circumstances when we may least expect to bear up by means of our own unaided resources. In a recent notice of a number of poems we are happy at the recollection of having distinguished Mr. Sillery's "Vallery" by terms of praise.

NOTICES.

ART. XVII.—*Discourses on the Millenium, the Doctrine of Election, Justification by Faith, &c.* By the Rev. Michael Russel, LL.D. 12mo. pp. 443.

A MORE sensible and judicious guide for the human mind through that wilderness of doubt and fear, which it enters when it begins to contemplate the subjects specified in the title of this work, could not be recommended, than the one before us. Mr. Russell boldly asserts, that the Millenium, in its primitive and proper acceptation, is an event that has long passed away; that we as Christians have nothing whatever to do with it; and that it applied only to the Jews. Our author's elaborate examination into this great historical question, will be read with as much pleasure as profit. The Discourses on the Doctrine of Election and Justification by Faith, are well-digested compendiums of the most orthodox opinions on these subjects. The last discourse on the historical evidence for the Apostolical Institution of Episcopacy, is strongly recommended to the attention of those who have been wearying the press of late with tirades in opposition to such a doctrine. The work is neatly printed, and very well calculated for that impaired state of vision which age or hard study may have brought on.

ART. XVIII.—*A Synopsis of Roman Antiquities, &c.* By John Lanktree. Second edition. 12mo. pp. 217. Dublin: Curry and Co. 1830.

FOR the youth whom it is thought necessary to instruct in the Latin language, this little work will prove a most useful companion. It is a simple and familiar explanation of those terms which are found in almost every page of Roman authors, and which are the names either of daily customs, of political proceedings, of articles of domestic life, and of amusement amongst the ancient Romans. To enumerate the contents of such a production is really to recommend it; and it is with mingled feelings of envy and regret that we express a wish that some Mr. Lanktree had lived in our juvenile days, to save us many a headache, and many a discontented hour.

ART. XIX.—*Essays on Interesting and Useful Subjects, with a few Introductory Remarks on English Composition; designed to assist Youth in the Style and Arrangement of Themes.* By E. Johnson. 12mo. pp. 247. London: Rivingtons and Co. 1830.

ALTHOUGH modestly pretending to be but an assistant to youth in their attempts at English composition, the essays in this little work are well worthy the attention of the maturest and most experienced amongst us. They are, however, well calculated to give to young writers a taste for those more solid and lasting qualities of a prose style, which the fripperies and trash of the magazines in our days have gone much too far in supplanting. The work will be a very useful example to boys who think that because they may labour under a paucity of ideas upon a given subject for composition, the subject is not susceptible of many—inasmuch as its pages will shew how much can be said—and *well* said too, upon questions that are apparently the most unfruitful in the world.

ART. XX.—*Stories of Travels in South America.* 12mo. pp. 259. London: Whittaker and Co. 1830.

THIS is a second edition of a little work which we have already noticed, and which we are glad to see has attained all the popularity we predicted for it. This impression contains a brief outline of the history of South America: and, in order to make room for an account of Lieut. Maw's descent of the Maranon, or Amazon river, the story of Ward's Travels in Mexico has been omitted. The alterations in both respects are judicious. A more pleasing volume, for a present to the minor members of a family, has not been published this season.

ART. XXI.—*A Statement of Facts in the nature of a Memoir leading to and connected with the Great Battle of the 12th April, 1782.* By an old Naval Officer. 8vo. pp. 52 and xxxv.

THIS is a warm hearted and strong testimony to the merits of Lord Rodney, by one who retains, after many years of strange vicissitudes, a grateful recollection of the kind and endearing character of the illustrious hero. Those professional men who are interested in discovering the real author of the naval manœuvre of "breaking the enemy's line," of late so much discussed, will do well to examine the contents of this small pamphlet, as being the evidence of a sensible, acute, though we must say, rather partial witness.

ART. XXII.—*The Vale of Obscurity, The Levant, and other Poems.* By Charles Crocker. 8vo. pp. 120. Chichester: W. Mason. London: Longman and Co. 1830.

WE are assured by a most respectable correspondent, that these poems are the genuine productions of a shoemaker. Our correspondent's testimony is amply confirmed by a long list of subscribers, several of them of the highest rank, who have generously come forward to encourage the genius which they have discovered in one of the humblest walks of life. Indeed, without these recommendations, we should have found no difficulty in yielding implicit credence to the modest account of himself which the author has given in his preface. He has, he says, for many years found a pleasing gratification in the composition of verses, and though he had, at times, been told that they were not destitute of merit, yet he never, until a few months ago, entertained an expectation of seeing them in print. They happened to fall into the hands of persons capable of judging of such things, and were pronounced by them not unworthy of publication. Their patronage, added to that of others, enabled him to appear before the world in a new character. At the same time he assures us, with more of good sense than usually falls to the lot of the "irritable race," that he has no idea of becoming an author by profession. The occupation by which he has hitherto procured subsistence for his family, is, in his opinion, not less honourable (considering his condition in life), and far more likely to be attended with success, than the precarious pursuits of literature. He is perfectly right. Literature, like all other trades, for a trade it has become, has been sadly overstocked. Bad novels and worse poetry, and trashy "*libraries*," have been produced in such abundance, that we should not be surprised to find reading go in a short time altogether out of fashion.

Our poet then proceeds to give a short sketch of his life, which is not without interest. He was born in June, 1797, at Chichester, where he received an elementary education at the Grey-coat school. As soon as he could read, he became very fond of books. The Bible, Robinson Crusoe, and the Pilgrim's Progress, especially the latter, were his favourites. For poetry he cherished a particular regard. After reading some of the best productions in our language, and hearing Mr. Thelwall lecture on Shakspeare and Milton, he possesed himself of Blair's Lectures and Beattie's Minstrel. His imagination was expanded by a visit to Dorsetshire, the scenery of which impressed his mind with indelible recollections. Cowper, Goldsmith, Collins, and Milton, were added to his store of books, and having married he set up for himself as a shoemaker, having regularly gone through his apprenticeship. His first wife died at the end of the second year of their marriage. He was fortunate enough to form a second union, the results of which are two daughters and a son.

With respect to the character of his poetry. it will be seen from the specimens which we shall give of it, that it has more of art than of nature, more of imitation than of originality. The 'Vale of Obscurity' is a poem in fifty-one stanzas, in the measure of Beattie's Minstrel. Its object is to paint the happiness which may be found in humble life. Its successive scenes present themselves to the poet in a dream, the introduction to which will sufficiently indicate its general style.

'"Content! of all the blessings I possess,
And (thanks to heaven) my portion is not small,
None can more justly claim my thankfulness
Than thou, sweet maid, whose smile gives zest to all;
Therefore on thee with suppliant voice I call;
With thee would hide me from the world's rude strife;
For well I know, whatever may befall,
'Tis peace of mind that makes the bliss of life—
That thou sustain'st the soul 'mid scenes with misery rife.

'"Can Fame—can Power—can Affluence display
The calm composure of thy modest mien?
Their light may dazzle in the summer day,
But thou alone canst cheer the wintry scene:
Their pomp shall be as though it ne'er had been,
When the dread tempest sweeps along the sky;
Whilst thou, in humble confidence serene,
Fear'st not, for He who bids the tempest fly,
Mighty to save and bless, thou know'st is ever nigh.

'"Still be it mine, as through the quiet vale
Of humble life my devious course I bend,
When sorrows or anxieties assail,
To find in thee a comforter and friend:
Afflictions, though keen pangs their steps attend,
In wisdom and in love are doubtless sent,
And will, ere long, in full fruition end:
Be then my heart on this one purpose bent—
Whate'er my lot may be, to dwell with thee, Content."

'When thus the happy feelings of my mind
Had been pour'd forth in artless verse and gay,
What time the summer sun in pride declined
And gave, with glance benign, his farewell ray,
The genius of Repose, with mildest sway,
Wav'd his lethean wand above my head:
SLEEP charm'd, at once, each restless thought away
And through my mind enchanting visions spread,
Soothing as those around th' expiring christian's bed.'—pp. 19—21.

The 'Lavant' is an address to the poet's native stream, in a similar measure. We like it much better than the preceding poem, as it breathes infinitely more of natural feeling.

'Tis sweet in manhood's prime to feel the glow
Of youthful joy revisiting the heart:
Sweet as when o'er the dreary landscape blow
Spring's first warm gales, and milder sunbeams dart
Their smiles in Nature's face,—and, with a start
Beauty and fragrance wake, as from a trance.
Surely that joy will never quite depart;
I feel its warmth, unchill'd by life's advance,
Whene'er my early haunts meet my delighted glance.

'Oh! I can ne'er forget those sunny hours,
When, glad of heart, along thy banks I stray'd,
Dear native Stream, and pluck'd the springing flowers
That grew thereon, and childhood's gambols play'd;
Ere yet, with ruthless hand, stern Care had laid
His yoke upon me, and his rugged lore,
In many an arduous lesson had display'd;
Yea, still, in memory's fondly cherish'd store,
Those happy hours shall live till memory be no more!

'And to my eye, 'mid recollections sweet,
Through fairy-regions still thou seem'st to stray;
The same fresh verdure still invites my feet
To wander, and I hear from every spray
The same glad notes from woodland songsters gay;
And that awakening sense of bliss long fled,
Pervades my bosom with resistless sway,
While, musing on the past, once more I tread
Thy peaceful borders green, by pensive Fancy led.

'It seems to me as if Time's mighty wing,
That sweeps great empires from their base, o'er thee
Had pass'd, as o'er some blest and holy thing
Not subject to its power; for, still I see,
Just as when life's bright morning smiled on me,
In the same quiet course thou rollest on:
Yet, in thy wanderings, what diversity,
What varying aspects hast thou undergone!
Nor varied less hath been my fate, though more unknown.

'I've gazed upon thee with delight, when smooth
And glistening in the beams of spring's bright reign,
With murmuring sound that troubled breasts might soothe,
Thou sought'st through meadows fair, the distant main:
E'en so in youth, from sorrow free, and pain,
My days flow'd on in laughing Joy's career,
While Fancy, with her gay, fantastic train,
Attending, bade on every hand appear
Those visions which through life Remembrance holds so dear.

'But not alone from buoyant health and youth
Sprung all the transports that then thrill'd my breast;
For on my mind, e'en then had heavenly Truth
That deeper sense of happiness imprest
Which makes the humblest lot supremely blest:
This op'd the source from whence sad Sorrow drew,
In after life, when many troubles prest,
Rich healing balm. Her cheering influence too
Enchanting Poesy o'er each fair prospect threw.

'The charm of song upon my spirit's gladness
With wondrous power in that gay season fell,
Blending with joy a shade of pleasing sadness,
And calling up, as by some wizard spell,
Bright dreams of which I strove in vain to tell;

Each vivid image glow'd, and past away.
But with still more delight my mind would dwell
On brighter glories, which Truth's steady ray
Reveal'd—the realms of rest, and peace, and endless day.

'I've seen thy waters with a torrent's force
Resistless, and with loud and rushing sound,
Dash forward in their wild impetuous course,
As if they scorn'd thy channel's narrow bound:
While Winter on the naked landscape frown'd
In sullen majesty, and with a blast
Terrific, call'd his gathering storms around:
Black ruin follow'd quick where'er they pass'd,
And o'er Creation's face thick gloom and horror cast.

'And cheerless was the scene, and dark the hour:—
So, once, my fate, all desolate and drear,
And overwhelm'd by fell Affliction's power,
Seem'd stript of all that made existence dear,
And prompted many a sigh and bitter tear:
But as returning Summer's gladdening beam
Appeased thy waves, so Time, in his career,
Still made receding grief and trial seem
But as the fading trace of some distressful dream.

'We feel a joy surpassing that which springs
From present pleasure, when the pensive mind,
Silently musing on departed things,
To soft reflection's influence is resign'd;
For Fancy, then, with Memory's power hath join'd
Her witching art; and on past Sorrow's brow
With fairy-hands a roseate wreath they bind;—
While as they rise, remembered scenes of woe,
Stript of their former gloom, in tender beauty glow.

'In all the countless throngs of former days,
Whose feet have prest thy banks, hath there appear'd
No Son of Song thy lapse obscure to praise:
Because, forsooth, no cataract was heard
Roaring amid thy course—no mountain rear'd
Its hoary crest above thee to the skies:
Because, forsooth, the world's contempt they fear'd,
Which might thy little Naiad's charms despise,
And view these meads and groves with undelighted eyes?

'Yes, there was One, albeit, who breath'd thy name
In tuneful verse: for thou wert not unknown
To him,* whom Genius and poetic fame
In vain conspir'd to bless;—whose "frantic moan,"
More thrilling than the wild and tender tone
Of his own lyre, arose upon the wind
That swept thy marge, when, pensive and alone,
Amid these scenes, his worn and clouded mind
Gaz'd anxiously around, some resting-place to find.

* The Poet Collins.

'He sought the abode of Peace:—but Genius gave
No light to guide the wanderer on his way;
Fame stood aloof,—was silent, and look'd grave;
And Fancy's flights but led him more astray;
E'en Learning shone but with a feeble ray,
And tardy Fortune could afford no aid:
At length, fair Truth, resplendent as the day,
Before his eyes the "best of books" display'd
And sunshine cheer'd his path e'en through Death's fearful shade.

'Child of Misfortune! whosoe'er thou art,
That, lingering near, his sculptur'd form mayst see
Within yon sacred Pile;* ere thou depart,
E'en though the Muse may not be dear to thee,
Shed o'er his grave the tear of sympathy;—
And may that peace which bless'd his life's decline,
(From all his woes and bitter anguish free,)
His hopes, his holy confidence be thine;
Affliction then may frown,—but thou wilt not repine.

'Thy beauties, humble as they are, fair Stream,
Are dear to me, and lovely in mine eyes;
And, had I skill to manage well the theme,
Might lead my timid Muse to enterprise;
But she, as oft as difficulties rise
To check her ardour, from th' unfinish'd strain
In conscious weakness and dejection flies;
But, re-assur'd, as oft returns again,
Reluctant to forego the pleasure with the pain.

'And still in silent loneliness my mind,
E'en while my hands stern Labour's shackles wear,
In Poesy a solace sweet shall find,—
An ample recompence for toil and care;
And hither oft at eve will I repair,
And while I muse, or frame some simple lay,
(Which like thy murmurs, Lavant, few shall hear,)
Calm Meditation by my side shall stray,
And Peace, as is her wont, attend my lonely way.

'Now sinks to glorious rest th' all cheering sun,
Surrounded by a gorgeous cloudy train;
While, 'mid a silent host of shadows dun,
Twilight begins his mild, but transient reign;
But though obscurity involves the plain,
The light of day still gilds yon stately spire:
So shines the mind which Faith and Hope sustain,
Far, far above earth's scenes, and low desire,
Illumin'd by a spark of pure ethereal fire.

'Soft as the dews the deepening shades descend,
And spread a solemn, sacred calm around,
Till night's broad wings o'er all the scene extend.
Nought breaks the stillness save the gentle sound
Of rippling waves, that glimmer as they bound

* Chichester Cathedral..

On their dark way. Who would not wish to dwell
For ever where such tranquil joys are found?
But Duty speaks in yonder curfew bell,
And warns me to depart—blest scenes, awhile farewell!'—pp. 49—58.

Some of the smaller poems are also pretty.

In closing this little volume, we must say that it fully justifies the judgment of those persons who encouraged the author to print it. It offers us, moreover, a doubly interesting proof of the progress which education has made among the operative classes, since, in the first place, it has enabled a shoemaker to write such polished verses as these; and, in the second place, has taught him how much more easily he may secure his subsistence and happiness in the station of industry in which he has been placed, than in any other to which the whispers of ambition might induce him to aspire.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

We were very much struck with a recent advertisement from Mr. Colburn's establishment, announcing that in consequence of the great quantity of Lady Morgan's books which remained on hand, the publishers were anxious to dispose of them at half price. Astounded we certainly were to find that this was the unfortunate upshot of all the puffing and blowing that reciprocally passed between Lady Morgan and Mr. Colburn, for so many years. Is it possible, we exclaimed, that this can be? and turning to page 8 of the preface to the "Book of the Boudoir," we could scarcely credit our senses as we read—

"While the 4th volume of the 'O'Brien's' was going through the press, Mr. Colburn was *sufficiently pleased with the subscription* (as it is called in the trade) to the first edition, *to desire a new work from the author.* I was just setting off for Ireland, the horses literally putting to, *when Mr. Colburn arrived with his flattering proposition.* I could not enter into any future engagement: and Mr. C. taking up a *scrubby* MS. volume which the servant was about to thrust into the pocket of the carriage, asked 'what was that?' I said it was one of many volumes of odds and ends, de omnibus rebus, and I read him the last entry I had made the night before, on my return from the Opera. '*This is the very thing,*' said the *European* (European!) publisher."

These very words were printed under Mr. Colburn's superintendance and of course he is pledged to their truth. Is it possible that Mr. Colburn was so little versed in worldly wisdom as literally to dun an author to compose for him, whose works he must have known at the time he would be compelled to sell at half price? No one can believe such an absurdity. Then why make the announcement? "There's the rub." For some weeks back a new work on France, by Lady Morgan, has been advertised, and the publishers are Messrs. Saunders and Otley. These gentlemen, from the taste and discrimination which they have shewn in their publications, have obtained much of that confidence and its consequences which the trash of the Burlington-street steam engine could not command; the Colburns were all resentment, that the hands of their rival should be strengthened by the "apostacy," as they would call it, of their chief supporter before. We do not say, to be sure, that that this

half-price announcement had its origin in a spirit of revenge, but the fact is curious, that it was never made until the rival advertisement had appeared. The trick, however, is too contemptible, and we anticipate that it will produce a striking re-action in the public mind.

Baron Cuvier, the celebrated naturalist, was in England during the late French Revolution. The announcement of the events of July hastened his return to his native country, thus obliging him to break off various appointments which he had made for scientific purposes in England.

Mr. Smith, in a letter to Professor Jameson, gives an account of a tree discovered by him on an excursion up the river Demerara, possessing most of the qualities ascribed by Humboldt to the *Palo de Vaca*. It is a different species, however, and is described by Mr. Smith as thirty or forty feet high, with a diameter at the base of from sixteen to eighteen inches. The milky juice, which it exudes very copiously on being cut, was thicker and richer than cow's milk, and destitute of acrimony, but without any considerable portion of nutritive ingredients. It mixes freely with water. Mr. Arnott, who has examined the dried specimens transmitted by Mr. Smith, refers it to the genus *Tabernæmontana*, and proposes naming it *T. utilis*.

His Majesty has been pleased to present to the Zoological Society the whole of the collection of birds and beasts which belonged to the late King, amounting in number to 150. Great preparations are making at the Society's Gardens for the reception of the collection, and more than one hundred men are now employed in draining the ground on the banks of the Regent's canal and constructing habitations.

Among the portraits brought over by M. Champollion from Egypt, is that of Sechouchis, who was father of the twenty-second dynasty. This individual is the Shishak of Scripture, by whom Jerusalem was taken and the temple laid waste. On the remains of the edifices erected by this Sovereign, Champollion has also observed Rehoboam, Solomon's son and successor, among the effigies of the captive kings.

The Council of the Astronomical Society are engaged by desire of the Admiralty in a revision of the Nautical Almanac, a task which has been too long postponed.

That curious combination of profound science and light-hearted cheerfulness, Moore's Almanack, has, under the date of the Summer quarter this year, given the following very striking prediction :—" We may expect to hear of some eminent *mutations*, *state meetings*, conventions, and changes in the *municipal laws* of some *neighbouring nations* which will be effected with much *heat* and *vigour:* and *some crowned heads will be greatly distressed.*" This must be admitted to be a very curious *coincidence*.

A paper, by Mr. Westwood, on Entomology, containing a curious description of the formation and habits of the tiger beetle, was recently read before the members of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society.

Boai's chin performance has been surpassed by a new musical wonder which has arisen in Germany, in the person of a lady who plays divinely on the piano-forte with her *nose*.

There has lately been discovered on Mount Etna a mass of ice, preserved there for centuries, perhaps, from the circumstance of a current of *red hot lava* having flowed over it. It is supposed, that at the commence-

ment of the eruption by which the stream of lava was sent forth, a quantity of drift snow had been covered with volcanic sand showered upon it before the lava rushed upon it. It is known that such sand mixed with scoriæ is a non-conductor of heat, and hence the singular result described.

In England the mystic words of the law are inapplicable to any thing else; but one can guess at the meaning of a *rule nisi*, a demurrer, and a rejoinder, though the *fi fa's*, and *ca sa's*, are more than sufficiently enigmatical. But in Scotland the language is perfectly oracular, and it would puzzle Œdipus himself to interpret it. When a judge intends to be peremptory in an order, he ordains parties to *condescend*; when he is disposed to be mild and monitory, he recommends them to *box* their pleas! Witnesses must be brought into court upon a *diligence*, and before they can be examined they must be *purged!* When a man leaves his estates to the poor, he is said to *mortify* them: and when you lose your deceased elder brother's estates, it is called a *conquest*.

The second and last arch of the railway bridge over the Irwell, between Manchester and Liverpool, was *keyed* or completed on the 4th of August, only eight days and a half having been employed in its construction. The other works on the line are in a state of equal forwardness, and we believe there is no doubt whatever that the road will be ready for being opened throughout its whole length by the day already fixed,—the 15th of the present month. A new vehicle has been brought down for the rail road. It has been constructed so that it may be driven upon its own wheels from the residence of any gentleman to the railway, and the body of the carriage may then be raised from the wheels by means of a crane, and placed upon a frame or waggon having wheels adapted for the railway. It is then conveyed along the line, and at the end of the journey may be replaced upon a set of ordinary wheels, and driven along the streets to the final destination of the passenger or family, for whose exclusive use it may be devoted. Two of the new locomotive carriages are to be named, by express permission of their Majesties, William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide.

We know of no such poetical writer of prose in our time as Mr. George Robins, the celebrated dispenser, by auction, of, we believe, a quarter of this kingdom, every year. His imagination and descriptive skill are not exceeded by our best masters in the art of literary decoration,—and a glance at his newspaper advertisements any day of the week will fully satisfy our readers of the justice of our observations. His announcement of the "Hafod Estate" is one of the most splendid compositions that has yet fallen from his pen. This estate is shortly to be disposed of, and if it only approaches in beauty the promises of the advertiser, we surely at last have solved the geographical problem,—the site of the Garden of Eden. The auctioneer commences, as is his custom, in a low and humble key. "To attempt to describe Hafod, would, in talented hands, be a task almost Herculean. Mr. Robins is fully conscious of this difficulty, and aware that he must draw very largely on the kind feeling of the public, to excuse the following unpretending and imperfect sketch. The situation of Hafod was wisely chosen by Colonel Johnes; it is altogether so pre-eminently beautiful, that the mind is perpetually lost in wonder and amazement. Nature has bestowed so many charms, of a wild and romantic character, and the hand of Taste and Art has added to these with *so true a poetic*

feeling, that, while one glance of the tourist recalls to mind the descriptive scenes of the authoress of the Italian, another forcibly reminds him of the far-famed gardens of Boccaccio." "In the hands of talents," says Mr. Robins,—as if he were a man without talents,—as if he were not at that instant going to give proof of the transcendent power of *his*. In the next paragraph he touches the sublime of description:

"From the portico it commands a woody winding vale, the undulating forms of whose ascending, shaggy sides, are richly clothed with foliage, broken with silver waterfalls, and crowned with sheep walks, *towering far above the clouds*. The descent of the foot-path is steep and romantic. The scene from the bridge is one of picturesque and entangled wildness; the hard and milk-white rocks are worn into a whimsical variety of shapes; the hanging foliage, above and below, drops its *ornamental fringe over the rugged workmanship of nature*, while the torrent, foaming between its rough and deepened confines, salutes the eye and ear in its tumultuous passage down the declivity. The endless woods, hanging on the alpine mountain sides, in long array, seem to have been planted there by nature before all attested evidence of human habitation."

"In the rides and walks," continues our fanciful guide, "will be found such a continuation of *beautiful wildness*, such fearful and almost unapproachable heights, cataracts so loud and deep, glens terrific, and mountains seemingly to rival the clouds in their stupendous heights. These are only a few of the wonders of this fairy land; surely it may then be safely affirmed, such a scene must be witnessed to be at all appreciated—language is inadequate to do it justice, for it beggars all description; and *if to contemplate Elysium be permitted in this world*, then will the proud distinction belong to Hafod."

To those who are not formed by nature to sympathize with such glorious miracles of nature, the wily poet auctioneer throws out a sly hint, which surely will not be lost on their more worldly propensities.

"It should be observed in conclusion, that Colonel Johnes, whose mighty genius and liberal hand created this paradise amid the mountains, was for many years the member for the county; it need hardly to be remarked, how influential the possession of Hafod will necessarily be in the future representation of Cardiganshire."

The new Geographical Society held a meeting on the 16th July, at which the rules and regulations of the Society were agreed to. Mr. Barrow delivered an admirable address, explanatory of the nature and objects of this Association.

The honour of Knighthood, with a grant of 300*l.* a year to be employed in the promotion of Astronomy, have been conferred on Mr., now Sir James South.

Mr. Davies Gilbert, we understand, is about to retire from the presidency of the Royal Society in favour of the Duke of Sussex—a circumstance of which every lover of science will be glad, and for a reason which is honourable to the amiable mind of Mr. Gilbert. The truth is, that the kind and gentle character of this gentleman fostered rather than discouraged the practices of interested intriguers, and the Society, under his passive administration, was likely, at no distant time, to explode by the collision of its own hostile elements. The Duke of Sussex is possessed of the shrewdness to detect the sources of disunion, and he has energy enough to neutralize them.

The following is a *verbatim* copy of a bill which was sent in to Mr. Bayntun's Election Committee at York:—

"To S. A. Bayntun, Esq., the Chairman and President of the Blue Committee.

	£	s.	d.
"To various Services, Horsflesh, Exhausion of Lungs, &c.	5	10	0
Distributing Cards in various parts of the Country, and Songs of our own composing, and others.....	1	15	7
Giving Spirits and Ale to Young Men to bring them up to the Scratch.....	2	10	6
Blue Ribons got of various people for Mr. Bayntun..	1	10	2½
Mr. F. Woodson's Account as per Bill.....	7	18	6
	£19	4	9½

"Commencing the 29th of July, to tuesday and Wednesday the 4th of August, A.D. 1830."

His Majesty has signified, both to the Asiatic Society and the Royal Society of Literature, his acceptance of the patronage of these institutions. The Royal Society has also been honored by the attention of the King. Speaking of this latter Society, we learn that Mr. Davies Gilbert is about to retire from the Presidency, and that the Duke of Sussex will succeed to it.

Works in the Press.—A New and Complete History of the County of Lincoln, from the earliest period to the present time; including every object of Topographical, Geological, Historical, or Antiquarian Interest: with all the Modern Improvements connected with Agriculture, Architecture, and Commerce, from actual survey, by Thomas Allen, Esq. Author of the History of Yorkshire, &c.—An Address to the Printers of Edinburgh, delivered by Mr. John Gray, of the Edinburgh, Leith, and Glasgow Advertiser, at a Meeting of the Trade, held in the Edinburgh Printers' Hall, on Thursday, 19th August, 1830.—Volume Second of the Principles and practice of Physic, by John Mackintosh, M.D. Lecturer on the Practice of Physic in Edinburgh, &c. &c. This volume will complete the work, which treats of all diseases that fall under the care of the Physician, including those peculiar to Women and Children.—Tales of the Cyclades, and other Poems, by H. J. Bradfield, Author of the Athenaid.—An Abridgement of his Translation of Zumpt's Latin Grammar, by the Rev. John Kenrick.—Select Sermons from Massillon, translated by the Rev. Rutton Morris. We hope that the Rev. Gentleman will do justice to the illustrious author. The English translations of Massillon which are in circulation in this country are perfectly execrable.—Narrative of the Events at Paris, by Wm. Hone.—Similar Narrative, to be published by Galignani of Paris.—Suspirium Sanctorum, a new edition.—France in 1829-30, by Lady Morgan.—Life of Byron, by Galt.—Life of George the Fourth, by the Rev. G. Croly.—The Natural History of Poisons, by J. Murray.—History of Lancashire, by Edward Baines.—Cruikshank's Brighton.—The Geography of Herodotus, by Major Rennell, in 2 vols.—A Portrait of the Major, by permission of the Countess of Spencer.—Mr. Britton, our indefatigable Architectural Antiquarian, is engaged on the Histories and Illustrations of Hereford and Worcester Cathedrals, to form part of his splendid work, The Cathedral Antiquities.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

ARTS, SCIENCES, AND PHILOSOPHY.

Murphy's New Theory of Astronomy, 8vo, 16*s*.
Fearn on Cerebral Vision, 8vo, 6*s*.
Whiting's Description and Use of the Globes.
Londoni Hortus Britannicus, 8vo, 5*s*.
Woodward's British Organic Remains, 5 .
Robinson's Designs for Farm Buildings, 2*l*. 2*s*.
Villa Architecture, 4to, 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.
Wetton's Designs for Villas in the Italian style, 1*l*. 16*s*.
Drawing Made Easy, 18mo, 10*s*. 6*d*.
Lyell's Principles of Geology, 1 vol., 15*s*.
Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, Part 25, being part 1 of the Class Reptilia, 12*s*. col. 24*s*.
Bakewell's Introdnction to Geology, 3d ed., re-composed and enlarged, 18*s*.
Campbell's Dictionary of Military Science, 10*s*. 6*d*.
Sillery on the Creation of the Universe, 3*s*. 6*d*.

BIOGRAPHY.

Sir Thomas Munro's Life, vol. 3, 16*s*.
Lloyd's Memoirs of George IV., with a portrait, 18*s*.
Memoirs of the late Captain Hugh Crow, 8vo, 9*s*. 6*d*.
Memoirs of Philip D'Orleans, present King of France, by himself, 9*s*.
Nare's Life of Lord Burghley, 2d vol.
Boswell's Life of Johnson, 1 vol. cloth bds., 12*s*.
Bourrienne's Memoirs, (Constable's Miscellany, vol. 57).

DRAMA.

Bernard's Retrospection of the Stage, 2 vols. 18*s*.
Featherstonhaugh's Death of Ugolino, a tragedy, 8vo, (Philadelphia).
Bombastes Furioso, illustrated by Cruikshank, 18mo, 1*s*. 6*d*.

EDUCATION.

Morrison's Elements of Practical Arithmetic, 12mo, 3*s*.
Eton Greek Grammar, in English, by G. N. Wright, 4*s*.
Burns's Penmanship, 4to, 12*s*.
Morning Walks, Steps to the Study of Mineralogy, 6*s*.
Williams' Parents' Catechism, 2*s*. 6*d*.
Jameson's Elements of Algebra, 8vo, 7*s*.
Herodotus from the text of Schweighæuser, vol. 1, 8vo, 10*s*. 6*d*.
Johnson's Essays on Interesting and Useful Subjects, 5*s*. 6*d*.
Anthologie Francaise, with Notes, 6*s*. 6*d*.
De la Claviere's Models of French Conversation, 12mo, 6*s*.
The Infant's Own Book, 8vo, with 140 coloured engravings, 8vo, 8*s*. 6*d*.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, AND ANTIQUITIES.

History of Northamptonshire, Part 3, completing vol. 1, by George Baker, large paper, 6*l*. 6*s*.; small paper, 3*l*. 3*s*.
Dictionary of the Architecture and Archæology of the Middle Ages, No. 1. by Mr. Britton, with twelve Engravings, by J. Le Keux.

Picturesque Antiquities of English Cities, No. 6, (concluding number), by Mr. Britton, with nine wood-cuts and eleven engravings.
Newenham's Views of Antiquities in Ireland, 2 vols. 4to, 7*l.* 7*s.*
Hinton's History and Topography of the United States, part 1, 4to, 3*s.*

HISTORY.

The History of the Netherlands, (Lardner's Cyclopædia). 6*s.*
Historic Anecdotes of France, vol. 2 of Juvenile Library, 4*s.*
History of British India, vol 1, vol. xv. of Family Library.

LAW.

Finnelly's Law of Elections, 12mo, 14*s.*
Sugden's Acts, by Jemmett, 12mo, 5*s.*
Stoddart's Speech on Trial by Jury.

MEDICINE.

Murray on Consumption, 12mo, 6*s.*
A Dissertation on the Malvern Waters, by Addison, 6*s.* 6*d.*
Horne on Tumours, 8vo, 5*s.*
Jewel on Leucorrhœa, 5*s.*
Minute Anatomy of the Bones, 2*s.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Welsh's Military Reminiscences, 2 vols., 1*l.* 16*s.*
Mansart's Lycee, 12mo. 5*s.*
Midsummer Medley for 1830, 2 vols. 14*s.*
Taylor's Little Library, vol. 2, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Hawker's Instructions to Sportsmen, 6th edition, 1 vol. 18*s.*
Wakefield's Variety, 12mo, 5*s.* 6*d.*
Traditions of Palestine, 1 vol.
Boscobal Traits, 1 vol.
Dr. Channing's Discourses, Reviews, and Miscellanies, 8vo, 14*s.*
Miss Mitford's Stories of American Life, 3 vols.
Sir T. Dick Lander's Account of the Great Floods in Scotland, 1*l.* 1*s.*
Short Narratives, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Payson's Memoir, 6*s.*
Dalrymples Peninsular War, 8vo, 9*s.*
Northcote's Conversations, by Hazlitt, 10*s.* 6*d.*
Brown's Anecdotes of Horses, 9*s.*
The Menageries, vol. 2, part 1—part 13th of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Separation, by Lady C. Bury, 3 vols. 1*l.* 7*s.*
De L'Orme, 3 vols. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
The Alexandrians, 2 vols.
Greetings and Partings, 1 vol.
Mothers and Daughters, 3 vols.
Russell, or the Reign of Fashion, by the author of a Winter in London, 3 vols.
Norrington, or the Memoirs of a Peer, 2 vols. 12*s.*
Frescati or Scenes in Paris, 3 vols., 1*l.* 7.
Best's St. James, 2 vols., 1*l.* 1*s.*

POETRY.

Poems, on Various Subjects, in which are blended the Humorous and Pathetic, by Charles Lockhart, second edition, enlarged.
Reed's Revolt of the Angels, 8vo, 9*s.*
Burns's Address to the Deil, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Grant's Lord Byron's Cain, 8vo, 10*s.*
Crocker's Vale of Obscurity, 8vo, 5*s.*
Ingram's Matilda, a poem in six books, 12*s.*
Titus, by F. Flowers, 1*s.* 6*d.*

THEOLOGY.

Nine Discourses on the Parable of the Ten Virgins, shewing forth the Duty, Prospect, and Posture of the Christian Church in the present day, by the Rev. C. D. Maitland. A.B., 6*s.* 6*d.*
Wilson's Questions on St. Mark, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*
——————— on St. John, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Soames's Bampton Lectures, 18*s.*
Thomas's Scriptural Character of Civil Punishment Vindicated, 2*s.*
Whittaker's Present Posture and Future Prospects of the Church of England, 8vo.
Addis's Theory of Prophecy, 8vo, 12*s.*
Bishop Sandford's Remains, 2 vols. 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.*

TRAVELS AND VOYAGES.

Alexander's Travels to the Seat of War in the East, 2 vols. 8vo, 1*l.* 8*s.*
Mrs. Elgood's Narrative of a Journey over Land to India, 2 vols. 1*l.* 10*s.*
Friend of Australia, 8vo, 16*s.*

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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1830.

ART. I.—*France in* 1829-30. By Lady Morgan, author of "France" (in 1816) "Life and Times of Salvator Rosa," &c. &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Saunders and Ottley. 1830.

WHAT a beautiful little specimen of emerald splendour is Lady Morgan; and what a beautiful pen her ladyship handles! For many and many a long day she has been forty years of age; but all the young gentlemen of Ireland and all the chevaliers of the salons of Paris, into which mediocrity of talent dare not presume to penetrate,—all—all believe Lady Morgan to be only a vivacious creature of a hoyden in her teens. She is a darling of a philosopher in a gentlewoman's clothing; and she knows all sciences, sacred and profane; and is deep in all manner of lore, good, bad, and indifferent. She has a most elegant and a most superfine treasury of information laid up in that dear little head of hers, the exterior of which, she herself tells us, her facetious friend and companion, Dr. Gall, deemed himself all unworthy to reconnoitre. And she lives (except during her hibernations in Paris, where she goes to put off the brogue,—the real Irish manufacture,—and to rub the skirts of her beautiful national tabinet against the furniture of some minister of note, and to pick up the makings of a portable pair of octavos, for, alas, the reign of the monarchical quarto is at an end) and she lives, we beg to repeat, in her mansion in Kildare street, in the capital of Dublin; a *maison bijou*—a "jewel of a house," where the only draw-back to a perfect paradise, as our lady informs us, is a possible interruption by a technical *cuisinier*, who sometimes knocks up the order of progress of a flight of sublime ideas upon Lady Morgan, by inquiring, with the bill of fare in her hand, whether it is the cold mutton or beefsteaks that her lady-mistress will vouchsafe to dine on.

We were going to recommend, that the New Geographical Society of London should commission Lady Morgan to make an annual migration to Paris; for it is not to be endured that her ladyship's visits to that fertile metropolis should be so angelically few and remote as to allow of such an interval between them as thirteen years,—the period that has intervened between the two greatest events of modern times—Lady Morgan's first and Lady Morgan's last public visit to the continent. Our views in this suggestion are national; and it will be our own fault if the examination of the volume before us does not yield arguments of irresistible efficacy in favour of the proposition which we have made.

Lady Morgan, accompanied by a footman (for that is the first piece of information that she gives us) and a certain distant married relation, whom she condescends to allude to, twice or three times in the course of her volumes, under the denomination of 'my husband,'—with a great variety of other baggage, arrived at Calais on a certain day. The date of this memorable event will be found on the back of the document which settles the birth-place of Homer, and records the genuine biography of the man who constructed the temple of Ephesus. Her ladyship is struck with the change which she observes in Calais. 'How English,' she says, on closely inspecting her auberge; and from that moment, every thing she sees, every thing she eats, or drinks, or feels, or even smells to, is 'English.' When her ladyship, however, condescends to be illustrative, she, rather unfortunately for the success of her theory, betrays the false premises on which she builds. We had our eyes about us in France, and could see as far as Lady Morgan; but we declare that the only good imitation of English civilization, which was publicly visible in the pas de Calais, consisted in a new coach, constructed after the manner of the artists of Long Acre; but so little did it exemplify a national adoption on the part of France, of our improved machinery for conveyance, that the unfortunate adventurers, who started the English Telegraph between Calais and Boulogne, have since heartily repented of their enterprise. The project is gone to ruin, and we ask of Lady Morgan to name the place in France where a single coach on the plan of our English ones, now plies, or has ever plied, except indeed it belongs to the present King of the French, who has shewn virtue enough to accept improvements, although they should come from what he might have considered a rival of his own country. All that she says about the new appearance of the *belle* nation, has about the same relation to an axiom, as the comical conviction which she entertains about the eternity of her own youth. The words of her ladyship are as follows:—

'Not a sanded floor, nor a sullied parquet are now visible; nothing but English carpets, and English cleanliness; English delf and English damask; not a rag of the old huckaback left, which seemed formerly to serve the double purposes of bed and table. The ostler, too,

speaks English to our servant, with all the classic slang of "Lad-lane," or the "Golden Cross." The *Garçon* cries "coming up;" and the tea and muffins are worthy the Talbot at Shrewsbury. A horn, too! not the "crack, crack, crack!" of old associations, but a "reg'lar" mail coach horn; the "Bang-up," from Bologne, cantering into the yard, with horses curvetting, and not a hair turned—a whip, that "tips the silk" like a feather—"ribbons," not ropes—a coachman, all capes and castor—a guard that cries "all right"—and the whole "turn out," worthy of the four-in-hand club! Not a jack-boot, not a *queue*, not a powdered *toupée* left; nothing to ridicule, nothing to blame. *"Il-n'y-a plus de Pyrenées!"* The age of tourists and of chivalry is alike over. What luck to have written *my* France, while France was still so French!—vol. i. pp. 12, 13.

Before we get to Paris, there is one little matter which we have to settle with Lady Morgan. In Ireland she is all but a Roman Catholic. She loves O'Connell; and her Irish heart throbs, or used to throb in unison with the throes of her beloved brothers and sisters—the martyrs of religious persecution. Out of Ireland, wherefore is she so prone to calumniate the religion of the same beloved countrymen? She says—

'Much more recently, a Baron de Zuch was arrested, tried, and executed at Turin, for having published that the earth moves round the sun. At the present day, efforts are still made in Rome to prevent the teaching, either verbally or in print, of the Copernican doctrine. Little did the good people of England think, when they were scattering their millions in the war against Napoleon, that they were fighting for the restoration of Ptolemy, and the downfall of Newton; yet so it was!'—pp. 18, 19.

In compliance with the dictates of common justice, we must quote, from a late work of Dr. Lyell, the following statement:—"I was assured, in 1828, by Professor Scarpellini, at Rome, that Pius VII., a pontiff distinguished for his love of science, procured, in 1818, a repeal of the edicts against Galileo and the Copernican system. He assembled the congregation, and the late Cardinal Torroizzi, assessor of the sacred office, proposed that *"they should wipe off this scandal from the church."* The repeal was carried, with the dissentient voice of one Dominican only. *Long before this time*, the Newtonian theory had been taught in the Sapienza and all Catholic Universites, (with the exception, I am told, of Salamanca,) but it was always required of professors, in deference to the decrees of the church, to use the term hypothesis, instead of theory. They now speak of the Copernician theory."—*Principles of Geology*, p. 69. So much for Lady Morgan's accuracy.

Arrived in Paris, her Ladyship is again struck with the awful approximation of the French planet towards the orbit of England; and she contrasts the accommodations of the modern Parisian hotel with the nakedness of the nominal one, where she had set up in 1816, when neither a carpet nor a fire, nor a toilet table could be had for love or money. We suspect that it is not so much the *time* that made the difference in the furniture of the two hotels, as the quarter of the town in which her Ladyship looked out for a

residence on each occasion. But that is nothing; Lady Morgan remembers the self-hired valet who attended her on her first setting down in Paris, and who pulled out a list of materials for making a fire, as long, she says, as "*Leporello's catalogue of Don Juan's mistresses!*" This illustration, we dare say, is a very apt one; and we are not certain that Lady Morgan does not mean that it should be taken as a sample, of the description of facts which are stored in her Ladyship's memory, ready to be employed in the same offices whenever the edification of her female readers may require it.

Lady Morgan's 'First days in Paris,' are ushered in with a morsel of philosophical commentary, which it may be instructive to endeavour to fathom. She says—

'Years and hours are no certain measures of the duration of life. A long life is that in which we live every hour, and feel that we do so. It is a life made up of vivid, rapid, and varied sensations, the parents of lasting impressions, and of prolific combinations of ideas; a life in which the feelings are preserved fresh by past associations, and the fancy exercised by a quick succession of images; a life which, whether it makes us feel the blessings or the burthen of existence, still gives the full conciousness that we do "live, breathe, and have a being." All that is not this, is nothing,—or at best the raw material of life, unworked and unenjoyed: it is the charcoal and oyster shell, substantially identical with the diamond and the pearl, but wanting in the lustre and polish which confer on them their rarity and value.'—vol. i. pp. 37, 38.

In this sublime passage,—interpreted for the use of the public,—Lady Morgan is pleased to propound a great deal that is difficult—at least to us—to be comprehended. A 'long life,' she observes, 'is not a matter of seventy or eighty years' vegetation on the surface of this earth; no, it is a thing wholly consisting of vivid, rapid, and varied sensations.' Thus far we understand her ladyship. 'Sensations' are impressions made upon us by the medium of the senses. The senses, therefore, are the great agents in producing that sort of existence called 'long life.' But 'long life,' in the very next sentence, turns out to be another sort of production altogether, for her ladyship says that a 'long life' is 'a life in which the feelings are preserved fresh by *past associations*'—that is to say, it is made long by recalling former impressions; by reflection, in short, to the necessary exclusion of the very 'sensations' which before, we were told, in their vividness, rapidity, and variety, alone constituted what Lady Morgan calls a long life. But we have a little more to say to her ladyship's metaphysics. This same 'long life,' she declares is not necessarily made up of pleasing impressions, for it may be the product of a series of calamities as well as the result of a series of agreeable sensations; at least so we understand her ladyship. She then goes on to state that 'all that is not this'—that is, all of existence that does not make us feel life as a blessing or a burden;—'is nothing, or, at least, the raw material of life, unworked, and *unenjoyed*;' which, being construed literally, means,

amongst other things, that 'all of life *which is this*,'—that is, of the description to which she alludes in other words,—all which is burdensome as well as all which is pleasant, is *enjoyed*. This may appear to be inquisitorial criticism; but it is a passion we have, to endeavour, in our humble way, to follow the flights of the master spirits of our day and wander in their wake, though sometimes we do not well know where. But we must hasten to the next page, where, we apprise the reader, his best white handkerchief is likely to be called into requisition.

'The morning of my arrival, I took up my old Paris visiting book for 1818, to look for addresses, to dispatch cards to old acquaintances, and notes to friends, after the Parisian fashion. The first name that met my eye was one which made me shudder, and feel, as I had felt when I broke the black seal of the letter which so unexpectedly announced the decease of its owner. Well might that distinguished name present itself the first on the list. The first hand that was wont to hail our return to France, was Denon's; the first cordial smile that gave us the warm assurance of a welcome, was his. Other hands were now extended, other smiles beamed now as brightly; but his were dimmed for ever!

'The brightest aspect of the national character, in other times, and under other institutions, was preserved and presented in the person of Denon. Kind, courteous, cordial, gay, witty and learned, he was not only the most agreeable and instructive of companions, but the most obliging and serviceable of friends. His brilliant and varied conversation "was a book in which men might read strange things." The page, minister, and *gentilhomme de la chambre* of Louis the Fifteenth, the friend of Voltaire, the intimate of Napoleon, the traveller and historian of modern Egypt, the director of the *Musée* of France, when Paris was the museum of the world,—as courtier, diplomatist, author, artist, antiquarian, he had passed the ordeal of the greatest changes, the most violent transitions, the world had ever seen; and he had passed them with principles unshaken and feelings unworn. *All this was Denon: but though he were not all, or any of this, still he suited me,—I suited him!!* The same follies made us laugh, the same crimes made us sad. There was between us that sympathy, in spite of the disparity of years and talents, which, whether in trifles or essentials,—*between the frivolous or the profound*,—make the true basis of those ties, *so sweet to bind, so bitter to break!* As I drew my pen across his precious and historical name, I felt as if I was throwing earth on his grave!'—vol. i. pp. 39—41.

If the reader be disposed to smile at the language of this passage, we can only say that the feelings with which it has inspired us, are connected with a very different sort of expression indeed. The ludicrous, to be sure, is there in abundance; but it is seen in the shades of the terrific, and only gives a deeper character of sadness to the whole picture. To say of this passage merely that it is a bold one; that it manifests an intrepidity before the world a little better or worse than natural for a woman—for a lady, a companion of Duchesses,—would be trite. But where was that little minimum of human compassion that waits for the last emergency of pity, and

that should have oozed out upon those lines of shame and humiliation, of which, as amongst the contents of these volumes, a husband was given out as the supervisor? But Lady Morgan has written a libel for an elegy on Denon. We tell her flatly that he had a better taste than she imagines, old as he was. Her ladyship may have suited that celebrated man, but she suited him as his *drole de corps*,—the name he usually applied to her, and of which, strange to say, she even yet is unacquainted with the whole contemptuous implication.

But men must die, it is the lot of all; 'so closing my eyes as I might,' continues Miladi, 'upon the past, and giving myself up to the hope of the future, under the influence of a climate, which developes a sensibility, *prompt, not deep*, I threw myself,' &c.

The very extraordinay property of the Paris climate here spoken of by her ladyship is, we admit, quite new to us. That the organization of the said climate is so exquisitely delicate as to be able to distinguish between the sensibility that is 'prompt' and that which is 'deep,' must be one of the very latest discoveries in physical science. Very luckily Lady Morgan had a 'sensibility' that was quite *apropos* to her circumstances; and yielding herself to the peculiar influence of the climate, like the matron of Ephesus she began to smile through her tears, and soon lost all unpleasant recollections of those that were gone, in the most grateful anticipations with reference to "the greater still behind." Lady Morgan had only a short time to stay in Paris, and she was right to make the best of it. Grieving is loosing time, and why should she waste on the dead those thoughts which might be better devoted to her living friends in that capital; friends, too, of that exalted character that 'each in his way is a specimen of that genius and virtue which, in all regions, and in all ages, *make the ne plus ultra of human excellence*'! Tell me your friends, says the proverb, and I shall tell who you are; what shall we think of Lady Morgan then, who thus associates with the *ne plus ultras* of human excellence?

We have now seen her ladyship take up her visiting book of 1818, and like the great actor in the picture between the two muses of Tragedy and Comedy, we have seen her sigh and smile as she turned over the voluminous catalogue of departed, or of still surviving friends. Next we have to trace her in her locomotive aspect, wandering over her dear delicious boulevards, and dropping, as if she fell in the instant from the clouds, on the hotel of one of those magnificent creatures of the universe; one of those terraqueous celestials that contribute to 'make the *ne plus ultra* of human excellence.' Her ladyship began with Lafayette. But we should have noted as a general practice applying to all occasions, that Lady Morgan and suite always went about in a carriage. Wherever she goes, whatever sights to see, the entry in the chronicle is that she got down from—her carriage; she meets a friend in the street; she puts her hand out of—the carriage to

squeeze his; (a vulgar practice, by the way, in Paris, and not at all to be observed;) the streets look changed—out of the window of her carriage; the sky appears serene—out of the windows of her carriage; the middle of the streets are not so firmly paved as those in London, as she knows by the rolling of her carriage. In short our own private suspicion is, that Lady Morgan slept—in her carriage and wrote—in her carriage; so unceasingly is her carriage on the tip of her pen. Well, but her ladyship began with Lafayette. It is right that we should state that the single-hearted and most worthy old man had 'called upon Lady Morgan immediately on her arrival, but she was not at home,' so that on

'Returning the following day, we found the entrance of his hotel occupied by a carriage which had drawn up at the foot of the great stairs, opening into the court. *We alighted, and entered on foot.* A gentleman who was standing on the last step, while his servant threw a large military cloak over his shoulders, turned round to enter into the carriage. A mutual exclamation and recognition followed. It was Lafayette, younger, healthier, more on the alert than ever. His heart-whole cordiality, his affectionate welcome, his animated manner and benignant smile, exhibited the same consistency in feeling and in friendship as he has shewn in political principle. "I was just going to see you," he said; and ordering his carriage away, instead of availing himself of my husband's offered arm to ascend the stairs, he drew that of the dear little companion I was so proud to present to him, under his own; and with the air and manner of the "young and gallant Layafette" of Marie Antoinette's fastidious court, he led us to his salon.

After a long and delightful conversation, in which the calm vigour and sober enthusiasm of his mind came forth in details the most interesting and instructive, we parted; but only with the mutual promise of meeting at night at the house of his celebrated relation, the Count de Tracy.'—vol. i. pp. 100, 101.

It is a remarkable event in this day's proceedings that her ladyship alighted and entered on foot; what! is it the custom for folks to ride into the hall in their carriages, as was formerly the case in sedans? Otherwise we cannot imagine what better Lady Morgan could have done than to alight and enter on foot. Now one word in soberness with respect to Lady Morgan and Lafayette. The benevolance of that universally esteemed citizen is one of the most prominent of his virtues. His principle of charity is that it is better to be kind to ninety-nine unworthy persons than to be unkind to a single worthy one. And this is an excellent maxim and would recommend itself to general adoption but for the multiplicity of practical inconveniences to which it subjects one. Let us only consider for a moment the anxious attention with which General Lafayette watches in Paris the steps, and provides for the honourable reception, at the hour we write in, of such a deputation from the English people, as Dr. Bowring the quack, and one of the sons of the notorious Cobbett. No impartial and well directed mind, though even dissenting from his public principles, but must

admire the political consistency of Lafayette. And it is a happy circumstance that we are able to do homage to the primitive simplicity of his most honourable character; at the same time, that we must, in justice, deny to him the possession of that worldly experience and penetration which would enable him to distinguish merit from pretension; and to estimate individuals more by what was thought of them in their own country, than by what they thought of themselves.'

Lady Morgan has a notion of economy that does not abandon her in the whirlwind even of Parisian fashion, and on the same evening she will absolutely visit two, no less than two *ne plus ultras* of the human race. Talking of one evening in particular, she says—

'But there was no getting away from Monsieur de Ségur's, whose society and conversation make one forget "all seasons and their changes." Yet it was a point to visit on the same evening, the MOST BRILLIANT remaining *littérateur*, and the *most celebrated* metaphysician of the last century;—to say nothing of a *rendezvous* with Lafayette. As we passed through the antechamber, and entered the first salon, I was surprised to catch the sound of, what the prim brothers of the lady in Comus, too precisely call "ill-managed mirth"—mirth that exploded in joyous peals of laughter, coming from the heart of the youthful. The room was almost impassable. Its centre was occupied by a circle of young persons of both sexes, (the grandchildren of De Tracy and of Lafayette,) with their friends: among whom were some juvenile Americans. In the midst of this group stood Lafayette, legislating for some complex case in the law of forfeits, for which purpose he had been called away from another group in a distant part of the room, composed of Benjamin de Constant, the Ternaux, Perriers, Monsieur Victor de Tracy, and other *notables* of the *colté gauche* of both chambers; whose conversation was not in the least disturbed by the joyous party, no less intent on their small plays, than the seniors were on the great game of political life, which *they* were discussing. My own dear little relation, who accompanied me, was received into this happy party, as though she had been as old a friend of its members as her aunt; and I left her, in a moment, as busily occupied in the mysteries of *le mot à double sens*, as if the acquaintance of a minute had been the friendship of a century.'—vol. i. pp. 138, 139.

How on earth is it, the reader will enquire, that no notice seems yet to be taken of Miladi Morgan? But let us hear what she says half a page off.

'The assemblies of Monsieur de Tracy, which occur weekly during the season, are among the most select and remarkable in Paris. Inaccessible to common-place mediocrity and pushing pretension, their visitor must be ticketted in some way or other to obtain a presentation. We found our celebrated host much declined in health and strength. His fine intellect, however, was unaltered, and his conversation full of interest and information. Still there hangs a shade over his spirits, a feeling consciousness of impaired powers, which none but himself perceives, and which, I believe, is peculiar to persons of genius and of strong character in old age. It is

rarely found in the senility of the dull and the ordinary. Self-occupied from the cradle to the tomb, their mechanical flutter, in advanced life, is but a continuance of the heartless vivacity of their youth. What capabilities to please others we must possess, before we become dissatisfied with ourselves!'—vol. i. pp. 140—141.

Hence be it known to all the world, that Lady Morgan, whilst in the French metropolis, was a welcome guest at assemblies 'the most select and remarkable in Paris,'—that she was invited to salons which were 'inaccessible to common-place mediocrity, and pushing pretension,'—whose visitor 'must be ticketted in some way or other'—(by writing France, mayhap, in 1816, or the Life of Salvator, or a Book of the Boudoir) 'to obtain a presentation.'

Let Miladi go where she will, the whole business of the scene centres in herself. She attended a ball at the English embassy. The most elaborate description of the group of the Austrian corps diplomatique is given by her ladyship, and it is not until we have got through the details, that the mystery of the whole performance is disclosed.

'When his Austrian excellence was announced, how I started, with all the weight of Aulic proscription on my head. The representative of the long-armed monarch of Hapsburg so near me,—of him, who, could he only once get his fidgetty fingers *on my little neck*, would give it a twist, that would save his custom-house officers all future trouble of breaking carriages and harrassing travellers, in search of the pestilent writings of "Ladi Morgan." I did not breathe freely, till his excellency had passed on with his glittering train, into the illuminated conservatory, and was lost in a wilderness of flowering shrubs and orange trees.'—vol. i. p. 149.

We may mention that the story of the array of the government force of Austria against Lady Morgan's intellectual influence is the merest hoax in the world. Some of the French young men of fashion—the fondest creatures alive of diversion—so managed it, that the Custom House of Vienna issued a prohibition against the importation of Lady Morgan's works, particularly in the English form, lest they should be read by the Austrian population! Ever since, her ladyship is afflicted with a political intermittent fever, and nothing can exceed her distress when the vision of the house of Hapsburgh, with its multitudinous family looking more in anger than in sorrow, presents itself in her periodical dreams. Heavens! what an interesting creature it is that excites such a deal of continental apprehension.

But the dear little Miladi is recompensed for all this spectral calamity, in the solid consolations which the intelligent part of the world takes a delight in administering to her. Another of these sacred edifices, where 'mediocrity is not tolerated,' receives Lady Morgan to dinner, and the old Count de Segur, since gone to his account, asserts the genuineness of his taste, and the estimation in which he holds genius, by aiming at the high privilege of standing in the relation of a host to Miladi Morgan.

However, we have seen nothing as yet at all to be compared to the dialogue found in the first volume of the present work, on the claims of the romantic and classic school which have so long divided the literary circles of Paris. The visit of a young gentleman to whom the Morgan family had been presented the night before—(since we wish to be exact)—was the immediate occasion of this immortal discussion. Her ladyship gives the description of her visitor *con amore.*

'There was something of an *exalté* in his air,' (she would mix with none other,) 'in his open shirt-collar, black head, and wild and melancholy look, that *had engaged my attention the night before;*'—(Denon, it should be remarked, was dead) 'and this, together with one or two paradoxical opinions which I heard him let fall, made me glad to see him again; for, like Madame de Sévigné, I hate "*les gens qui ont toujours raison.*"'—vol. i. p. 167.

This young gentleman proceeded to such lengths in unfolding the revolutions of the literary world since her ladyship's last visit, that at last she began to think that her squire was playing off a hoax, and that he was only an emissary of the ultras, who, in the ingenuity of their malice, 'wanted to get her to write down absurdities' (p. 177). Heaven defend Lady Morgan, say we, through this critical world; for it is not clear to us, after reading this wonderful work of hers, that the eclipse of the moon, on the 2nd of last month, had not an especial reference to her ladyship's *two* volumes, and to the kingdom of France, and the house—the *maison bijou*—in Kildare-street. And strangely enough, the *exalté* visitor—(by the way, this is the decent phrase in France for describing a maniac)—does now and then betray the cloven foot. As a specimen of the raw materials which the romantic operatives are wont to employ in their favourite manufactures, the young visitor in the black head relates a most heart-rending tale of the fate of an unfortunate genius. After going over details of the interesting biography which would touch the most obdurate of souls, the very old young impostor concludes with the account of his hero's death—a victim to pulmonary consumption! We must give the scene, for it is as good as any thing in Tom Thumb or Bombastes Furioso.

'"Poor, neglected, worn-out, he died last October, of a broken heart, and a complicated pulmonary consumption. You weep, *chère miladi!*"

'"'Tis very foolish," I said, "but the fact is, that the life and death of this unfortunate and very foolish young man, recall those of one who, when in infancy, *was the adopted of my father's house*, the unfortunate Thomas Dermody, the poet; but you know as little, I suppose, of our modern poets, as I do of yours."

'"*Que vous êtes bonne!*" said my good-natured friend, mingling his tears with mine. "I am very sorry to have called up such melancholy recollections. But dry up your tears, *et consolez vous.* In all I have said there is not one word of truth."

'"No?—not one word of truth, Monsieur?"

'"No, to be sure. The Life of Joseph de Lorme is a mere poetical fiction."

'"He was not, then, the miserable afflicted writer you paint him?"

'"Nothing like it," said he, laughing heartily. "There never was any such person at all. His life, poems, and thoughts, so full of genius and melancholy, are written by a charming young man, who is the very reverse of all this; by the living, lively, happy St. Beuve, a most ingenious, clever, healthy, and prosperous gentleman. But with all his poetical *verve*, he knew that he could not, under such circumstances, command success. There was not, he was aware, a single romantic bookseller who would venture on the works of one who was in good circumstances and good health, gay, contented, and not labouring under a 'complicated pulmonary consumption.' He acted accordingly, and placed his reputation under the ægis of this *homme de circonstance*, the fanciful and fictitious Joseph de Lorme." '—vol. i. pp. 193—195.

Leaving St. Beuve, the living and lively young poet, to shift for himself, we pray attention to Lady Morgan's part of the dialogue, and to that passage in particular where she says, that Dermody was the adopted of her 'father's house.' Now it is no part of our business to meddle with the pedigree of authors whom it is our chance to become acquainted with in the course of our monthly labours. But when genealogy is intended to be made the engine of fraud —when the ambitious pretensions of adventurers on the credulity, or rather gullibility of the public of more than one kingdom, are sought to be bolstered up by assertions which, from their boldness, absolutely repel suspicion and silence dissent, it is high time for squeamish delicacy to yield to the stubborn force of truth. 'The adopted of my father's house!' What house, in the name of goodness, does her ladyship mean? We solemnly believe that there is not a man, either in France or in England, who would, were he now revived amongst us, more heartily laugh at the humbug which her ladyship's 'adopted of my father's house' so cunningly implies, than the said father himself, poor, honest, simple, homely Owenson, the delight of the one-shilling gallery, and the persecuted of fortune exactly in the ratio that he deserved to be well treated by that uneven-handed goddess. And tears, forsooth! The daughter of Dermody's opulent patron, weeps at the remembrance of the premature frustration of the means which her father's bounty had set apart for the encouragement of youthful genius! Of the two, Owenson and Dermody, we really believe that the latter was by far the better off. Acquainted they certainly were; many and many a reeking tumbler was drunk, at all events *in their presence*. But it is rather a rude perversion of history to convert two very well matched pot-companions, into the grave relation of patron and dependent; seeing that dame fortune looked with somewhat of an indifferent eye upon the worldly state of each of the heroes. In plain, unvarnished language, Lady Morgan came from the very humblest of the walks of life, and it is the highest feather in her cap, if she but understood the real philosophy of the matter, that her talents have enabled her to rise above the destination of her

birth. Most strange it is, that one who sets out as a democrat—as a vindicator of the original equality of men; one who denounces occasionally the barriers which corrupt society has set up between classes of human beings,—strange to say that *she* should be among the idolaters of aristocratic distinction; and one of the most sanguine partizans (as far as she can) of that pride of exclusion and that wantonness of social proscription which, by the way, if it were carried into strict execution by the higher orders, would separate Miladi from the thousand enjoyments of which she is so susceptible. After all, true to her old principle, Lady Morgan makes this protracted affair about romanticism and classicism, end in a compliment to herself; for the young gentleman with the black head takes occasion, at a suitable moment, to assure her that she is regarded throughout France as one of the founders of the Romantic School, and that *her* 'first France' was the instrument of his initiation into the doctrines of the school! As we have now stated the upshot of her ladyship's elaborate chapter on the subject of these schools, it is not expected that we should enter into the details of its contents. In the mean time, we should like to know the name of any French writer of the least degree of celebrity who has ever mentioned Lady Morgan as one of the apostles of Romanticism. There is a great deal of various ingenuity displayed by Lady Morgan in the contrivances, whereby she is enabled to tempt the reader into the perusal of a chapter, in which she has something to say about herself. These, generally successful, stratagems remind us of the lottery puffs of past times, which began in deeply mysterious periods, concentrating our whole faculties, until we came to the ludicrous passage which invited us to try "Lucky Corner," where no blank was ever sold. Thus we have in France, in 1829-30, a chapter on French sculpture; and we really declare, that so anxious were we for information on that interesting subject, that we completely fell into the trap which Lady Morgan had laid before us. Let it be therefore known to all, that the chapter on French sculpture in this work is nothing but a silly puff of Lady Morgan by herself. On one of the 'Wednesday evenings' of the Baron Gerard, her ladyship honoured the Baron with her presence, and well it was for Gerard that he was 'ticketed' a noble, for he may be assured that otherwise his hospitality and his genius would have remained to this hour, unhonoured and unsung, at least so far as the landlady of the *maison bijou*, in Kildare-street, is concerned. The evening was made memorable by an incident, of which it is enough to say that Lady Morgan was the principal personage.

'Amidst the many recognitions of old friends and acquaintances, and the presentations of new, I observed a young man, *who looked at me so intensely*, that I thought he might be one of "the thousand and one" particular friends, whose acquaintance I had made in France or Italy. While

I was preparing for one of those *discours banals*, in which one is so often trapped, asking the parentless for their fathers, *or the divorced for their wives*,' (how pointed and how delicate the illustration!) 'Gerard stepped up to me and said, "There is a young friend of mine most desirous, in the first place, of being presented to you, and, in the second, most desirous to execute your bust."

'The bust was a bore; but I asked his friend's name. "It is David," he said, "a young and very justly celebrated sculptor. You have probably seen his Prince de Condé, on the Pont Louis XVI."

'Such are the pleasant coincidences of a roving life. We meet, scattered over the surface of remote and variegated society, so many we wish to know, and who wish to know us, not merely, perhaps, for the respective merits of the parties, but for the magic bond, the "*vous me convenez—je vous conviens!*" I knew the author of the statue of Condé must be in my way; (be the confession an epigram or an *éloge*;) and in the many pleasant hours we afterwards spent in his study in the faubourg, while sitting for my bust,—in the Rue de Rivoli, at our hotel,—and in the various rencontres of Parisian society, this first impression was fully justified, as first impressions indeed very generally are.'—vol. i. p. 308, 309.

Lady Morgan was the very woman to renew, as quickly as possible, the obligations of that 'magic bond' which, with such wonderful force, had bound her to her dear Denon, and which, it must be admitted, she forgot with as great facility as she of old, —the widow who was wooed, won, and wed—

Le tout au nez du mort qu'elle avoit tant cheri.

It should however be borne in mind, that our David was 'no vulgar youth,' but that he had tastes and aspirations which distinguished him above the common herd of artists—at least so says Lady Morgan.

'Although David is the sculptor of romanticism *par excellence*, he has a strong vocation to moulding the heads of those *who have amused the public or himself*, without much reference to sect, and still less with a view either to pecuniary profit or (in my instance) to permanent fame. There comes an order from a prince or a minister, from one at the head of power or of fashion; and a sitting is required which is to be paid for at any price the artist demands; but David's whole soul is in some work for which he is to receive nothing,—something at which he is labouring *con amore*. He is modelling, perhaps, the noble bust of a Washington or a Lafayette, or he is pourtraying the elegant features of a La Martine; or he is chiselling the expressive countenance of his friend Mérimée, or the animated head of that true son of the torrid zone, Dumas; or haply he is immortalizing a dimple in the round cheek of the pretty Delphine Gay, or delineating the lady-like traits of Madelle Tastu, or the antique profile of the divine Pasta, or the French grace of Madelle Mars; a fortune is awaiting him through the liberality of unsought greatness, or of royal patronage; but he, good man, is amusing himself with *modelling les célébrités for his own particular satisfaction, and the pleasure of that rising generation of taste and genius*, to which he himself belongs;—and greatness must await his better leisure.'—vol i. pp. 309, 310.

This cannot be misunderstood at all events, and we may set it down as quite a settled matter, that Lady Morgan's head belongs to one of those who have amused the public or Mr. David the sculptor; and that the said head, part and parcel of one of *les célébrités*, is worthy of being modelled for the pleasure of the rising generation of taste and genius! It will not be easy, we ween, to meet with any thing half so good as this in France, 1829-30, but if any body can outdo her own wonderful works hitherto, it is *Sa Célébrité*, Lady Morgan herself.

Paris is confessedly a place to which Lady Morgan is devotedly attached; it is so delightful, so amusing, so instructive, and it affords so very trifling an amount of time during which any body can indulge in a serious thought connected with God or man; its duties and business being so wholly composed of 'laughing, arguing, gossiping, lounging on sofas, or jumping into carriages!' and consequently so harmoniously adapted to the physical and metaphysical state of her ladyship, that one wonders why she does not at once take up her everlasting rest in the divine capital, and laugh, and lounge, and jump away throughout the year. This is a matter of really very great importance, and we hope that her ladyship will concede to it all the consideration it deserves. But perhaps Lady Morgan is too cunning a guardian of her own celebrity to do this. Use, alas, makes the finest specimens in the world of intellectuality, as her ladyship would say, familiar, and then Miladi might sink into an ordinary spectacle, and an every day wonder; and the warmth of the worshippers at her shrine might decay, and she might bid adieu to the possibility of the return of such devout homage as she describes in the following words:—

'I happened one night to mention at General Lafayette's that I should remain at home on the following morning, to sit for a medal to David, and the information brought us a numerous circle of morning visitors; others dropped in by chance, and some by appointment. From twelve till four, my little salon was a congress composed of the representatives of every vocation of arts, letters, science, *bon ton*, and philosophy, in which, as in the Italian opera-boxes of Milan and Naples, the comers and goers succeeded each other, as the narrow limits of the space required that the earliest visitor should make room for the last arrival.—vol. i. p. 320.

Only let it be remembered, that it was but the night before the exhibition that a hint of her intention to sit was whispered by Lady Morgan. What a notion it gives us of the rapid circulation of interesting intelligence, through the almost interminable ranks of illustrious and never to be too much admired spirits which compose the community of Parisian literators. Lady Morgan, we must say, is moderate in her enumeration of the various callings which were represented in this memorable congress, judging by the names which she so freely, and perhaps not very decorously, thrusts forward before the public. Truth to tell, we have not the least hesitation in believing, that when Lady Morgan ventured to apply the

dashing phrases of representatives of every vocation, &c., to the individuals who, we afterwards find, constituted the bulk of this congress, she counted on the ignorance of her readers in this country. No one who hears of Messrs. Bayle, Mérimée, and Buchon, and others, being elevated to the dignity of representatives of bon ton and science, and philosophy, but must feel the cruelty of thus consigning their names to never ending laughter. At the same time it is only a just retribution which Lady Morgan inflicts on them when she thus gives them a pretended rank; for really we can see in the whole of their conduct and conversation, as described by her ladyship, only one consistent inclination to hoax Lady Morgan. A pair of wags, better suited for the execution of a harmless conspiracy against the simple credulity, and, we must add, the great ignorance of Lady Morgan, could not have been sent to this congress of wits than the said Mérimée and Bayle—men whose distinctive character is the felicity with which they shine in all sorts of masquerade. We think we see Bayle's sarcastic eye glancing with infinite delight as he repeats the following sentence, which Lady Morgan seems to have very faithfully recorded. Her ladyship had the humility to think that the Anglo-French, in which she writes or speaks, 'shocked the ears of the purists—'Shock us,' said Bayle, 'yes, but not in your English sense of the word. It does give us an *agreeable shock*.' (The unmerciful rogue!) 'Are you English aware that there is an almost primitive simplicity,' (here Bayle bit his lips) 'in the errors you commit in our language of phrases, that carries with it an *infinite charm!*' Surely this should have opened her ladyship's eyes at any rate—but she simpered her thanks for the pretty compliment, and yielded to the clumsy bait with the blind precipitancy of a hungry gillaroo.

We must pass over the careful record, by Miladi, of some hundreds of cases of jumping into carriages, and throwing herself upon the first ottoman she meets, sometimes all but dislocating some unfortunate old gentleman from his seat thereon, as thus: 'At a ball, in the Rue de Bourbon, at my excellent friend Madame L—'s, I took shelter in a pretty boudoir, and threw myself upon the first ottoman that presented itself, very nearly tumbling over an old gentleman who occupied a place on its corner.' We must also pretermit a whole heap of shining description, touching the boundless acts of homage which had been done to her Ladyship, &c. &c. A visit which she pays to Béranger in prison, deserves to be noticed for one remarkable feature, namely, that it is the solitary occasion of all that are recorded in these volumes, on which none of the company seemed to be impressed with her astonishing powers; but for the insensibility of Béranger to her sublime celebrity, she is amply remunerated in the showers of the most fragrant adulation (?) by a distinguished member of the garde de corps, who, she assures us, was *entiché* with military honours, and who sent her up to the third heaven by his significant panegyrics on the constitution of

good society in Paris, the top-sawyers (her Ladyship's own word) of which, are governed in their admission of strangers amongst them, solely by 'preference of amusing talent, ennobling genius, or well-merited celebrity.' Seeing how well he succeeded, the merciless officer followed up the hard-hearted assault in the following uncompromising manner:—

'"I must, however, observe, that the same principle appeared to me to be gaining ground even in your exclusive circles of London, where the "most agreeable" takes the *pas* of the "most noble," and where youth, beauty, and wit, have a decided advantage over dowager dulness, and aristocratic *morgue*."'—vol. i. p. 518.

Lady Morgan visited all the theatres, we believe, in Paris, except the Français; and the reason she gives for making that house an exception is, that the last time she went there it was to see Talma, and at his own request. Thus we see that great souls, even for their most ordinary actions, must have motives which the common run of mankind cannot even understand. Nor is it in the peculiar sublimity of those springs which at all times guide Lady Morgan's conduct, that she may consider herself so entirely lifted up over the heads of all mankind; but the very circumstances in which she is placed, at any given occasion of her life, are all so felicitously suited to her taste at the moment, that it is almost impossible to doubt that she has some power, beyond what is natural, in controling her course through this world. She was taught the art of engraving and pottery in Denon's cabriolet; and the 'little acquirements' she made in the divine subjects of the arts, have been obtained while running about the world! It was 'her lucky chance to have assisted at the packing up of the great pictures of the Pope and his Cardinal Secretary, in the Quirinal, chatting to the admirable artist,' (Sir T. Lawrence,) &c. &c. She continues—

'It was my proud privilege to be permitted to frequent the Studio of Canova, while he worked at his last beautiful production; to look over the shoulder of Raphael Morghen while he engraved his favourite Laura; to have rummaged among the splendid designs of Gerard, and the portefolios of Lefèvre, as I pleased; and to have extorted from them all, opinions or sentiments on the arts of which they were such masters—opinions which all the books that ever were written on their theories could not bestow.'—vol. ii. pp. 173, 174.

Although Lady Morgan is reduced to the necessity of avowing that she went once to a particular end of the city, to make an unexpected request of a dinner, in which expedition, by the way, she was disappointed, and had to turn into a traiteur's; yet there can be no doubt, for an instant, that the 'top-sawyers' of Bon-ton were engaged in a constant civil war, about who should have the felicity of exchanging with her Ladyship at their tables, 'their refined and elaborated sensuality,' for her 'most perfect intellectual enjoyment.' But no instance, of this description of con-

venient barter, deserves at all to be commemorated in the same strains as that immortal banquet which Miladi enjoyed at the Chateau de Boulogne of Baron Rothschild. When we commenced the chapter in which this Elysian scene is so splendidly got up, we were wondering at the elaborate and, as we thought, ill-timed details of the biography of Carème, a French cook, of whom every body has heard, we suppose. Lord! she compares him to Napoleon; he was the greatest philosopher, living or dead; he was the Titian of the fire-place; he was the admirable Creighton of the kitchen; and she almost brought tears to our eyes, whilst she pathetically gave vent to her doleful misgivings and affectionate apprehensions that Carème, the illustrious, might soon die of the culinary fever! What all this could be about we were at a loss to divine, though we ought to have known Lady Morgan better by this time, so we proceeded to read as follows. The reader will observe that the scene is Miladi's salon, and that Miladi loquitur.

'We happened to have with us two noted Amphitryons, (English and French,) when a dinner invitation from Monsieur et Madame de Rothschild was brought in by the servant. "*Quel bonheur*," exclaimed my French friend, as I read aloud. "You are going to dine at the first table in France;—in Europe! You are going to judge, from your own personal experience, of the genius of Carème."

'"In England," said my British Apicius, "I remember immense prices being given for his second-hand *pâtés*, after they had made their appearance at the Regent's table." '—vol. ii. p. 411.

Well, the bright and beautiful evening comes at last, and the Rothschild mansion opens its portals to receive her from her carriage, and we accompany her to the salon, where, of course, she makes a few reflections in her own way.—

'A large society of distinguished persons of all nations, induced a very desultory and amusing conversation, during that *mauvais quarte d'heur*, (generally so dull,) which precedes the dinner. A few of the finest productions of the ancient and modern Flemish school adorned the apartments. The most superb toys that ever filled a round table, and scarce editions and ornamental works, occupied those who were indisposed to join in discussions carried on in all languages. Still, *while talking to Gerard, and expecting Rossini,*' (lucky, lucky to the last,) 'the immortal Carème was not the less uppermost in my mind. Gerard was my old friend; Rossini my old acquaintance: but I was already acquainted with *their* works.'—vol. ii. p. 413.

Of the dinner itself, we are not worthy to speak; so we shall let her Ladyship do the honours on the occasion.

'Its character, however, was, that it was in season, that it was up to its time, that it was in the spirit of the age, that there was no *perruque* in its composition, no trace of the wisdom of our ancestors in a single dish; no high-spiced sauces, no dark-brown gravies, no flavour of cayenne and allspice, no tincture of catsup and walnut pickle, no visible agency of those vulgar elements of cooking, of the good old times, fire

and water. Distillations of the most delicate viands, extracted in "silver dews," with chemical precision,

"On tepid clouds of rising steam,"

formed the *fond* of all. Every meat presented its own natural aroma; every vegetable its own shade of verdure. The *mayonese* was fried in ice, (like Ninon's description of Sevigné's heart,) and the tempered chill of the *plombière* (which held the place of the eternal *fondu* and *soufflets* of our English tables) anticipated the stronger shock, and broke it, of the exquisite *avalanche*, which, with the hue and odour of fresh gathered nectarines, satisfied every sense, and dissipated every coarser flavour.

'With less genius than went to the composition of this dinner, men have written epic poems; and if crowns were distributed to cooks, as to actors, the wreaths of Pasta or Sontag, (divine as *they* are,) were never more fairly won than the laurel which should have graced the brow of Carème, for this specimen of the intellectual perfection of an art, the standard and gauge of modern civilization!'—vol. ii. pp. 415—417.

But is all this praise of the host and the cook gratuitous? Is Lady Morgan so kindly, so amiably given, as that she can bestow eulogies out and out, without any little sly reservation in behalf of her own dear self? The reader shall hear—

'I had, I said, long *gouté les ouvrages de Monsieur Carème* theoretically; and that now a practical acquantance with them, filled me with a still higher admiration for his unrivalled talents.

'"*Eh! bien*," said Monsieur Rothschild, laughing, "he, on his side, has also relished your works; and here is a proof of it."

'I really blush, like Sterne's accusing spirit, as I give in the fact: but he pointed to a column of the most ingenious confectionary architecture, on which my name was inscribed in spun sugar. *My* name written in sugar!'—vol. ii. p. 418.

Her name written in sugar! Ah, Carème, that was a *coup* such as no achievement of charcoal under your hands will ever approach. In sugar!—bless us, what a happiness to have one's name spun in sugar, if it were only in sugar from the beet-root now so much in fashion amongst the 'top-sawyers' of France! What could the overwhelmed creature do under such circumstances? But all she could do, she did.

'All I could do, under my triumphant emotion, I did. I begged to be introduced to the celebrated and flattering artist, and promised, should I ever again trouble the public with my idleness, to devote a tributary page to his genius, and to my sense of his merits, literary and culinary. Carème was sent for after coffee, and was presented to me, in the vestibule of the chateau, by his master. He was a well-bred gentleman, perfectly free from pedantry, and, when we had mutually complimented each other on our respective works, he bowed himself out, and got into his carriage, which was waiting to take him to Paris.

'Shortly afterwards, *I* got into mine.'—vol. ii p. 419.

And there let her lie, poor little fluttering victim of the most whimsical self-deception that ever came before the contemplation

of womankind, to warn them from the follies that will make them despised in their generation. What is the end and aim of all her books, after the gratification of her own silly vanity, but to raise up, if possible, in the country for which she writes, a preference for the social constitution of France, over that which has been so long rooted in the heart of English society, and which, thank God, has too many of the elements of duration in it, to dread such hostility as Lady Morgan can oppose to its continuance? Upon her own shewing, what is the whole life of a French lady but a hopeless exile from home? She has no domestic altars to worship at; the religion of the fireside is unknown to her; the sweet commerce of father and mother, the delightful conjunctions of brother and sister, are strangers in that land where the delicate plant—happiness, if we can call it so, can live only in the open air. But this exaltation and beatification of French society prove only how its heartless, harassing, and never-ending round of forced palpitations, are congenial to the mind of the eulogist; and how incapable she is of appreciating, because she cannot enjoy, the simple, and quiet, and substantial comforts of English, and, we may say, Irish, domestic life. No; existence for her must be made up of rapid and vivid sensations; it must be varied by summersets and soft ottomans; by jumping into carriages, and getting through the whole course of these pretty gymnastics, which exclusively enjoy the patronage of the *bon ton*. When we consider who and what Lady Morgan is, we are not surprised at the entire monopoly of her pages, which a conceited and frivolous spirit maintains. But we are, we own, not a little mortified to think that some thousand pages of well considered writing should be allowed to go forth to the public in the name of a respectable female member of the intellectual class of this great country, without a single line, or a single thought, that is calculated to show the slightest interest in the breast of the writer for the improvement, for the dignity and credit, of her sex. Nothing even of a kindred nature is to be met with in the whole compass of the two volumes. So that it is not unjustifiably severe to characterise this work as seeming to be the hasty effusion of a rattling, giddy, pleasure hunting, frolicksome girl, in the hey-dey of youth and effervescent animal spirits, rather than what we should have expected it to be, the sober, (and sobriety does not exclude the vivacity of cheerful benevolence), and exemplary, and decorous, and instructive legacy, left by a matron of some standing, as a proof of the useful, and innocent, and happy life which she led.

ART. II.—*An Act to alter and amend an Act of the 7th and 8th years of Geo. IV. for consolidating and amending the Laws of Excise on Malt made in the United Kingdom, and for amending the Laws relating to Brewers in Ireland, and the Malt Allowance on Spirits in Scotland and Ireland.* 11th Geo. IV. c. 117. London: George Eyre and A. Strahan. 1830.

2. *An Act to repeal certain of the Duties on Cyder in the United Kingdom, and on Beer and Ale in Great Britain, and to make other Provisions in relation thereto.* 1 Wm. IV. c. 51. London: George Eyre and A. Strahan. 1830.

3. *An Act to permit the general Sale of Beer and Cyder by retail in England.* 1 Wm. IV. c. 64. London: G. Eyre and A. Strahan. 1830.

WE are very anxious that the concession which the good sense of the government has so seasonably yielded to the just demands of the people, in respect of the great staple beverage of the latter, should be completely understood in all its vast practical importance. The act of parliament for generalizing the sale of beer—virtually for giving to the poor man a cheaper and a better drink than he was before able to procure—is to come into operation on the tenth of this month; and there is not a man in England, or a friend to his species in any region of the world, who, if he were to reflect on the consequences which are likely to spring from this measure, would not note it down in white characters as among the very highest festivals of humanity. It is a crime—and nothing short of a crime—in our legislators, that they pay so little regard to common sense in the construction of acts of parliament,—documents which are expressly intended to be fully and minutely comprehended by every man in the realm. It is only by secondary means, by mere accident, that the real provisions of an act of parliament ever transpire so as to reach the minds of the general community; and the reason is, that those provisions are disguised under such very deceptive titles, or they are wrapt up in such a confusion of words,—such a chain of positives and negatives, as that no one would scarcely abide, on any important occasion, by his own interpretation of an act of parliament. For instance, an act has passed in the last session for the "More effectual Administration of Justice in England and Wales." Who would suppose from the title of this act, that it related to any other change than that of the amalgamation of the Welsh and English courts of justice? But it really goes a great deal farther; it alters the periods of the law terms, or, in other words, it silently completes a most important revolution in one of the oldest customs of this country. So silently has the alteration been made, that, judging from our own experience, and we have been very diligent in the matter, not one lawyer, including solicitors and barristers, out of

ten, is acquainted with the change. To be sure all these things will be seasonably explained in the Stationers' Company's Almanacks, with the precision of a legal instrument; but why should the Legislature need an interpreter or an oracle to expound those decrees, to the want of an acquaintance with which it attaches a heavy penalty? For the same reason, the acts before us, so far from being comprehensible, so far from being so simple as to enable unskilful persons to reckon on their own construction of their provisions,—those acts have been the subjects of numerous discussions, and, we may add, have been perverted very materially. It is with the view of shewing the extent of the alteration which they have effected with respect to the powers of individuals to deal in beer, that we now propose to consider the provisions of those acts.

In the first place, any person may vend beer; 'any person,' being understood with reasonable conditions, that is, he must be a housekeeper, assessed to the poor's rates. This is only what common sense requires, and as no decent man in such circumstances can be without a friend who will act as bail for his proper conduct to the amount of twenty pounds, so is there no hardship in insisting that venders of beer should give such bail. The object is to keep the sale of beer in the hands of respectable individuals; and as the facilities with which they are entrusted for accommodating the public are of such a nature as bad men may turn to the injury of morals, nothing can be more necessary than to have some recorded solemn guarantee for their integrity. Although the surety or sureties are called for nominally, in order that the law may have a sure mark for contingent penalties, yet such a condition, it should be remembered, also operates as a criterion of character in the case of a person who proposes to sell beer, which criterion is by no means to be overlooked, when we take into account how much the purity and wholesomeness of the beverage itself depends on the honesty and virtue of him who deals in it. With the preliminaries we have mentioned, an individual approaches the proper authority and solicits a license. It is proper, however, to mention, that no person licensed can be a security for another—a prohibition which is very necessary to the fair and equitable observance of the policy that has dictated the act. The authority for granting the license is, in London, the Board of Commissioners of Excise, and, in the country, the Collectors or Supervisors of Excise. It is of great consequence that the power of licensing has been transferred from the Magistracy to the Excise department, for, independently of the thousand objections which exist against the system of the *amateur* administration of the laws, the experience of the practice of granting licenses by Country Justices fully proves that it a power that ought not to be continued. The individuals whose discretion is to determine in future the number of beer venders are perhaps the very persons in the community who are least within the sphere of those motives which would lead them from the path

of justice and impartiality. The laws have very properly endeavoured to separate the body composing the officers of excise as much as possible from the political community, by stripping them of various privileges as citizens, and, in respect of their duty as granters of beer licences, by rendering them disinterested. We could wish, indeed, that the authority for a man to sell beer was not made to depend on the discretion of any set of persons, but since it seems to be determined that this principle shall exist in our new system of licensing, we are happy to believe that it is exhibited in the very mildest form of which it is susceptible. The license is to cost only two guineas, and no fee of any kind is to be paid in addition. The bond which the surety or sureties sign is not to have a stamp, and thus all the capital that *the law* requires of a dealer in beer to possess in beginning the world is only a couple of guineas. The license is to be renewed every year, and the same sum to be paid. Especial care should be taken by all persons that the fresh license should be in their houses *before* the old one is expired, for they know not how they may forfeit a penalty by allowing the least interval to elapse between the time when the old and new one are in force. Ten days are allowed between the time of asking and obtaining a license, so that if the seller of beer does not apply for a renewal of his license until within a week of the expiration of the old one, it is a chance that he may not get it in time. In that case he must shut up his shop, which may be of great detriment to him, for if he sells beer during the period for which he is not licensed, he incurs the penalty of twenty pounds. The remaining principal provisions we subjoin.

'Persons licensed to retail beer shall put up boards over their doors with the words, "Licensed to Sell Beer by Retail," at full length, painted in letters three inches at least in length, in white upon a black ground or in black upon a white ground, with their christian and surnames, and keep up the same during all the time they shall continue so licensed; or in default thereof shall forfeit for every such offence the sum of 10*l.*

'Licensed persons under this act, permitting drunkenness or disorderly conduct, or transgressing, or neglecting the conditions specified in the license, shall be deemed guilty of disorderly conduct. First offence, a penalty not less than 40*s.* nor more than 5*l.* Second offence, a sum not less than 5*l.* nor more than 10*l.* Third offence, not less than 20*l.* nor more than 50*l.* Justices convicting party of a third offence, may prohibit the person for selling beer for two years afterwards, and adjudge that no beer by retail shall be sold by any person in the house mentioned in the licence of the offending party. Party selling ale, beer, or porter, made otherwise than from malt or hops, or mixing drugs with the same, subject to a penalty not less than 10*l.* nor more than 20*l.* for the first offence. Second offence, to be disqualified for selling beer, &c. for two years, or to forfeit not less than 20*l.* nor more than 50*l.* Offender convicted of the last offence, and selling ale, &c. within two years, either in the house licensed or in any other place, to forfeit not less than 25*l.* nor more than 50*l.* and to be subject to the like penalty at every house where he shall

commit such offence. Persons selling beer at unlawful times, to forfeit not less than 10*l.* nor more than 20*l.*

'Persons not to open their houses, nor sell beer, &c., and permit the same to be consumed in or at their premises, before four in the morning, nor after ten in the evening, of any day in the week, nor on Sundays, Good Friday, or Christmas day, between ten and one, and three and five in the day. Persons offending in this respect to forfeit 40*s.* for every offence. Every separate sale deemed a separate offence.

'All penalties under the act, except the one for selling beer by a person not licensed, to be recovered upon the information of any person before two justices, to be sued for within three months after offence committed. Persons convicted of offence against the tenor of licence, or of any offence for which any penalty is imposed by the act, shall, if he or they have not been convicted of any offence against the tenor of license, or against the act, within twelve months previous, be deemed guilty of a first offence, and to forfeit and pay the penalty imposed for such offence; if no specific penalty, then a sum not exceeding 5*l.* and costs; but if the party shall have been so convicted within twelve months, he shall be deemed guilty of a second offence, and pay the penalty imposed, or if no specific penalty, a sum not exceeding 10*l.* and costs; and if it shall be proved that the person had been previously convicted within eighteen calendar months next preceding, of two such separate offences, and shall be again convicted, he shall be adjudged guilty of a third offence, and if there is no specific penalty for the same, to forfeit 50*l.* no mitigation, and costs.

'Appeal clause provides that a person convicted of a third offence, may appeal to the sessions, unless the same shall be within twelve days after the conviction, then to the subsequent sessions. Party convicted forthwith to enter into recognizance with justices, to abide the judgment of the court, and to pay all costs. If the party neglects to enter into such recognizance, the conviction declared valid. Justices to bind the party over who makes the charge to give evidence at the sessions. Court may declare the party to be guilty of a third offence, and may impose a fine not exceeding 100*l.* and the costs of appeal, or may adjudge the license to be forfeited, or may adjudge that no beer shall be sold in the house for two years afterwards, or fine the party as aforesaid, and adjudge the premises to be disqualified for the sale of beer as aforesaid, and adjudge the license to be forfeited; and whenever in this or in any other case the license shall be adjudged to be void, the offender shall be deemed incapable to sell beer in any house kept by him for two years afterwards, and any license granted to him during that time is declared void. When any appeal shall be dismissed, or the conviction affirmed, or appeal abandoned, the court is required to order that the party appealing or entering into recognizance, shall pay to the justices before whom the recognizance shall have been entered into, such sum as the court may deem sufficient to indemnify the justices from any charges to which they may have been put, and if the party shall not forthwith pay the same, he is liable to be committed to the House of Correction until he pays the same, or for not exceeding six calendar months, if the money be not paid sooner. And if the appeal be reversed, the treasurer of the county or place is to pay to the justices (by order of court if they shall think fit) all expenses to which they may have been put.'

The other clauses belong to matters of detail not immediately within the scope of our design, which is to invite public attention to the facilities now really existing for effecting the substitution of a wholesome sound liquor, throughout the kingdom, for the pernicious liquid that was so fast increasing, as an article of consumption. The very imperfect manner in which the act is drawn up, however, calls upon us to dwell a little more than may appear necessary on the clause which inflicts a penalty for adulterating beer. It is very strange that this act should define new penalties for adulteration, since a previous act of parliament, which had already denounced still heavier forfeitures for such an offence, is expressly retained by one of the acts of the last session, enumerated at the head of this article. The act, to which we allude, is that of the 56th of Geo. III. c. 58, by which it is declared—

"'That no Brewer, or *retailer of, or dealer in Beer, shall take into his custody or possession*, or make, or use, or mix with, or put into, any Worts, or Beer, any liquor, extract, calx, or other material or preparation for darkening the colour thereof, other than brown malt, ground or unground, as commonly used in brewing; or shall take into, or have in such custody, or use, or mix with, or put into Worts, or Beer, any molasses, honey, liquorice, vitriol, quassia, coculus indicus, grains of paradise, guinea pepper, opium, or any extract or preparation whatsoever, for, or as a substitute for, malt and hops; and, if any such Brewer, retailer, or dealer, shall take into his possession, use, or mix with, &c., all such liquor, extract, &c., and also the said Worts and Beer shall be forfeited, together with the casks, vessels, and packages, containing the same, and may be seized by any Excise Officer; and such Brewer, dealer, or retailer, shall, for every such offence, forfeit 200*l.*"'—

Two hundred pounds differ very widely from twenty pounds; and it is a matter of great doubt, if the former penalty may not be enforced against those who are licensed under the new act.

The license, to sell beer, authorises no one to sell any thing else for which a license is at all required—neither spirits nor cider. The same license does not authorise a person to make beer as well as to sell it. For selling any or all of these, or for brewing beer to sell by retail, distinct licenses, respectively, are required. We confess, we are of opinion, that the system which the act of parliament contemplates will never be perfect; that is, never will be as useful as it can be, until every vender of beer is also a brewer, on a large or small scale; because, until that is the case, the operation of the spirit of competition will only reach to a limited extent, and it will barely touch that great region where competition has most to do—we mean the brew-house. Suppose we have twenty licensed venders of beer in the same town; it is plain that they must (at least, the great majority must) get their beer from the same brewery. The competition, therefore, is confined to the distributors of the beer, and not extended to the manufacturer; and the preference on which the public may act in the choice of the vender, can scarcely

be owing to any improvement in the article itself. Again, a vender of beer who manufactures the article for himself, at the same time that he can multiply his customers, by being able to sell cheaper than his competitors, who are not brewers, will also have it in his power to reap a great deal more profit upon a given quantity; for he will be able to add the profit which the brewer now has, to the profit of the retailer. His comparatively large returns will give him the power of making a more expensive and, consequently, a better article for consumption, and thus a very large proportion of the community may be turned into brewers for their friends and neighbours, to the great pecuniary aggrandizement of one party, and the great advantage, in point of comfort and health, of all.

But what is the capital required, and what are the expences likely to be incurred by the retailer of beer under the new act, who is resolved also to be his own brewer? Very little indeed;—a trifle scarcely worth naming; and, upon the supposition of any thing like good custom, the expence of a double license is nothing whatever. We have said that two guineas are the price of a license, authorising the retail of beer. A retailer with such a license, can sell to any amount. If he sell the quantity of 2000 barrels in the year, the profit from that will be enough to afford a competency to any man, in a situation to be benefited by taking to the trade. Then what is the price of the license, allowing a man to brew 2000 barrels of strong beer for sale? Only three pounds; so that for the trifle of five pounds and a couple of shillings, a person may brew and sell 2000 barrels, or 72000 gallons of beer in a twelvemonth. One halfpenny a quart profit on such a trade would yield a free income of 600*l.* a year.

A great deal of nonsense is circulated about the mystery of beer making. A few weeks' experience will make any man a good brewer. The best beer we ever tasted was manufactured by a man who never read a book through in the whole course of his life, and in truth we may say, that the manufacture of beer is so wholly a process of nature, as to be, in a great measure, beyond the influence of art. At all events, the receipt for making a good, wholesome, delicious beverage from malt, is universally known, or may be easily universally communicated; and such refinements as the process is suceptible of, will be sure to strike the brewer in the progress of his experience.

We are well aware, that to the actual readers of the Monthly Review, a display of the facilities for extending the consumption of Beer is entirely out of place. But those whom we address are persons of influence in their sphere:—they are, no doubt, satisfied before this, of the enormous calamities of spirit consumption amongst the population where they reside, and they will be proportionably active in endeavouring to excite a preference in the popular appetite, for a beverage more innocent and wholesome than that to which the lower orders unfortunately have been latterly

addicted. If only the wealthy and the influential would combine in a well concerted effort, to carry into practical application the principle of good and salutary innovation which the Beer Act has suggested, they would, by thus acting up to the obligations which their condition imposes on them, be really performing more than the tasks which the spirit of benevolence would itself suggest. In the minds of the common people, there exists an unfortunate tendency to distrust those acts of the legislature, which have peculiar reference to their condition. For a long time the less intelligent part of the people imagined that the laws relating to Friendly Societies, which were really meant in the kindest sense by parliament, were intended as a trap, by which the spare pence of their hard earnings were to be embezzled or confiscated for purposes in which they had no interest. The existence of a spirit giving rise to such unjustifiable apprehensions on the part of the people, explains its own source: and it is not too much to expect of those who have it in their power to circulate amongst the mass of the community more just and becoming notions of the classes that are above them, that they will, on an occasion in the right employment of which the state is so much concerned, use their best endeavours in the performance of a duty so sanctioned and recommended. It is not that under the system which has so long prevailed, we have had a scarcity of good beer; it is not that this beer has been too high priced to enable the workman to enjoy it in the quantity that may be necessary for him, under the exhaustion of his daily toils. But we are to consider that in raising the price of beer, and therefore in offering a bounty for its adulteration, we throw the consumer into other channels of indulgence, and force him into the belief, that a small quantity of gin for fourpence, is better than a large quantity of beer of doubtful ingredients, for fivepence. Perhaps every body is not aware, that by laws the most impolitic, by regulations affecting the malt trade so stupid, so bereft of any thing like a rational motive, as to seem as if they were drawn by lottery from a bag into which a parcel of flighty children had thrown the written suggestions of their weak and ignorant fancies—by those laws, the consumption of beer and consequently of malt was kept stationary for many years. Every other sort of commodity belonging to the important categories of eating and drinking, exhibited a reasonable relation, as to the amount of their consumption, to the progress of population, except this prime wholesome necessary—Beer; and upon that, as a strong hold of human health, as a guarantee of long life, or, rather of the temperance that leads to it; on that, the fiend of malicious legislation laid his hand as on a principal adversary, and endeavoured, not without success, to circumscribe its influence. But whilst the drinking of beer was going out of vogue, the drinking of gin was coming into fashion; and it is literally true, that the quantity of the latter liquid drunk in this country every year, for the last few, would form a lake as large as

that of Geneva, and quite sufficient to float some of the largest men of war that were ever launched from the British shore! Twenty four millions of gallons of spirits are the average consumption of the enlightened people of Britain! Let us not blame the propensity which has led to such an excessive enjoyment, if it indeed be one. Bad laws, regulations, ludicrous in their principle, most calamitous in their consequences, have, by the most natural of all operations, brought about this result. Never was the political dogma more true, which says that the condition of a people indicates the character of the government, than in reference to the fact we have been considering.

It is the business, the duty, rather, of every enlightened man in the state to make the most of the acts of repentance by which a compunctious legislature is disposed to repair the faults of its former ignorance and neglect. The time is favourable. Throughout the country there is a most auspicious promise of amelioration. The symptoms of provident and careful anticipation given but of late by bodies of the people, are sure signs of the existence of a condition of mind amongst them, from which a great deal in the way of national improvement may be expected. The number of Friendly Societies and the amount of their united contributions, claim from us the admiration which is due to those who in the contemplation of a time of helpless infirmity for themselves or for their dependent families, sacrifice present comforts and plenty, to lay up a store against the casualties of time and fortune. Then how striking is the expedition with which the grand institution of Temperance Societies, commenced and matured amongst the free and virtuous minds of republican America, has been imitated in this country. Most happy is it that the formation of these clubs expressly for the purpose of limiting, if not "wholly eradicating" the vice of drunkenness in England, is the result of the spontaneous concert, in a great measure, of the people themselves. In the north of Ireland the virtuous crusade against intoxicating liquors, begun on the other side of the Atlantic, has been prosecuted with the most praiseworthy zeal and determination; and delightful it is to reflect that a sympathetic spirit has manifested itself in England, and no where more cordially than in the thickest of our manufacturing towns—Manchester, Leeds, &c., &c., and several places in Scotland containing a large proportion of operatives. Let us not forget also another emanation of the same glorious and independent spirit. We do not mean the Co-operative Association, which, ultimately, we are convinced, will effect a vast deal of good for the mechanical population. But we refer to that very new and original, but not the less to be estimated system of self supporting dispensaries, which, from all we know of its operation will, sooner or later, supersede the present very imperfect practice of eleemosynary medical aid, and will provide for the humble operative a comfortable resort in the season of illness, such as will not remind

him of his dependent condition, or make him remember that for the balm that is poured into his wounds, and the consolation that is administered to his spirit, he is a debtor to the charity of strangers.

The coincidence of all these elements of improvement, is itself a striking circumstance, and if it fail to have its due impression on the noble and educated persons who have thousands at their command, ready to be applied in the furtherance of the plans to which their generous souls have given birth, we can only acknowledge that we have been premature in our calculations of the practical achievements of philanthropy, and our consolation is in the reflection that we have been merely too soon in fixing the date of some great and permanent amelioration of our kind.

ART. III.—*Substance of a Charge delivered to the Grand Jury, at the General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, and General Gaol Delivery, for the Colony of Sierra Leone, held at Freetown, on Wednesday, 2nd June*, 1830, *and subsequent days.* By John William Jeffcott, Esq., his Majesty's Chief Justice and Judge of the Vice Admiralty Court, &c. Published at the request of the Lieutenant-Governor and Council.—pp. 20. Freetown: printed by M. Tilley. 1830.

A PAMPHLET printed in the capital of Sierra Leone is in itself a literary curiosity that deserves to be recorded in England; and when we contemplate such a production from such a place, and remember that it was only in our last number that we reviewed another work in the English language printed at Philadelphia, we are reminded of the gigantic empire, which not so much the political as the moral influence of our country maintains throughout the universe. But the publication before us demands our attention for the importance of its contents, as giving us an insight into the condition of a Colony, which, for very unfortunate reasons, has become an object of painful interest to Englishmen, and especially as defining the extent to which this colony has been made useful or otherwise, in checking the progress of the slave trade—the express purpose of its maintenance. The charge, of which the substance is before us, was the first which was uttered by the new Chief Justice of Sierra Leone, a gentleman who seems to unite, in very happy combination, the feelings of a benevolent mind, with the moderation and firmness that are such indispensable ingredients in the judicial character. It was to be expected that under his circumstances he would have extended his observations beyond the mere matters of the assize; and accordingly we find him commencing with a bold and rapid view of the sources of disorder which unfortunately existed in too great numbers in the colony. He says—

'You cannot, however, Gentlemen, be ignorant that I have come amongst you under peculiar circumstances—circumstances, such as none

of my predecessors have had to contend with—circumstances, unprecedented in this Colony, and such as, I confidently hope and trust, may never occur again.

'You cannot be ignorant that the circumstances to which I allude, have arisen out of the distracted state of the Colony previous to my arrival; and, while I have every disposition to divest myself of any thing approaching to asperity while speaking of this unfortunate period, I feel that I should be deserting my duty, if I did not from this Bench, and upon this occasion, address the inhabitants of this Colony with reference to what has occurred, in the language of earnest, yet friendly remonstrance: I say the inhabitants of this Colony, because I hope that through you, Gentlemen of the Grand Jury, what I say may go forth to the community at large, and be productive of that which must be the anxious wish of every man who has their real welfare at heart—the prevention of similar occurrences in future.

'I could not have been unaware, upon leaving England, that the affairs of this Colony had been plunged into a state of anarchy and confusion which, if longer persisted in, would require the strong hand of legal authority to coerce and control. I could not have been unaware, that proceedings had taken place which were calculated, if persisted in, to overthrow all the established landmarks of civilized society, and legitimate government.

'I was made aware of this state of things but a very short time before I left England; and although, from my habits and disposition, I could willingly have chosen a more congenial office than one which must necessarily bring me into the midst of a divided community, still, having accepted of the appointment which His Majesty had been graciously pleased to bestow upon me, I came here prepared to do my duty, fairly and impartially, without favour or affection, to the best of my ability, and equally prepared to meet any consequences which might result from the resolute discharges of that duty. I say, I came prepared to meet any such consequences; because I felt that I came armed with that authority to which every English subject bows, conscious that in his implicit obedience to its decrees, he possesses the best security for his own rights,—I mean *the authority of the Law.*

'Armed with that authority I arrived here, accompanying our new Governor, with whose character, from his long residence upon the Western Coast of Africa, you must, most of you, be yourselves well acquainted, and upon which it is not therefore necessary, nor would it indeed be decorous in me to dwell, further than to say, that from what I both witnessed and heard of his mild, yet efficient administration of the Settlement of the Gambia, I had every hope, in accompanying him here, that we should be enabled, by our united efforts, to restore peace and unanimity to this distracted and divided Colony. In this hope, I trust we shall not be disappointed; but, if we should unfortunately be so, we shall at least have the consolation of reflecting, that, in the first instance, we tried the mildest mode of securing obedience to the laws, and that if strong measures should at length be deemed necessary, they will, as far as the Government is concerned, be the offspring of necessity, not choice, and be as defensible as they will be unavoidable.

'Whether the disputes to which I have alluded, have originated with

the European or Coloured inhabitants, I will not now stop to inquire. The matter may possibly be investigated in another place. Nor is such an inquiry necessary to the object which I have in view—the repression of such disputes in future.

'There are, I am well aware,—such is human nature—to be found amongst all classes and colours, discontented individuals, with just sufficient talent to make others as discontented as themselves; and who, at the same time, are utterly reckless of the consequences naturally resulting from their discontent, and, I may add, disloyalty. I had hoped, however, that the strong expression of disapprobation, which had been conveyed by His Majesty's government with reference to the proceedings that took place here, and which the Governor was directed to communicate to the inhabitants, through the medium of a proclamation, would have convinced the most incredulous that the time for dissension has passed. But I regret to say, that I have heard since my arrival, that the seeds of disunion are not yet eradicated,—that the flame of discontent, although partially extinguished, still smoulders in the breasts of some—and that persons are yet to be found in this Colony who, notwithstanding the disapprobation to which I have just alluded, persist in defending the illegal conduct they have pursued, maintain that they were right, affect to believe that their acts will still be approved of from home, and moreover say, that were they again placed in a similar situation, they would act a similar part. To such persons, I would say emphatically, BEWARE! Errors, which are the result of ignorance or misconception, may be passed over; but, hereafter, neither in those who counsel a repetition of the transactions which have lately taken place here, and which have called for the just animadversion of His Majesty's government, nor in those who would adopt such pernicious counsel, can the plea of ignorance or misconception be admitted.'—pp. 1—5.

The speaker then adverts to an attempt which had been made in the December previous, to change the constitution of the colony, and thus breaks out in language, addressed not so much to his hearers, as to persons in England, who take a warm interest in the moral state of our colonies.

'How little, I would ask, do the advocates of Western Africa in England, know of the passions which have lately torn and convulsed this Colony, from one end of it to the other? How little are those benevolent spirits, who have supported the cause of African improvement "through evil report and good report," and who have urged their fellow-countrymen to expend their blood and treasure in its behalf, aware of the species of gratitude which has been exhibited in return? Think you, I would ask, Gentlemen of the Grand Jury, that England will persevere in her exertions for the good of this Colony, if the only return which she obtains, is a reiteration of complaint upon complaint, without one useful plan or object originating with the colonists themselves?'—p. 6.

The Chief Justice then complains with good reason of the neglect of the regulations which had been made on the part of the government, to effect the draining of the streets and the burning of the surrounding bush: he then warmly enforces the

duty of attending to those measures for securing the public health; and assures the inhabitants that the intentions of the mother country are of the most beneficent description towards the colony, in proof of which he informs them that provision was at the moment making for the enrolment of a militia force within the colony.

The most interesting part of the charge embraces the Chief Justice's observations on the results of employing this colony as a means of obstructing or modifying the horrors of the slave trade; and the language which he used on the occaion seems to us to be a guarantee of the good faith and warmth of determination which actuate the speaker. The remarks to which we allude were appropriately drawn forth by a case in the calendar, of a man who had been charged with having kidnapped and sold to slavery, a boy, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. The Chief Justice proceeds:—

'I have heard—and from the source from which my information is derived, I am bound to believe what I should otherwise have deemed incredible – that persons are to be found in this Colony, who, if not directly engaged in, aid and abet the abominable traffic in slaves. That such persons are to be found, I repeat it, in THIS COLONY—a Colony founded for its suppression, towards whose establishment, and in whose support so much wealth has been expended, and so many valuable lives sacrificed: and, further, that men holding respectable stations,—men, having all the outward appearance and show of respectability, are not ashamed—I should rather say, are not *afraid*—to lend themselves to this nefarious, this abominable trade!

'I say, Gentlemen of the Grand Jury, that it has come to the ears of the government of this Colony, that such aid and assistance have been afforded in the fitting out of ships well known to be destined for such unlawful traffic, and that vessels have been fitted out from time to time by persons such as I have described, residents of this Colony, for the Gallinas and elsewhere, with the objects and purposes of which it is impossible they could have been unacquainted. We have not as yet had sufficient proof laid before us, to bring the offence home to the guilty. Let me, however, solemnly warn those to whom the imputation applies, that the eye of the government is upon them; and that, whatever be their station in society, or however great their ill-acquired riches, they shall not, if convicted, escape the severest punishment which the law awards to their offence.

'Is it to be tolerated, I say, Gentlemen of the Grand Jury, that this Colony, established for the express purpose of suppressing this vile traffic, should be made a mart for carrying it on? Is it to be borne that this harbour, miscalled—if all I have heard and am led to believe be true—the harbour of *Freetown*, should shelter within its bosom, while the British flag waves over its ramparts, vessels, purchased after their condemnation by the Mixed Commission Courts, to make a second and a third experiment in the slave trade? to be perhaps again captured by our cruizers, and *again* bought up by the skulking foreigners who prowl about this place, as the one best calculated for their iniquitous purpose?

'I have since my arrival here taken some pains to ascertain the number of liberated Africans imported into this Colony within a given period, as compared with the number now located in the different villages, and although the census of the latter is not quite complete, I have every reason to believe, that whereas there have been imported into the Colony of Sierra Leone within the last ten years, upwards of 22,000 Africans,* who have obtained their liberation through the medium of the Mixed Commission Courts, and have been located here at the expence of the British government,—an expence which, upon the most moderate calculation, including that of the Civil Establishment of this Colony, and of the naval and military force attached to it, together with the sums paid to the higher and subordinate officers of the Mixed Commissions, amounts to 300*l.* per man, or nearly *seven millions sterling* in the course of ten years, there are not now to be found in the whole Colony above 17 or 18,000 men! That this decrease does not arise from any disproportion in the number of births to that of deaths, I need only refer you to the fact, that within the last year—and that one of the most fatal known in the Colony—the portion of births to deaths was as 7 to 1. Judging from this ratio, and making every allowance for the necessary casualties, there ought to have been at the present moment an increase of population to the amount of, at least, one-half upon the whole, instead of such a diminution as I have stated. What then is the conclusion to which I come, and to which every honest, unprejudiced, and right-thinking man must come, upon the subject? Why—appalling as the fact may be, and incredible as it must appear to many—that the slave-trade is either directly carried on, although of course not openly and ostensibly, or that it is aided and abetted in this Colony.'—pp. 13—16.

We do not consider these sentiments, and the sanguine terms in which they are expressed, worthy of deep attention, so much on account of their proceeding from an isolated officer, as in consequence of the strong presumption which we are justified in entertaining, that they are sanctioned by the government itself. A vast deal has been done for the cause of humanity in the midst of great obstacles in Sierra Leone; so much, indeed, that it becomes imperative on the government to consider well, what, under a better system of administration, this colony can do in furtherance of its humane policy. The vigorous local government, of which Mr. Justice Jeffcott forms so distinguished a member, may furnish, before long, very good reasons, not to our ministers alone, but to the people of England in general, for retaining and keeping, in a state of due organization, a colony which is already on the eve of being consigned to the list of condemned portions of our colonial possessions.

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* 'To this number may be added those emancipated, by the Vice Admiralty Court, from 1808 to 1819—viz. 13,000

22,000

'Total number liberated since the abolition of the Slave-trade 35,000

ART. IV.—*Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First, King of England.* By J. D'Israeli. Volumes III. and IV. 8vo. London: Colburn, and Co. 1830.

THE history of the Stuarts, particularly of Charles the first, affording at all times a prolific source of political warnings and instructions, may be read with peculiar interest and advantage at the period in which we actually live. Most of the states upon the continent have either arrived at, or are fast hastening towards, an epoch in their social condition, similar to that in which Charles found himself involved upon his accession to the throne, and against the natural tendency of which he ineffectually struggled during the greater part of his stormy reign. The question of the monarchical principle which the agitations, caused by the "reformation" brought into discussion nearly two hundred years ago, and which it required fifty years to settle in this country,—still remains to be decided in most of the nations of Europe. France has taken exactly forty years in bringing down the prerogatives of the crown to the level in which they can best harmonize with the rights of her people. Spain, though unenlightened by a free press, will soon follow her example. The people of Belgium have already made great strides towards the same important object, and it is due to their sovereign to observe, that so far as matters have yet gone, he appears to have sacrificed all selfish notions of kingly power to the desire of securing the welfare of his subjects. Germany, too, begins to warm with the sentiment of liberty which has lain so long dormant in her heart, and in the course of a few years the whole continent, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Pole, will of necessity obtain free constitutions.

We say "of necessity," because it is impossible not to see that the press of France, overflowing with liberal ideas, uttered from the Chambers, or expressed by the able publicists who write in the more eminent journals, will bear to every corner of the continent the torch of freedom. The French language is understood every where. Sanitary laws, despotic decrees, can no more resist its inroads upon distant nations, than they can change the weather, or alter the direction or mitigate the force of the winds. Executive government is every day becoming weaker, not only in the unmixed monarchical states, but in those which enjoy liberal constitutions. The advance of knowledge, the increasing habit of discussing every subject connected with the national interests, are progressively taking the superintendence of public affairs out of the hands of the king's officers. The power of opinion anticipates the resolves of cabinets, and directs or supersedes them, as the exigency of the case may require. The tendency of the wishes and of the operations of mankind is towards democracy. Royalty is becoming unfashionable; courts are beginning to be considered as cumbersome, and

etiquette as nonsensical. The privileges of the peerage are looked upon as a remnant of feudal barbarism; their fulsome titles have been already dropped in the French chamber: it is proposed in this country that their rank should be no longer hereditary, but confined to the person upon whom it may hereafter be conferred; in the course of time it will be altogether extinguished. The army, no longer ignorant of the rights of its fellow citizens, feels that it is of the people, and is every where for them. The fact was proved lately in France, with the loss of two thousand lives, and still more lately in the Netherlands without the cost of a single drop of blood. The just complaints of nations, no longer resisted by armed batallions, will, on the contrary, be supported by them, and the rule of despotism will be annihilated.

It has been justly remarked, that the late French revolution resembled, in many points, the revolution of England. Mr. D'Israeli imagines that he has found in the earlier example of Scotland all that was done for liberty in England in 1688. There is no doubt that the proceedings of the Scotch animated the English; they had many common causes of provocation, and kindred rights to maintain. So the unliberated nations of Europe will see in the history of our Stuarts, as in the magic glass of superstition which was supposed to disclose a prophetic vista of futurity, most of the difficulties which they will have to combat, and all the advantages which they may expect to conquer. The history of tyranny is every where the same. So is that of the communities who once firmly resolve to be free. Nothing can eventually oppose their determination. This was true at all times, but in no age more true than in this, when the mere ensigns of ancient authority have lost all their charm.

The constitutional charter of France has wisely separated religion, as an establishment, from the state. This is an example which other nations must, sooner or later, adopt. It is necessary for the interests of religion itself, which is injured and degraded when allied with political machinery. No religion ought to be encouraged which cannot stand of itself; if it require the prop of human laws, it cannot be a true religion. It must be nothing more than a pretext for patronage, a secular institution created by men for their own worldly purposes, and a continued insult to the Deity. The religion which has power to attract and fix men's minds, will exercise that power without the assistance of legislators, and will be infinitely better cultivated if left to its own course. The poorer the ministers of the gospel are, the better; the better they will instruct the rich, the better attend to the spiritual wants of their needy fellow creatures. This is a subject upon which England has much to learn, and will have not a little to do. But the day for this business has not yet arrived, though we can perceive the faint gleanings of its dawn. Here, again, the history of the Stuarts will furnish governments and communities with a knowledge of

many things which they are to avoid. Moderation and firmness will accomplish every thing that is to be desired.

Hume was the philosophical apologist for the devoted race which, in 1688, were expelled from the throne. Mr. D'Israeli, by an anachronism, may be called their *valet de chambre*. In reading these volumes,—the worthy successors of two others already forgotten,—we may fancy sometimes that we are listening to a minion who spent his life in dressing the hair of Charles the First and his family. He is decidedly one of the most elaborate retailers of small anecdotes amongst our living authors. He is indefatigable in his voyages of discovery to the land of manuscript and memoir, and it has been his fortune to return home laden with collections of anecdotes, characteristics, portraits, stories, pieces of scandal, bons mots, inuendos, and jokes, which most of his predecessors had looked upon as too stale, or too trifling, to be reproduced in these bustling days. Nothing would give him greater delight than to find out whether or not Milton took snuff; and if so, whether he extracted a pinch directly from his waistcoat pocket, or, in a more circuitous way, from a tin box. Our man of research would be in exstacies could he but be assured that Cromwell, in the intervals of his attention to public affairs, condescended to smoke a cigar; that one of the belles of the court of Charles I. had a particular way of arranging a single ringlet, or that on a particular day in the reign of that unfortunate monarch, a favourite lap-dog of his looked out of a particular window at Whitehall.

The professed object of Mr. D'Israeli, in his peculiar pursuits, is to lift up the solemn curtain of history, and place his readers, as it were, behind the scenes of past centuries, in order that they might become familiar with the real features and habits of the actors who perform the leading parts upon the stage. He imagines that he attains this object, in itself a most useful one, by gathering together chiefly whatever belonged to those ages, of a fugitive character; he flatters himself with the hope that he can thus accomplish for the story of England what Sir Walter Scott has done for the annals of Scotland, and that in his volumes, as in those of the Waverley novelist, we may enter the domestic circles of heroes and heroines, see them in dishabille, smile at their follies, laugh at their grotesqueness, wonder at their stupidity, or improve by their wisdom. Alas! Mr. D'Israeli seems not to have considered how much easier it is to accumulate great masses of materials, than to impart to them a harmonious form. Almost every artist in marble can imitate the face; but to give it the divine air of life belongs only to a Canova or a Chantrey.

We do not know how we can better convey to the reader our opinion of these volumes than by comparing them to the fragments of a broken mirror, reflecting an infinity of small objects. We perceive no master hand selecting the more precious materials, and disposing them according to a felicitous design. Those points of

the reign of Charles which seemed to offer an opportunity for gossip, and to be capable of being detached from the mass by an attractive title, appear to have suggested the names of the chapters. Thus we have the private life of the king, his love of the arts, the influence of the queen upon his conduct, the connection of the Percy family with his court, the coronation in Scotland, *the Incident*, the acts of insurgency, the forged letter, and other such seductive appellations. But when we peruse the pages which are supposed to throw light upon these subjects, to reveal what before was secret, to explain what was mysterious, and elucidate what was obscure, we find that Mr. D'Israeli does in most cases merely copy from Clarendon; that what was unknown to that distinguished writer, is equally unknown to Mr. D'Israeli; that what was secret, still remains as hermetically sealed; what was mysterious, as inexplicable; and what was obscure, as much involved in darkness as ever.

A ludicrous proof of this observation is furnished to our hand by one of the chapters above alluded to, entitled 'The Incident.' What was the incident? When Charles paid his second visit to Scotland, somebody said that an event occurred in which the Hamiltons were concerned, and the nature of which no one could comprehend at the period. Our author calls it 'a presumed event' which 'baffled the inquisitive Clarendon, though the King gave him all the benefit of his knowledge.' The history of this 'presumed event' is introduced by a suitable prologue. 'In the mysterious intrigues at this period,' says our author, waving his magic wand, 'the more we labour, the darker grows our work. These plotting and counter-plotting politicians, like the silk worm, cloud themselves over with their own opaque web, till at length they perish by their own ingenuity. Some recently acquired information will throw a partial light upon these dark passages.' The light is indeed a partial one, for all that we learn by its aid amounts to this, that Montrose and Charles Murray plotted against the Hamiltons; that it was said that the former had prevailed upon the King to sanction their assassination, or, at all events, their deportation; that the affair was disclosed to the Hamiltons by Murray himself, that the King, indignant at the charge, called for an investigation, which never took place, and promoted the Hamiltons to Dukedoms and Marquisates, and thus have we from Mr. D'Israeli a formal chapter about 'a conspiracy of which,' as he confesses, 'we hardly know the conspirators, and on an 'incident' which never occurred!' This puts us in mind of the representation given by Matthews, of the old Scotchwoman, who after exciting to the highest pitch the curiosity of everybody, concerning a story which she had to tell, concluded a long-winded preamble with a confession that it was no story at all! The humour of Matthews makes our disappointment the best part of the joke, whereas Mr. D'Israeli has no compensation to offer for the non-appearance of his 'presumed event.'

There is a great deal in these volumes of this ridiculous affectation, of throwing light upon particular passages of the history of Charles I. Nevertheless we find here and there some amusing chapters, for the garrulity of a man who has spent his life among books, may occasionally chance to flow in an engaging tone. We feel a pleasure in contemplating with him the private life of the monarch, and the proofs of his attachment to the fine arts, for which he had, perhaps, a more exquisite taste than any sovereign who ever sat upon the throne of these realms. Even when he was a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, he expressed a strong anxiety about his books and medals. Though neither a painter nor a poet, yet he dallied sometimes with the pencil and the pen. There is no doubt that he suggested subjects to the two great painters of his age; to his architect, and to dramatic poets. The following particulars of his love for the arts, collected by Mr. D'Israeli from various sources, afford an amiable view of the sovereign's personal character.

'Charles the First unquestionably was the first English Monarch who opened galleries of paintings and statues; domiciliated the genius of Italian architecture, and in the ardour of his capacious designs, meditated at no distant day, to call around his throne, what lay scattered in Europe, —a world of glory as yet unconquered by his people. To have overcome the difficulties which the efforts of this prince had to contend with, is not less admirable than the grand objects which he did realize, and the still grander ones which he has left to our imagination. Had Whitehall palace been completed as it was, by Charles the First, and counselled by Inigo Jones, the Louvre and the Escurial would have found in our calumniated island, among "the clouds of the North," a more magnificent rival. The ceiling of the Banquet-room at Whitehall, was painted by Rubens; and it was the intention of Charles, that Vandyke should have covered the walls with the history of the order of the Garter, in a friendly emulation with his master. This hall of audience of ambassadors, is stated to be only the fifty-fifth part of this gorgeous palace. But the paintings of Vandyke for the edifice of Inigo Jones, exist only in a sketch in chiaro scuro; by the civil wars the nation lost the glory of the paintings and the palace.

'The first collector of the productions of the fine arts in our country, was that Earl of Arundel, whose memorable marbles perpetuate his name. Before his day we cannot discover in England any single gallery of pictures and statues, nor cabinets of medals, and engraved gems. A collection of Queen Elizabeth's rarities, exhibited the lowest tastes of elaborate toys and frivolous curiosities. This travelled Earl, who had repeatedly travelled the continent, and more particularly the land of his admiration, Italy, exhausted his wealth in the prodigality of his fine tastes. Of this father of our arts, Walpole tells, that "he was the first that discovered the genius of Inigo Jones, and in his embassy to Vienna, he found Hollar at Prague," and did not leave him there! To this Earl, as Peacham has felicitously expressed it, "this angle of the world oweth the first sight of Grecian and Roman statues;" and Lilly notices, that "this Earl brought the new way of building with brick into this city." The tastes of the noble collector, were

caught by the aspiring genius of Prince Henry, who left a considerable collection of medals. Thus the germs of a cultivated taste for the arts were first scattered in the gardens and in the galleries of Arundel House. Charles succeeded to his brothers with a more decided propensity, and with a royal decision, that all the arts of invention, or of imagination, should no longer be foreign to England.

'We discover Charles when Prince of Wales, deeply busied with the arts; and at that early period, he designed inviting great artists to England. Offers of this nature he never ceased to make to those great foreigners, whose immortal names still attest that there was no mediocrity in the Royal taste. The history of a manufacture of fine gold and silver tapestry, shows this early ardour. This manufacture was introduced into this country by Sir Frank Crane, and established at Mortlake in Surrey; the young Prince not only patronized, but even conceived the idea of improving the splendid material, by finer designs. Sir Henry Wotton, our ambassador at Vienna, by order of the Prince, procured Cleyem the painter, to reside in England, for the purpose of inventing the designs. Charles built a residence for the artist, whose subjects, both in history and grotesque, were a great improvement on the rude gothic figures which they had hitherto worked on. Fine and rich tapestries were the most valued of domestic ornaments, and to raise to the utmost perfection the Mortlake tapestry, was so favorite an object with the young Prince, that when at Madrid, amidst love, and revels, the tapestry was still in his thoughts, for he wrote to his council to pay £700 for some Italian drawings for tapestry. The taste of the youthful patron was rising faster than the genius of Cleyem could advance; for Charles now sought for subjects which were of a higher character of art, than the grotesque fancy of Cleyem invented. Rubens was afterwards employed, when Charles was King, in painting sketches of the history of Achilles to be copied in tapestry at Mortlake, and Charles purchased the seven cartoons of Raphael for the purpose of supplying more elevated subjects for this tapestry. It was no fault of Charles the first, that we did not anticipate the gobelins of Louis XIV.

'It was on the accession to his throne, that Charles made the greatest effort for the acquisition of pictures and statues. The sum may seem trivial for a royal purchase, yet it was an effort which the king can never repeat. Charles purchased the entire cabinet of the Duke of Mantua for a sum supposed to be under 20,000 pounds; which Mr. Dallaway observes, the king found no very easy business to pay. It should, however, be observed, that such noble productions of art had not then reached the large prices which afterwards the possessors could obtain. It was the taste of Charles and the splendour of Philip the fourth of Spain, which first raised their value in the estimation of Europe. At the dispersion of the collection of paintings, the number amounted to about five hundred pictures, beside many which had been embezzelled. When we consider the straightened means of the king, and the short space of fifteen years in which that collection had been formed, we have evidence how earnestly it occupied the royal attention, and the whole may be considered as his own creation. The foundation of this collection of pictures was a few Italian and Flemish paintings, which, in the days of Henry the Eighth, had been scattered among our palaces, lying unregarded as old furniture, and which, we are told, had received scarcely a single accession in the succeeding reigns.

'At all times Charles had in his mind his collection, and called the at-

tention of his friends, or his agents to his aid.* When the Marquis of Hamilton was acting under the king of Sweden, in a campaign in Germany, the king adds this postscript to one of his letters, "I hope shortly you will be in a possibility to perform your promise concerning pictures and statues of Muncken; therefore now in earnest do not forget it."† Nor was the Monarch less careful in their preservation; for when the Queen's great masque was to performed at Whitehall, Charles ordered a temporary building to be erected for this spectacle at a considerable charge, lest his pictures in the Banquetting-house should be damaged by the lights.‡

'Charles the First acknowledged that he had learned much by conversation. It is certain that he encouraged a familiar interview with travellers, artists, mechanics, and men of science.

'With such persons, he threw off the habitual reserve of his character. The good sense of his enquiries inspired the confidence of communication, and this monarch rarely left ingenious men, without himself contributing information on the objects of their pursuits. Charles could suggest a touch, even a hint, to the unfinished canvass of Rubens and Vandyke. The king himself pursued with delight the arts of design, and it has been recorded that Rubens corrected some of his drawings, and that the king handled, not without skill, the pencil of that great master.

'The libellous author of the non-such Charles, notices his general inclination to all arts and sciences; his excelling so far in them, as that he might have got a livelihood by them? Lily contents himself with telling us, that Charles was not unskilled in music: the truth is, that his ear and his hand were musical. The king had been taught the Viol di Gamba, and was a pupil of John Cooper; a celebrated English musician, who, on his return from Italy, assumed this fantastic appelative. Playford, who had frequent opportunities to observe the delight of Charles in music, tells us, that the king would often appoint the service and anthems himself, and accompany them, "especially those incomparable fancies of Mr. Cooper to the organ."

'Charles could plan a palace with Jones, and decide on the eye of a medal with Selden. Such, indeed, had been his early studies, that a learned man has described him as "that great antiquary Charles the First." The illustrious Harvey, in one of his writings, recounts with singular gratification the delights he received from observations made by that great anatomist while dissecting before the king, the deer in Hampton Court.‖ The numerous works which he suggested to authors, and the critical judgment with which he decided on works of literature, place him the first among the most literary monarchs. His critical conceptions were quick; for when Sir Edward Walker was reading his manuscript memoirs to the king, in recording an incident of the soldiers stripping some of the parliamentary troopers of their clothes, he had expressed himself with levity. "Our soldiers freed them of the burden of their clothes." The king instantly

* The king was always highly gratified, by the present of a painting from his Ambassadors.

† Burnett's Memoirs of the Duke of Hamilton, 22.

‡ Strafford's Letters, ii. 140. ‖ Gen. anim. exerc., 64, p, 422.

interrupted the reader, observing, "Fie! that is ill said, and it was worse done!" We know that the king read the manuscript plays, and once corrected a rant which Massinger had put in the mouth of a tyrant against the freedom of his subjects.*

'The folio of Charles, with the motto he frequently wrote in his books, has at length, become the possession of the present king; the king altered some of the titles of the plays, and the motto, *Dum Spiro Spero*, was prompted at moments, perhaps, when the monarch, in trouble, or in prison, indulged some bright vision. He was fond of leaving these testimonies of his elevated feelings among his books, for another has been noticed:

'"Rebus in adversis facile est contemnere vitam;
Fortiter illi facit qui miser esse potest."

'"In adversity it is easy to despise life; true courage can suffer misery."

'Charles suggested to the poet Shirley the plot of the "Gamesters." May's version of Lucan was received with all the favour of royalty, a circumstance alluded to by Ben Jonson, by comparing the fate of the English bard with Lucan's—

"Thy fame is equal, happier is thy fate,
Thou hast got Charles's love, he, Nero's hate."

vol. iii. pp. 80—89.

It is remarkable that although Charles is said to have written a great deal, very few of his autographs are to be met with, and the few that have survived him are of little importance. The extent of his connection with the *Icon Basilike*, is likely never to be determined. That he wrote, or dictated, some parts of that much criticised work, seems highly probable. While he was imprisoned at Carisbrooke Castle, he had his regular hours for writing and reading. A catalogue exists of the books which he called for during this period. It would appear that he revised the folio memoirs of Sir Edward Walker. He supplied Clarendon from his own memoranda with two papers, on the transactions of 1645 and 1646. This fact alone is sufficient to shew that he had selected that distinguished writer to be the historian of his time, a choice equally honourably to both parties. His favourite artists were Rubens, Mytens, and Vandyke. The latter married an English lady at his desire, and resided in Blackfriars, where the King was frequently accustomed to go by water to visit him. Mytens was a Flemish artist, who has left us one of the best heads of his royal patron, taken before his brow and cheek were furrowed by misfortune. The estimation in which Rubens was held by the King is well known; upon the subject of the monarch's taste, our commentator is quite enthusiastic.

'The mind of Charles the First was moulded by the graces. His favourite Buckingham was probably a greater favourite from cherishing

* Malone, ii. 387.

those congenial tastes. He courted his monarch and his friend, by the frequent exhibitions of those splendid masques and entertainments, which delighted by all the rivalries of the most beautiful arts; combining the picture of ballet-dances, with the voice of music, the most graceful poetry of Jonson, the scenic machinery of Jones, or the fanciful devices of Gervice, the Duke's architect, the pupil and friend of Rubens, and the confidential agent of Charles the First.

'The costly magnificence of the fêtes at York House, the Duke's residence, eclipsed the splendour of the French Court, for Bassompierre confesses that he had never witnessed a similar magnificence. The King himself delighted in them. But this monarch was too poor to furnish those splendid entertainments. They were not unusual with the great nobility. The literary Duchess of Newcastle mentions one, which the Duke gave to the King, which cost five thousand pounds. The ascetic puritan in those peevish times, as in our own, would indeed abhor those scenes, but the emulous encouragement they offered the great artists, could not fail to have infused into the national character more cultivated feelings, and more elegant tastes. They charmed even those fiercer republican feelings, and more elegant tastes. Milton owed his Arcadia and his Comus to a masque at Ludlow Castle, and Whitelock, who, had been himself an actor and a manager in a "splendid royal masque of the four inns of court joining together" to go to Court, at a latter day when drawing up his "memorials of the English affairs," and occupied by far greater concerns, dwelt with all the fondness of reminiscence on those stately shows and masques; and in a chronicle which contracts many an important event into a single paragraph, has poured forth six folio columns of a minute description of "these dreams parted and these vanished pomps."'—vol. iii. pp. 101- 103.

It need hardly be observed, that the taste of Charles was converted by the Puritans and Levellers, into a means of increasing his unpopularity. The national mind was as yet in such a state of barbarism, that libels upon the royal patronage of the arts, betraying in every expression only the ignorance and brutality of the writers, found universal acceptance. One of these publications, supposed to have been written by Sir A. Weldon, accused the sovereign of having squandered away "millions of pounds on braveries and vanities, on old rotten pictures and broken-nosed marbles." We believe that Mr. D'Israeli is perfectly right in asserting, that instead of millions, Charles was never master of a quarter of one. We must say, however, that he unnecessarily introduces the name of Milton, as one of the 'vulgar spirits' of the age. 'In evil times only,' he says, 'would that illustrious man have seemed to reproach the King of England, for having for his "closet companion" the great bard of the nation.' The only remark which he cites from Milton in proof of this charge, is contained in the following sentence:—"I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the King might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet companion of these his solitudes, William Shakspeare." We confess we cannot see any

reproach even implied in this sentence against Charles, for having made a companion of the immortal dramatist. Milton only meant to convict the King of having run counter to the precepts which he might have learned from his favourite author—an author with whom the puritanical poet himself is not ashamed to shew his own familiarity.

Our commentator has produced a full length likeness of Charles, the accuracy of which seems to be borne out by the famous portraits of Vandyke.

'Charles the First was of a middle stature, his complexion brown, "inclining to a paleness," his forehead not wide, his brows large, his eyes grey; they were quick and penetrating, and their vivacious glances were remarked on the opening of his trial; for Charles, considering himself to be a skilful physiognomist, was a keen observer of persons: his nose was somewhat large and rather round at the tip. The visage, on the whole, was long, and the lips seem to have been thick. His stammering was a defect which he could never entirely get rid of, though at his trial the intensity of his feelings carried on his voice without faltering. His hair was of a chesnut colour, falling on his shoulders in large curls, and when young he nourished one luxuriant lock on his left side which floated there; this natural ornament was a fashion abhorred by the puritannic round-heads, who, having read, in the Testament, "if a man have long hair it is a shame," * cut their hair short. This unlucky tress of royalty excited Prynne's invective against "love-locks." His beard, curtailed of ancient dimensions, he wore peaked, with mustachios, in his happier days; but in his troubles, negligent of exterior ornaments, his beard covered much of his face. His pace in walking was quick and hurried, somewhat indicative of the usual condition of his mind. In going from St. James's, through the Park, to the scaffold at Whitehall, one of the papers of the day notices that the king "pleasantly" called to the guard "march apace!" It is said he was not graceful in his notions: a coarse libeller tells us that he did not ride like a Prince, but like a post-boy." There was a good deal of earnest impetuosity in his temper, and he seems to have preserved his personal dignity, by a rigid decency in the gravity of his manners and the measured style of his speech, sparing of words.

'There was a family likeness in the Stuarts, even to their long fingers, but there was no Stuart whose countenance resembled that of Charles the First. Whence then the effect which is still produced, by contemplating the pensive and melancholy physiognomy of this monarch? It seems an ideal head.

'Parallels have been, more than once, drawn between the tragical afflictions of the martyred monarch and the tribulations of "the Saviour," when on earth. In human records, no princely names could be found but which seemed too low to rival his magnanimous sufferings. Stricken by sympathies, stronger and more elevated than they had ever experienced, some divines dared to compare Charles to Christ. Tickell has happily alluded to their disturbed piety. They found

"All parallels were wrong, or blasphemy."

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* 1 Cor. xi. 14.

'The difficulty of combining the ideas of a human with a divine nature, has formed the despair of the greatest artists. The pencil has never yet pourtrayed the celestial head of "the Saviour," in the form of humanity. It is, however, singular that artists of genius have considered that the head of this monarch is the only portrait which they could venture to place before them, as a model for the head of Christ, so peculiar is its mixture of majesty and sadness. Thus it happens that, on looking at the portrait of Charles, with all its numerous associations, whether some behold the "King in chains, and the Prince bound in fetters," or others "a man of sorrows acquainted with grief," there is no portrait of any other sovereign which awakens such powerful emotions, as does the head of Charles the First.'—vol. iii. pp. 113—116.

Mr. D'Israeli has written a long chapter in order to shew that the Queen Henrietta really exercised no political influence over Charles, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary by the historians. We do not very well understand why he should be so chary upon this point. It is not in England, over which women may hold the sceptre as well as men, that we ought to entertain any deep jealousy of the influence of a wife over her husband. It does not appear to us that, considering the notions of the times, and the circumstances in which Charles was placed, his Queen gave him violent or injudicious advice. Her power over him was natural and becoming; there is no evidence that it ever went beyond the range of the feminine character. It is well known that he loved her with all the ardour of a first passion. He constantly confided to her his thoughts and actions, and even when suffering under the greatest afflictions and privations he used to address her with all the tenderness of romance. Writing to her so late as in 1654, he says, 'Since I love thee above all earthly things, and that my contentment is inseparably conjoined with thine, must not all my actions tend to serve and please thee? If thou knewest what a life I lead (I speak not in respect of the common distractions) even in point of conversation, which in my mind is the chief joy or vexation of one's life, I dare say thou wouldst pity me; for some are too wise, others too foolish, some too busy, others too reserved, many fantastic.' 'Comfort me,' he affectionately adds, 'with thy letters, and dost not thou think that to know particulars of thy health and how thou spendest thy time, are pleasing subjects to me, though thou hast no other business to write of? Believe me, sweetheart, thy kindness is as necessary to comfort my heart, as thy assistance is for my affairs.' The answer of the Queen is equally affectionate, and at the same time couched in so submissive a tone, that one can easily recognize in it the sort of 'assistance' which she rendered to her husband in his 'affairs,' and how she rendered it. 'Assure yourself,' she says, 'I shall be wanting in nothing you shall desire, and that I will hazard my life, that is, to die by famine, rather than not send to you.' This is the true language of feminine devotion. Alluding to some affair of consequence, she says,

'I thought this to be a matter of so great engagement, that I dare not do it without your command; therefore, if it please you that I should do so, send me what you would have me write, that I may not do more than what you appoint, and also be confident.' This is not the language of a "wicked woman," as Warburton is pleased to call her, nor of a "pernicious woman," as Mr. Hallam styles her. The Queen's misfortune, as well as that of her consort, was, that they refused to learn any thing from the events which were thickening around them. They did not comprehend their actual situation. While new ideas were ripening in every part of their dominions, the royal family alone remained in the cloud of past ages, dreaming of their divine rights, and meditating only how they might best secure them against popular encroachment.

A capuchin friar, the Père Gamache, has pathetically described the manner in which Henrietta received the tidings of the King's death. Whatever may be thought of the necessity which existed for so great a sacrifice to the liberties of the nation, no man can read this simple narrative without feeling his heart throb with pity for the wife of the victim.

'The city of Paris was then blockaded, by the insurgents, and in the King's minority it was with difficulty we obtained either entrance or egress. The Queen of England, residing at the Louvre, had despatched a gentleman to St. Germain *en laye* to the French court to procure news from England. During her dinner, where I assisted at the grace, I had notice to remain there after the benediction, and not to quit her Majesty, who might need consolation at the sad account she was to receive of the terrible death of the King her husband. At this grievous intelligence, I felt my whole frame shudder, and withdrew aside from the circle, where during an hour the various conversations on different subjects seemed not to remove the uneasiness of the Queen, who knew that the gentleman she had dispatched to St. Germain ought to have returned. She was complaining of his delay in bringing his answer. On which the Count of St. Alban's (Jermyn) took this opportunity to suggest that the gentleman was so faithful and so expeditious in obeying her Majesty's commands on these occasions, that he would not have failed to have come, had he had any favourable intelligence. "What then is the news? I see it is known to you," said the Queen. The Count replied, that in fact he did know something of it, and when pressed, after many evasions to explain himself and many ambiguous words to prepare her little by little to receive the fatal intelligence, at length he declared it to Queen, who seemed not to have expected any thing of the kind. She was so deeply struck, that instantly, entirely speechless, she remained voiceless and motionless, to all appearance a statue. A great philosopher had said that ordinary griefs allow the heart to sigh and the lips to murmur, but that extraordinary afflictions, terrible and fatal, cast the soul into stupor, make the tongue mute, and take away the senses. "*Curæ leves loquuntur, graves stupent.*" To this pitiable state was the Queen reduced, and to all our exhortations and arguments she was insensible. We were obliged to cease talking, and we remained by her in unbroken silence, some weeping, some sighing, and all with

sympathising countenances, mourning over her extreme grief. This sad scene lasted till night-fall, when the Duchess of Vendome, whom she greatly loved, came to see her. Weeping, she took the hand of the Queen—tenderly kissing it, and afterwards spoke so successfully, that she seemed to have recovered this desolated Princess from that loss of all her senses, or rather that great and sudden stupor, produced by the surprising and lamentable intelligence of the strange death of the King."'*—vol. iii. pp. 136—138.

A great part of the third volume is taken up with what is called a critical history of the Puritans, which, as it contains nothing new, might well have been spared, considering that the subject has been so fully treated by Neale and Hallam. The chapters upon the observation of the Sabbath upon Sundays, the revival of the book of sports and the sovereignty of the seas, are more curious than interesting. Nor can we find that our commentator has thrown much new light on the history of the commotions in Scotland, the fierce and implacable character of which must be known to every body who has read the annals of this reign. The intrigues of Richelieu with the Scotch party are no longer matter of secret history. Failing in his attempt to secure the neutrality of England, while meditating to deprive Spain of some of her most valuable possessions in the low countries, the wily Cardinal offered, by way of bribe, to support Charles against his rebellious subjects. The reply of the sovereign was worthy of the throne which he occupied. 'He wished for the friendship of his brother—but friendship there could be none, if it were prejudicial to his honour, or injurious to the interests of his people. Should the ports of Flanders be attacked by France and Holland, (the object of the secret league), the English fleet would be in the Downs ready for action, and with an army of fifteen thousand men. He thanked his eminence for the offer of his aid, but he required no other assistance to punish rebels than his own regal authority and the laws of England.'

In no part of his commentaries does Mr. D'Israeli evince more sagacity than in the chapter in which he discusses the influence of Richelieu on the fate of Charles the First. The Cardinal had planned and accomplished mighty designs. He had struggled against domestic factions, trod down rivals, and annihilated the power of the aristocracy. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world, was there an instance of a stronger executive government than that of which he held in his hand the reins, in the name of the King. In his genius he resembled Napoleon. By his intrigues with the discontented parties in England and Scotland he influenced the fate of Charles to an extent which he afterwards lived to regret. But Mr. D'Israeli thinks, not without reason, that the

* 'Memoires de la mission des Capucins près la Regne de l'Angleterre. —MS.'

example of Richelieu had a still more fatal effect upon the fortunes of the English sovereign.

'Besides the political influence of Cardinal Richelieu over the fortunes of Charles the First, I think there was a more latent one, the result of which was not less important in the affairs of the English monarch. Charles admired Richelieu, and many of the interior transactions which had occurred in France, the disorders composed, the difficulties overcome, often presented an image of the state of England. The disaffected princes appeared to Charles greatly to resemble some of our patriots; the remonstrances of the French parliaments, though these are but courts of law, had sometimes approached the lofty tone of our Commons, and the strong republican party of the Huguenots, could not well be separated in their conduct and their principles from our own puritans. Charles had a mind too reflective, and too personally interested in these events, to pass over regardlessly the conduct and success of the great French minister. Charles the First, and Strafford, and possibly Laud, who has been idly compared with Richelieu, were close observers of the Cardinal-Duke; and Richelieu, unquestionably, of them. Ministers, like jealous traders, keep an observant eye on each other. Olivarez, the great Spanish minister, when some Frenchmen complained of the libels and satires on Richelieu profusely spread in Flanders, declared, that as a minister of state, it was his interest not to countenance such unworthy methods, but he had himself often told his master that his greatest misfortune was, the King of France possessed the most skilful minister who for a thousand years had appeared in Christendom; but as for himself, he would willingly submit to have whole libraries printed every day against himself, provided that the affairs of his master were as well conducted as those of France!

'This secret sympathy, or this mutual influence among these great parties, was often indicated by circumstances accidentally preserved. That Charles the First had long admired the genius of Richelieu, appeared on the famous day of the Dupes, when news arrived of the dismission and fall of the French minister. Henrietta, rejoicing at the Cardinal's removal from power, which had been so long desired by the Queen-Mother, Charles the First checked the feminine petulance, expressing his highest admiration of the unrivalled capacity of the minister. "Your mother is wrong," he observed to the Queen; "the Cardinal has performed the greatest services for his master. Had I been the Cardinal, I would have listened tranquilly to the accusations of the Queen your mother, and remembered those against Scipio before the Roman people, who, instead of replying, led them to the Capitol to return thanks to the gods, for having defeated the Carthaginians. The Cardinal might have told the King, within these two years Rochelle has been taken, more than thirty towns of the Hugonots have submitted, and their fortifications are demolished; Cazal has been twice succoured, Savoy and a great part of Piedmont are in your hands: these advantages which your arms have acquired by my cares, answer for my industry and my fidelity."*

* 'Griffet, Hist. de Louis XIII. ii. 77. From Richelieu's Journal. That Charles had expressed himself to this purpose we cannot well doubt; it would not otherwise have been entered in the Cardinal's Journal. But

'That Strafford was attentive to the proceedings of the French minister, appears by his alleging the conduct of the Cardinal in appointing commissioners to enter the merchants' houses at Paris, to examine their accounts, and to cess every man according to his ability, to furnish the King's army. And that Richelieu was well acquainted with English affairs is evident, from the remarkable discovery mentioned in our former volumes, of the minute and secret correspondence the French minister held with some courtiers at Whitehall. Had the political personages of the Court of England not been well known to Richelieu, he would not have thrown out that striking observation, when, hearing of the fate of Strafford, he remarked that "the English had been foolish enough to take off the ablest head among them." *

'Charles the First, driven by necessities and the perpetual opposition of his parliament, could hardly avoid admiring the energies, which for some time he seems to me to have fatally imitated. English lawyers, in their vague and florid style, had declared that no monarch was so absolute as an English Sovereign, and "the right divine" of kings was not only upheld by kings themselves, but by the divines of Christian Europe. I have often thought, that by the vain struggle and confusion of the principles of the absolute monarchy of France under Richelieu, with those of the constitutional forms of England, Charles the First fell a victim, as I have before expressed it, to strong measures in a weak government.'—vol. iv. pp. 81—85.

This was also the error which has recently hurled Charles X. from the throne of France.

Although the press had not arrived, in the reign of Charles I., to the wonderful perfection which it has since obtained, yet it was even then a formidable agent in the advancement of the revolution. We have seen the tremendous power which it lately exercised in France; a power so thoroughly organized, and so ably managed, that it may now be said to be irresistible in that country. Its will is now the law of France. The principal Journals of Paris speak with more than the authority of the individual members of either Chamber. Most of the writers who, during the Polignac administration, were engaged in resisting it, are now public functionaries. This fact alone speaks volumes. In England, though every body, in every rank of life, acknowledges the influence of the Press, we have as yet no passage made from the Journals to official appointments. There is no acknowledged connection between the Press and the State; whatever relations there may be between them, are carried on in secret, as if the periodical prints were publications of

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I suspect that the latter part, where the Cardinal enumerates such a variety of his own memorable acts, was added by himself, as an illustration. Had Charles detailed such a series of events, it would shew a more particular attention than was necessary; in speaking to the Queen, he would merely have alluded to the general results of Richelieu's administration.'

* Trial of Strafford, pp. 30, 592.

which official persons and persons in high rank were bound to be ashamed. This is supremely ridiculous. There is no state of life, depending in any degree upon opinion, which ought not, if it knew its own interest, to cultivate an alliance with the Press, for it will, sooner or later, govern them all. Upon its decrees will eventually depend the influence of the aristocracy, the existence of the established church, the formation of ministries, the conduct, and, perhaps, the very form of the government. If it be the faithful organ of public opinion, its power will be without limits, and nothing can tend to an abuse of that power more directly, than the fastidious jealousy with which the Press has long been treated. The Prince Polignac carried back with him, from England to France, this feeling, which is not known to the French in general, and which was infused into him by our aristocratic society; he was heard to say, a few days before he countersigned the famous ordonnances of the 25th of July, that he never read the Journals! We have no doubt of it; for if he had, he would not now have been a prisoner in the Castle of Vincennes, and in peril of losing his head, as a traitor to his country.

But though England had not a *Times*, a *Courier*, a *Globe*, a *Chronicle*, or even a *Spectator*, in the reign of Charles, the restless and indomitable intellect of our people found momentary organs for the expression of its opinions. The Press swarmed with pamphlets. From the literary habits of M. D'Israeli, we had expected some curious details upon this subject. He has, however, favoured us only with a few remarks, which we transcribe.

'Of the nations of Europe, our country long stood unrivalled for the rapid succession of these busy records of mens' thoughts—these suggestions of their opposite inferences and their eternal differences. Of these leaves of the hour and volumes of a week, the labours of the passions, the wisdom, or the folly of our countrymen, during the Revolution of Charles the First, in that single period of twenty years, from 1640 to 1660, about thirty thousand appear to have started up. We have been a nation of pamphleteers. The French in their Revolution, which so often resembled our own in its principles and its devices, could not avoid the same impulse of instructing, or corrupting, their fellow-citizens; but the practice seemed to them so novel that a recent French biographer designates an early period in the French Revolution as that one when "the art of pamphlets had not yet reached perfection."* The collection of the French revolutionary pamphlets now stands by the side of the English tracts of the age of Charles the First; as abundant in number and as fierce in passion; rival monuments which exist together, for the astonishment and the instruction of posterity, for whom they reveal so many suppressed secrets in the history of man.†

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* Mirabeau, Biog. Universelle, xxiv. 96.

† Most of the thirty thousand English tracts were collected by the order of Charles the First, and became the gift of George the Third to our national library. The French collection has been a recent acquisition.

'The pamphlets of this time were usually directed to prepare men's minds to the impending changes in the Church and State. Charles the First, by his constant notice of these ensnaring pamphlets, appears to have been most sensitive to these "poisoners of the minds of his weak subjects; —amazed by what eyes these things are seen and by what ears they are heard." He answered the pamphlets published by the Parliament itself. "We are contented to let ourselves fall to any office that may undeceive our people, and to take more pains this way by our pen than ever King hath done." Charles was such an attentive observer of these pamphlets, that he once paid ten pounds only for the perusal of one, which could not otherwise be procured. The custom now began of printing the speeches of the leading members in the Commons, and sometimes by the order of the House. Some of the speakers avowedly printed their own speeches. These fugitive leaves were every where dispersed and every where eagerly read. Baxter, in the curious folio of his auto-biography, tells us they were "greedily bought up throughout the land, which greatly increased the people's apprehension of their danger." I have seen some which doubtless recommended themselves by bearing the authentic stamp of the well-cut portrait in wood of the portly Pym, who then reigning with absolute power, bore the nick-name of "King Pym." But it seems that more were written than were published. Many Royalist tracts remain in their manuscript state, no one caring to print books out of fashion, or who had the courage to brave the authority of the men in power; and Nelson complains that the speeches in favour of Episcopacy were so completely suppressed or discouraged, that when he made his collection, but a few years after, they were utterly lost, while those on the other side by passing into so many hands were easily procured.'—vol. iv. pp. 145—148.

Petitions and the pulpit were also powerful instruments in those times, which were used with prodigious effect. To these were added rumours, magnified by their vagueness, and yet never too exaggerated for the feverish appetites of the multitude. The Papists were said to be conspiring on all sides. Sometimes they were burrowing under the ground in Surrey. Sometimes, being foiled by the vigilance of the citizens in their design to set fire to London, they were engaged in a plot for blowing up the Thames with gunpowder, in order to drown the city which they could not burn! The members of the legislature were all to be assassinated by hired banditti, who had engaged to dispatch the Commoners at forty shillings a head, and the Lords at ten pounds per peer. Mr. D'Israeli mentions a ludicrous, but well-authenticated incident, which is highly characteristic of the times.

'So susceptible was this diseased state of the public mind, that Sir Walter Earle, one of the zealous but weakest adversaries of Strafford, and a creature of Pym's, rose to make a report of a design to blow up the House of Commons! The news acted as if the explosion had taken effect. In the pressure some alarmed listeners suddenly coming forward, part of the flooring in the gallery gave way; at the cracking many hurried out, Sir John Wray, an honest Lincolnshire patriot, exclaiming that "he

smelt gunpowder," and another, leaving the house, saying "There was hot work, and a great fire within." The simple words of the panic-struck, and the metaphorical orator, were too literally caught up by the persons in the lobby, who sent them to the people on the river. Before carriages were in general use the river was a great thoroughfare; boats were used ere hackney-coaches were projected; a considerable portion of the busy populace were always on the Thames; these re-echoed the report to the city; the drums beat, the train-bands marched, "a world of people in arms" flew to Westminster, and this ridiculous incident satisfactorily confirmed to the Commons their own absolute power over the people.'—vol. iv. pp. 153—155.

This, and a thousand other such stories, gave an impulse to the revolution, which, whatever might have been its origin, was eventually carried on more like the orgies of a mob of furies, than a sober reformation, by a rational people, of political abuses. But in this, as in all other matters, nations have prodigiously improved. Revolutions are now conducted with all the ease of a drama, in which all the actors sustain the parts that are assigned to them.

The flight of Charles from the capital gave a turn to his affairs, which no concessions could repair. His fruitless attempt to arrest, with his own hand, in the House of Commons, the five members whom he wished to have impeached of high treason, had already reduced his kingly power to a mere shadow. We shall give the particulars from Mr. D'Israeli. They will be found interesting.

'At this moment the King was left abandoned amidst the most urgent wants. He could no longer draw the weekly supplies for his household, for the officers of the customs were under the controul of the Commons. The Queen had pawned her plate for a temporary aid. His friends in terror were in flight; and the Sovereign sate amidst a council whom he could no longer consult. He was betrayed by the most confidential of his intimates. He was deserted by those who, like Lord Holland, had depended on his bounty, or whom, like the Earl of Essex, he had unaccountably neglected. "In this sad condition," says Lord Clarendon, "was the King at Windsor, fallen in ten days from a height and greatness that his enemies feared, to such a lowness that his own servants durst hardly avow the waiting on him."

'Amidst the perplexities of state, and these personal distresses, the anxieties of Charles were increased by the fate of his Queen, and the pressure of his own immediate plans of operation. Henrietta's fears were restless since the menace of impeachment. The pretext of the Queen to accompany her daughter, betrothed to the Prince of Orange, to Holland, covered more than one design. There, in security, not unprovided with the means, carrying with her the crown jewels, she might execute some confidential offices, while the King resolved to fly to the north, as yet untainted by the mobocracy of the metropolis.

'There was yet an agony to pass through for the husband, in the separation from his adored companion—that hapless foreigner, now chased to a still more foreign land, to live alone among a people who never cast a sorrowing look on suffering Royalty. Charles accompanied Henrietta and the Princess to Dover; many an importunate message was received from the Commons on his way, and the last hours of the parting of the family were

disturbed by many a gloomy presage. When the Queen had embarked, Charles stood immoveable, watching the departing ship with the most poignant emotions. There was an awful uncertainty whether they should ever meet again. He stood on the shore to give them the last signal, the last farewell!—gazing with moistened eyes, till the shadowy sails vanished in the atmosphere. When the vessel was no longer visible, Charles lingered for some time, pacing along the shore, wrapped in deep and sad thoughts. The King had of late been accustomed to the deprivation of his power—to the destitution of his personal wants, and it was doubtful whether he had a kingdom which acknowledged its monarch, or a soldier who would obey his commands, for at this very moment, and on his road, he had been assailed by reiterated messages to deliver up the militia to the Commons. But he had never yet lost his wife—he had never yet felt that pang of love—the loneliness of the soul.

'Yet he was still a father, and Charles contemplated on a melancholy pleasure on his return to Greenwich, to embrace the Prince. On this last tendrill were now clinging his domestic affections; yet of this object of his tenderness the Commons hastened to deprive him. While at Dover, a worthless courtier had been refused to be admitted of the Prince's bedchamber. With men of this stamp a favour denied implies a wrong received; and thus injured, this man declared that "since he could not be considerable by doing the King service, considerable he would be, by doing him disservice." Posting to the Parliament, he gave some pretended information of a design to remove the Prince into France, but more intelligibly offered himself as "their bravo" at taverns and meetings, not deficient in insolence and audacity. This worthless rejected creature of the court, though without talents, and having long lost his character, was publicly embraced and eulogized, even by Hampden. In the spirit of party no man is too mean to court, no arts too gross to practise. Charles had desired the Marquis of Hertford, the governor of the Prince, to bring him to Greenwich; on this an express order from the House forbade his removal. But the command of the father was preferred. Several members hastened to Greenwich to convey the Prince to London, but the King had arrived; and they were silent in the presence of the father. Charles had been greatly agitated on his road by a message from the Commons respecting the Prince. Embracing his son, the melancholy monarch, shedding some joyful tears, exclaimed, "I can now forget all, since I have got Charles!"

'The King had granted so much, that he had nothing left to bestow, save one great object of the ambition of the triumphant party,—the army itself.

'They had first proposed to nominate the Lords Lieutenant of every country, chiefly their adherents, who were to obey the orders of the two Houses; the two Houses were now the House of Commons. The King had not refused even this point, reserving to himself a revocable power. But their policy was now, observes Hume, to astonish the King by the boldness of their enterprises. They declared that their fears and jealousies had so multiplied on them, that it was necessary for them to dispose of the whole military force of the kingdom, both for the safety of his Majesty and the people; this they had resolved to do, by the authority of both Houses—that is by their own authority. And they mercifully invited his Majesty to fix his residence among them.

'It is remarkable of Charles the First, that whenever he acted unembarrassed by the distracting councils of others, there was a promptness in reply, and a decision in conduct, which convey the most favourable impressions not only of his intellect, but of his intellectual courage. When the Committee of both Houses went down to Newmarket to deliver this astonishing message, instead of finding the King subdued into pusillanimity, an object of the contempt they had so studiously shown him, they were answered by such an unexpected denial, in a style so vigorous and indignant, that it startled the Committee, who had relied on what of late had so often passed. They had come to vanquish a deserted Monarch, and were themselves repulsed. Lord Holland would not venture to report the King's words, without a written memorandum. By this circumstance posterity receives an authentic specimen of Charles's colloquial discourse; we trace his warm undisguised emotions expressive of his anger, or pathetic from deep and injured feelings.

'From the King's interviews with the Committee I transcribe those passages which will interest the readers of his history.

'"I am confident that you expect not that I should give you a speedy answer to this strange and unexpected declaration.

'"What would you have? Have I violated your laws? Have I denied to pass any one Bill for the ease and security of my subjects? I do not ask you what have you done for me?

'"Have any of my people been transported with fears and apprehensions? I have offered as free and general a pardon, as yourselves can devise. All this considered, there is a judgment from Heaven upon this nation if these distractions continue. God so deal with me and mine that all my thoughts and intentions are upright for the maintenance of the true Protestant profession, and for the observation and preservation of the laws of the land."

'On the following day the Earl of Holland endeavoured to persuade his Majesty to come near the Parliament. Charles replied, "I would you had given me cause, but I am sure this Declaration is not the way to it. And in all Aristotle's rhetoric there is no such argument of persuasion."

'The Earl of Pembroke pressed to learn of his Majesty what he would have them say to the Parliament? Charles smartly replied, that "He would whip a boy in Westminster School that could not tell that by his answer."

'Again pressed by the Earl of Pembroke, after all that had passed, to compromise the demand of the Commons, by granting the militia for a time: Charles suddenly swore, "By God! not for an hour! You have asked that of me in this, was never asked of a King, and with which I will not trust my wife and children."

'Well might Charles the First exclaim, as once he did, in addressing the Commons, "Surely, we too have our grievances!"'—vol. iv. pp. 499.—506.

From this, and indeed from most of the passages which we have cited, it will be seen that Mr. D'Israeli is, at every point, a royalist—a jacobite of the old school. He has come out with his apologies at a bad time. Toryism is altogether gone out of fashion, as he will find to his cost before he finishes his work.

ART. V.—*A General View of the Progress of Ethical Philosophy, chiefly during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.* By the Right Honourable Sir James Mackintosh, LL.D. F.R.S. M.P. 4to. Edinburgh: Black; London: Simpkin and Co. 1830.

THIS valuable composition forms the second of the preliminary discourses which are to enrich the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. It has been published separately as an honourable specimen of the additional matter which that work is to contain, and of the typographical elegance with which it is to be executed. Too much praise cannot be given to the persons who have suggested and undertaken this enterprise, which is indeed, in no slight degree, connected with the literary character of the nation. We have already received several numbers, having been amongst the earliest subscribers; and we must say, that we are perfectly satisfied with the style in which the text, plates, and maps are printed. The extension of the latter, from a single to a double quarto page, cannot fail to be generally acceptable, and it affords a satisfactory proof of the liberality of the proprietors. We have no doubt that the promises which they have held out, of presenting in a well digested shape all the improvements that have been made in the circle of human knowledge, since the publication of the supplement, will be fully realized: and if they be, we shall be enabled to point to the Encyclopædia Britannica as the most complete compilation of the kind to be found in any language.

It will be generally thought that the subject of the present dissertation is one, for the illustration of which the talents and acquirements of Sir James Mackintosh were peculiarly well adapted. It harmonizes with the course of his studies and writings. Essentially a labour of criticism, it required his philosophic mind, his ample knowledge, and masterly style. Nevertheless, the view which he has given of the progress of Ethical Philosophy, is, in one respect at least, seriously defective. He has given abundant space to the opinions of antiquity, of the middle ages, and of most of the principal writers of England and France in modern times. But he has summed up in a page or two all that has been done upon this subject in Germany. We do not say that this is like omitting the part of the Prince of Denmark, in the play of Hamlet, but it certainly leaves a formidable chasm in a history of Ethical Philosophy. Germany has long been the great laboratory of the human mind, in which every faculty of thought, reflection, and imagination, has been wrought to its highest degree of excitement, with the view of not merely augmenting our store of ascertained facts, but of widening the sphere of the soul itself in its most refined operations.

For this and for some other omissions and imperfections, Sir James Mackintosh alleges, by way of apology, the pressure of

other occupations, and indifferent health. Of the latter excuse we hear with unaffected regret, as there are but very few of our public men whose active exertions are more conducive to the interests of the country. But we must say, that if his occupations were such as to prevent him from treating such a subject in the manner which it deserved, he ought rather to have yielded the task to others, than have left his work so defective. It will be the duty of the proprietors to provide for these omissions in the body of the Encyclopædia.

Sir James commences his introduction with the usual complaint of the inadequacy of the words of ordinary language for the purposes of philosophy. We suspect that this complaint has no just, or at least, no extensive foundation. It is, perhaps, ideas that we chiefly want in ethical discussions, rather than diction. Man has been engaged, since the beginning of the world, in exploring the depths of his own mind, and he is now almost as ignorant of the world which it contains, as he was six thousand years ago. He has done no more than coast, as it were, round this Terra Incognita. Thousands who have failed in penetrating to its interior, have yet ventured to describe its recesses, and to draw from their observations rules for the attainment of human happiness. As many philosophers as have appeared, so many systems have been promulgated. The enthusiasm of disciples, impatience of contradiction, the pride of controversy, and eagerness for triumph, have engrossed more attention than the original subject of dispute.

Perhaps, also, men have blinded themselves too long in the pursuit of what is called Ethical Philosophy. Its essential object is to teach us what is right and wrong, and to induce us to practice the one and abstain from the other. Are we afraid to acknowledge that the only unerring clue to this most important of all sciences, is to be found exclusively in the precepts of Christianity? Is it not the mere haughtiness of reason, unassisted by revelation, or passing over its sublime disclosures, that bids us to bewilder ourselves in seeking out for those rules of conduct, which the New Testament pronounces in words of the most beautiful simplicity?

It is not indeed to be wondered at, that the writings of the ancients abound in such unprofitable speculations. Controversies arising out of them began with the stoical and epicurean schools of Greece, which were taken up by some of the most accomplished philosophers of Rome. The general object of the principles enforced by Socrates, and elegantly explained by Plato, was 'to inspire the love of truth, of wisdom, of beauty, especially of goodness, the highest beauty, and of that supreme and eternal mind, which contains all truth and wisdom, all beauty and goodness.' Vague as his language was, it is evident that Socrates wished to raise the mind from mean and transitory objects, and to prepare it for those higher destinies, of which he derived from instinct some faint idea. Aristotle, the pupil and rival of Plato, though much

better versed in the subtilties of logic, as well as in the grounds of natural philosophy, than his master, yet very nearly agreed with him in ethics. Both maintained that 'happiness consisted in virtuous pleasure, chiefly dependent on the state of the mind, but not unaffected by outward agents.' They coincided with Socrates in defining the word "happiness" to mean "unrepented pleasure," a definition which confounds a good conscience with one grown callous in the practice of every crime. Neither distinguished what they called happiness, from virtue. A century after, Epicurus held that both these elements, if we may so call them, were inseparable; that "we cannot live pleasurably without living justly and virtuously, nor live justly and virtuously without living pleasurably," a doctrine which was easily susceptible of explanation in the sense of the most voluptuous passions. Zeno, the master of the stoics, on the contrary, maintained that the moral sentiments ought alone to be the motives of conduct; that what was fit to be done ought to be done, whether it was productive to the agent, of happiness or misery; a doctrine which is in itself perfect, but which, unguided by the light of Christianity, necessarily tended to destroy every generous emotion, and to freeze the current of the feelings. Yet there was so much of truth at the bottom of both these apparently opposite doctrines, that construing the happiness and virtue of Epicurus, and the motives of Zeno, in their noblest and purest sense, men have been found among their disciples, of whom no system of philosophy need be ashamed. In no part of his discourse is Sir James Mackintosh more felicitous than in his exposition of the practical influence of the Greek schools upon the leading men of Rome.

'The Roman Patriciate, trained in the conquest and government of the civilized world, in spite of the tyrannical vices which sprung from that training, were raised by the greatness of their objects to an elevation of genius and character unmatched by any other aristocracy; at the moment when, after preserving their power by a long course of wise compromise with the people, they were betrayed by the army and the populace into the hands of a single tyrant of their own order—the most accomplished of usurpers, and, if humanity and justice could for a moment be silenced, one of the most illustrious of men. There is no scene in history so memorable as that in which Cæsar mastered a nobility of which Lucullus and Hortensius, Sulpicius and Catulus, Pompey and Cicero, Brutus and Cato, were members. This renowned body had from the time of Scipio sought the Greek philosophy as an amusement or an ornament. Some few, "in thought more elevate," caught the love of truth, and were ambitious of discovering a solid foundation for the Rule of Life. The influence of the Grecian systems was tried by their effect on a body of men of the utmost originality, energy, and variety of character, during the five centuries between Carneades and Constantine, in their successive positions of rulers of the world, and of slaves under the best and under the worst of uncontrolled masters. If we had found this influence perfectly uniform, we should have justly suspected our own love of system of having in part

bestowed that appearance on it. Had there been no trace of such an influence discoverable in so great an experiment, we must have acquiesced in the paradox, that opinion does not at all affect conduct. The result is the more satisfactory, because it appears to illustrate general tendency without excluding very remarkable exceptions. Though Cassius was an Epicurean, the true representative of that school was the accomplished, prudent, friendly, good-natured time-server Atticus, the pliant slave of every tyrant, who could kiss the hand of Antony, imbrued as it was in the blood of Cicero. The pure school of Plato sent forth Marcus Brutus, the signal humanity of whose life was both necessary and sufficient to prove that his daring breach of venerable rules flowed only from that dire necessity which left no other means of upholding the most sacred principles. The Roman orator, though in speculative questions he embraced that mitigated doubt which allowed most ease and freedom to his genius, yet in those moral writings where his heart was most deeply interested, followed the severest sect of philosophy, and became almost a Stoic. If any conclusion may be hazarded from this trial of systems, the greatest which history has recorded, we must not refuse our decided though not undistinguishing preference to that noble school which preserved great souls untainted at the court of dissolute and ferocious tyrants; which exalted the slave of one of Nero's courtiers to be a moral teacher of after times; which for the first, and hitherto for the only time, breathed philosophy and justice into those rules of law which govern the ordinary concerns of every man; and which above all, has contributed, by the examples of Marcus Porcius Cato and of Marcus Aurelius Antonius, to raise the dignity of our species, to keep alive a more ardent love of virtue, and a more awful sense of duty, throughout all generations.'—pp. 304, 305.

If not in avowed doctrine, at least in general practice, the system of Epicurus may be said still to possess extensive sway. The principles of the stoics may be seen in active operation among all those who, under the influence of true religion, pursue virtue for its own sake; while the Epicurean indulgence of the passions is but too obvious amongst those who, adopting forms of faith which impose scarcely any restraint upon the human will, act very much as they like with respect to all things not positively prohibited by human laws.

The contests to which the epicurean and stoical systems gave rise, were, for some time, continued at Rome by the sceptics and dogmatists. In a subsequent age the memory of the Greek schools was in some measure revived in Africa by the early preachers of Christianity, who either combatted the doctrines of Epicurus and Zeno, or educed from them maxims in support of the new order of moral sentiments. The work of Boethius may be said to have closed the history of ancient philosophy in the fifth century.

Between the death of Boethius and the rise of modern philosophy there was an interval of more than a thousand years, the greater portion of which is commonly called the period of the dark ages. Nevertheless it has been clearly shewn by Mr. Hallam, and other inquirers, that during those much calumniated centuries, the

human mind was far from being inactive. Besides being coeval with the sources of most of the institutions, the manners, and the characteristic distinctions of modern nations, to those centuries also, rather than to antiquity, may be traced the 'well-springs of our speculative doctrines and controversies,' as well as many 'discoveries in science, inventions in art, and contrivances in government, some of which, perhaps, were rather favoured than hindered by the disorders of society, and by the twilight in which men and things were then seen.' Within that period personal slavery was nearly extinguished in Europe, and women were raised to their due rank in society; gunpowder, paper, printing, and the compass, all miraculous instruments in the hands of man, were discovered; a new continent was revealed, upon which a system of liberty was afterwards to be tried which had no precedent, and which was to be solidly and successfully founded upon a principle of universal equality, previously looked upon as a wild and visionary idea. Within that period St. Augustin and Thomas Aquinas, the moral masters of Christendom for more than three centuries, and still looked up to by a vast majority of the civilized nations as great authorities, wrote their ethical works, and the author who, with consistent modesty, has concealed his real name under that of Thomas a Kempis, gave to mankind a small volume for their guidance in conduct, which would of itself be sufficient to lead them to true happiness, if all other works on morals that have been written before or since had been irrecoverably destroyed. During those "dark ages" the study of the laws of Justinian was pursued in several of the nations of Europe, particularly in Spain, with indefatigable ardour, where 'Francis Victoria, who began to teach at Valladolid, in 1525, is said to have first expounded the doctrines of the schools in the language of the age of Leo the Tenth! and his pupil, Dominic Soto, a Dominican friar, wrote his treatise on "Justice and law," which continued to be of considerable authority for more than a century. Soto, besides being the oracle of the Council of Trent, and the person to whom that celebrated assembly are indebted for 'much of the precision, and even elegance, for which their doctrinal decrees are not unjustly commended,' has moreover the signal honour of being the first writer who condemned the African slave trade. 'It is affirmed,' says he, 'that the unhappy Ethiopians are, by fraud or force, carried away and sold as slaves. If this is true, neither those who have taken them, nor those who purchased them, nor those who hold them in bondage, can ever have a quiet conscience till they emancipate them, even if no compensation should be obtained.' 'As the work,' observes Sir James Mackintosh, 'which contains this memorable condemnation of man-stealing and slavery, was the substance of lectures many years since delivered at Salamanca, philosophy and religion appear, by the hand of their faithful minister, to have thus smitten the monsters in their earliest infancy.' It should be added that the first

decree against the slave trade emanated from the court of Rome, long before the subject was even talked of in the Parliament of England.

Modern ethics may be said to have begun with Grotius, whose great work, published at Paris in 1625, contains a complete view of the general principles of morals then prevalent in Christendom. He considered those principles chiefly with reference to natural law, which he states to be the "dictate of right reason, pronouncing that there is in some actions a moral obligation, and in other actions a moral deformity, arising from their respective suitableness or repugnance to the reasonable and social nature." Grotius was followed by Hobbes, the well known foe of religion and virtue. His early education had been defective. He was thirty years old before he was acquainted with the Latin and Greek classics; but so indefatigable were his studies, that when he was forty he translated Thucydides, for the purpose, as he said, of shewing the evils of popular government. It was not until about his sixtieth year that he began to publish his philosophical opinions, which, from the dogmatical style, and the clear, precise, and pithy language in which they were delivered, were undoubtedly calculated to produce a most powerful impression. It was truly observed by Mr. Stewart, that the "ethical principles of Hobbes are completely interwoven with his political system." Sir James Mackintosh goes farther, and says, that 'the whole of Hobbes's system, moral, religious, and in part philosophical, depended on his political scheme,' the great object of which was to destroy religion and liberty. In his opinion, no government could tend to the happiness of the people which was not wielded by a single hand; atheism he considered as the most effectual instrument for putting down the spirit of rebellion which prevailed in his time; *self* he represented as the ultimate object of every action; thought and feeling he confounded together, or rather, according to him, man never acted from feeling, but from fore-thought or calculation of his own interests. Thus, 'Pity is the imagination of future calamity to ourselves, proceeding from the sense of another man's calamity.' 'Laughter is occasioned by sudden glory in our eminence, or in comparison with the infirmity of others.' 'Love is a conception of man's need of the one person desired.' Hobbes denied that there were in our nature disinterested passions, which looked beyond our own happiness; he struck the affections altogether out of his view of human nature. 'Moral good he considers merely as consisting in the signs of a power to produce pleasure; and repentance is no more than regret at having missed the way.' Shocking as these principles were, when considered with all their consequences, they found in that depraved age many admirers. The profligate wits of the court of Charles II., held up Hobbes as their philosophical idol. The whole church militant, however, as Warburton expresses it, took up arms against him, and the controversies to

which his writings gave rise, sowed the seeds, directly or remotely, of all the ethical works that have appeared in Europe since his time.

Among the principal opponents of the philosophy of Hobbes, and of his great auxiliary, Spinoza, were Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough; Cudworth, one of the most distinguished of the Armenian party, and a man of boundless erudition; Clarke, the editor of Homer and Cæsar; the Earl of Shaftesbury; Leibnitz, Malebranche, Jonathan Edwards, and Buffier. These were followed by Butler, the celebrated author of the "Analogy of Religion to the Course of Nature;" Hutcheson, the father of speculative philosophy in Scotland; Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, whose works are justly characterised as the finest models of philosophical style since Cicero; David Hume, Adam Smith, David Hartley, Abraham Tucker, Dr. Reid, William Paley, and, in our own days, Jeremy Bentham, Dugald Stewart, and Thomas Brown. It would lead us far beyond our limits to characterise the works of these different philosophical writers. There are, however, one or two of the number, concerning whom the reader might be curious to know Sir James Mackintosh's opinion. Of Mr. Bentham he says,—

The disciples of Mr. Bentham are more like the hearers of an Athenian philosopher than the pupils of a modern professor, or the cool proselytes of a modern writer. They are, in general, men of competent age, of superior understanding, who voluntarily embrace the laborious study of useful and noble sciences; who derive their opinions not so much from the cold perusal of his writings, as from familiar converse with a master from whose lips these opinions are recommended by simplicity, disinterestedness, originality, and vivacity; aided, rather than impeded, by foibles not unamiable; enforced, of late, by the growing authority of years and of fame; and, at all times, strengthened by that undoubting reliance on his own judgment which mightily increases the ascendant of such a man over those who approach him. As he and they deserve the credit of braving vulgar prejudices, so they must be content to incur the imputation of falling into the neighbouring vices of seeking distinction by singularity; of clinging to opinions because they are obnoxious; of wantonly wounding the most respectable feelings of mankind; of regarding an immense display of method and nomenclature, as a sure token of a corresponding increase of knowledge; and of considering themselves as a chosen few, whom an initiation into the most secret mysteries of philosophy entitles to look down with pity, if not contempt, on the profane multitude. Viewed with aversion or dread by the public, they become more bound to each other and to their master; while they are provoked into the use of language which more and more exasperates opposition to them. A hermit in the greatest of cities, seeing only his disciples, and indignant that systems of government and law, which he believes to be perfect, are disregarded at once by the many and the powerful, Mr. Bentham has, at length, been betrayed into the most unphilosophical hypothesis, that all the ruling bodies who guide the community have conspired to stifle and defeat his discoveries. He is too little acquainted with doubts to believe the honest doubts of others, and

he is too angry to make allowance for their prejudices and habits. He has embraced the most extreme party in practical politics; manifesting more dislike and contempt towards those who are more moderate supporters of popular principles, than towards their most inflexible opponents. To the unpopularity of his philosophical and political doctrines, he has added the more general and lasting obloquy which arises from an unseemly treatment of doctrines and principles, which, if there were no other motives for reverential deference, even a regard to the feelings of the best men requires to be approached with decorum and respect.

'Fifty-three years have passed since the publication of Mr. Bentham's first work, *A Fragment on Government*—a considerable octavo volume, employed in the examination of a short paragraph of Blackstone; unmatched in acute hypercriticism, but conducted with a severity which leads to an unjust estimate of the writer criticised, till the like experiment be repeated on other writings. It was a waste of extraodinary power to employ it in pointing out flaws and patches in the robe, occasionally stolen from the philosophical schools, which hung loosely and unbecomingly on the elegant commentator. This volume, and especially the preface, abounds in fine, original, and just observation; it contains the germs of most of his subsequent productions; and it is an early example of that disregard for the method, proportions, and occasions of a writing which, with all common readers, deeply affects its power of interesting or instructing. Two years after, he published a most excellent tract on *The Hard Labour Bill*, which, concurring with the spirit excited by Howard's inquiries, laid the foundation of just reasoning on Reformatory Punishment. The *Letters on Usury*, are, perhaps, the best specimen of the exhaustive discussion of a moral or political question, leaving no objection, however feeble, unanswered, and no difficulty, however small, unexplained; remarkable also for the clearness and spirit of the style, for the full exposition which suits them to all intelligent readers, for the tender and skilful hand with which prejudice is touched, and for the urbanity of his admirable apology for projectors, addressed to Dr. Smith, whose temper and manner he seems, for a time, to have imbibed. The *Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Politics*, printed before the *Letters*, but published after them, was the first sketch of his system, and is still the only account of it by himself.'—pp. 366, 367.

As an ethical writer, Mr. Bentham is known to be what is called a *Utilitarian*. The principle of utility, he considers, ought to be the chief motive of human conduct—a principle not very distant from that of the stoics of old, who held that the moral sentiments ought alone to guide our actions. Both motives are manifestly too cold and vague to be safely trusted to as the ordinary guides of mankind. The principle of utility is, besides, too apt to overlook the means in hastening towards a particular end, and this may be said of it, whether it points out to us our own interests or those of our fellow men. What is useful may thus frequently be opposed to what is right and just. Moreover, utility is, at best, but a feeble motive substituted for a much stronger one. Sir James Mackintosh puts this point in its proper light.

'A theory founded on utility, therefore, requires that we should cultivate as excitements to practice, those other habitual dispositions which we know by experience to be generally the source of actions beneficial to ourselves and our fellows; habits of feeling productive of habits of virtuous conduct, and in their turn strengthened by the re-action of these last. What is the result of experience on the choice of the objects of moral culture? Beyond all dispute, that we should labour to attain that state of mind in which all the social affections are felt with the utmost warmth, giving birth to more comprehensive benevolence, but not supplanted by it; when the moral sentiments most strongly approve what is right and good, without being perplexed by a calculation of consequences, though not incapable of being gradually rectified by reason, whenever they are decisively proved, by experience, not to correspond in some of their parts to the universal and perpetual effects of conduct.'—p. 379.

Further on, he enforces the same topic:

'Those who have most inculcated the doctrine of utility, have given another notable example of the very vulgar prejudice which treats the unseen as insignificant. Tucker is the only one of them who occasionally considers that most important effect of human conduct, which consists in its action on the frame of the mind, by fitting its faculties and sensibilities for their appointed purpose. A razor or a penknife would well enough cut cloth or meat, but if they were often so used, they would be entirely spoiled. The same sort of observation is much more strongly applicable to habitual dispositions, which, if they be spoiled, we have no certain means of replacing or mending. Whatever act, therefore, discomposes the moral machinery of mind, is more injurious to the welfare of the agent than most disasters from without can be; for the latter are commonly limited and temporary; the evil of the former spreads through the whole of life. Health of mind, as well as of body, is not only productive in itself of a greater sum of enjoyment than arises from other sources, but is the only condition of our frame in which we are capable of receiving pleasure from without. Hence it appears how incredibly absurd it is to prefer, on grounds of calculation, a present interest to the preservation of those mental habits on which our well-being depends. When they are most moral, they may often prevent us from obtaining advantages. It would be as absurd to desire to lower them for that reason, as it would be to weaken the body, lest its strength should render it more liable to contagious disorders of rare occurrence.'—p. 382.

Upon Mr. Bentham's style, Sir James makes the following just remarks:

'The style of Mr. Bentham underwent a more remarkable revolution, than, perhaps, befel that of any other celebrated writer. In his early works, it was clear, free, spirited, often and seasonably eloquent. Many passages of his later writings retain the inimitable stamp of genius; but he seems to have been oppressed by the vastness of his projected works—to have thought that he had no longer more than leisure to preserve the heads of them—to have been impelled, by a fruitful mind, to new plans before he had completed the old. In this state of things, he gradually ceased to use words for conveying his thoughts to others, but merely employed them as a short-hand, to preserve his meaning for his own purpose.

It was no wonder that his language should thus become obscure and repulsive. Though many of his technical terms are in themselves exact and pithy, yet the overflow of his vast nomenclature was enough to darken his whole diction.

'It was at this critical period that the arrangement and translation of his manuscripts were undertaken by M. Dumont, a generous disciple, who devoted a genius, formed for original and lasting works, to diffuse the principles and promote the fame of his master. He whose pen Mirabeau did not disdain to borrow,—who, in the same school with Romilly, had studiously pursued the grace, as well as the force, of composition,—was perfectly qualified to strip of its uncouthness, a philosophy which he understood and admired. As he wrote in a general language, he propagated its doctrines throughout Europe, where they were beneficial to jurisprudence, but perhaps injurious to the cause of reformation in government. That they became more popular abroad than at home, is partly to be ascribed to the taste and skill of M. Dumont; partly to that tendency towards free speculation and bold reform, which was more prevalent among nations newly freed, or impatiently aspiring to freedom, than in a people long satisfied with the possession of a system of government, like that which others were struggling to obtain, and not yet aware of the imperfections and abuses in their laws; to the amendment of which, a cautious consideration of Mr. Bentham's works will undoubtedly most materially contribute.'—pp. 385, 386.

The character given of Dugald Stewart and his writings, by Sir James Mackintosh, furnishes eight of the most interesting and eloquent pages of which the history of philosophy can boast. They glow with the warmth of the heart, as well as with the fervid fire of a fancy tempered by experience. Within a brief compass, they place before us a masterly view of the state in which the best modern writers of our own country and France may be said to have left ethics for the contemplation of posterity. Dugald Stewart, whose name alone awakens so many agreeable associations in every cultivated mind, filled for twenty-five years the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. It is truly remarked of him that, 'perhaps few men ever lived, who poured into the breasts of youth a more fervid, and yet reasonable, love of liberty, of truth, and of virtue.' The general style of his composition is characterised in a language worthy of his own genius and taste.

'Few writers rise with more grace from a plain groundwork, to the passages which require greater animation or embellishment. He gives to narrative, according to the precept of Bacon, the colour of the time, by a selection of happy expressions from original writers. Among the secret arts by which he diffuses elegance over his diction, may be remarked the skill which, by deepening or brightening a shade in a secondary term, by opening partial or preparatory glimpses of a thought to be afterwards unfolded, unobservedly heightens the import of a word, and gives it a new meaning, without any offence against old use. It is in this manner that philosophical originality may be reconciled to purity and stability of speech, —that we may avoid new terms, which are the easy resource of the unskilful

or the indolent, and often a characteristic mark of writers who love their language too little to feel its peculiar excellencies, or to study the art of calling forth its powers.

'He reminds us not unfrequently of the character given by Cicero to one of his contemporaries, "who expressed refined and abstruse thought in soft and transparent diction." His writings are a proof that the mild sentiments have their eloquence as well as the vehement passions. It would be difficult to name works in which so much refined philosophy is joined with so fine a fancy,—so much elegant literature, with such a delicate perception of the distinguishing excellencies of great writers, and with an estimate in general so just of the services rendered to knowledge by a succession of philosophers. They are pervaded by a philosophical benevolence, which keeps up the ardour of his genius, without disturbing the serenity of his mind,—which is felt in his reverence for knowledge, in the generosity of his praise, and in the tenderness of his censure. It is still more sensible in the general tone with which he relates the successful progress of the human understanding, among many formidable enemies. Those readers are not to be envied who limit their admiration to particular parts, or to excellencies merely literary, without being warmed by the glow of that honest triumph in the advancement of knowledge, and of that assured faith in the final prevalence of truth and justice, which breathe through every page of them, and give the unity and dignity of a moral purpose to the whole of these classical works.

'He has often quoted poetical passages, of which some throw much light on our mental operations. If he sometimes prized the moral common-places of Thomson and the speculative fancy of Akenside more highly than the higher poetry of their betters, it was not to be wondered at that the metaphysician and the moralist should sometimes prevail over the lover of poetry. His natural sensibility was perhaps occasionally cramped by the cold criticism of an unpoetical age; and some of his remarks may be thought to indicate a more constant and exclusive regard to diction than is agreeable to the men of a generation who have been trained by tremendous events to a passion for daring inventions, and to an irregular enthusiasm, impatient of minute elegancies and refinements. Many of those beauties which his generous criticism delighted to magnify in the works of his contemporaries, have already faded under the scorching rays of a fiercer sun.'—pp. 389, 390.

The doctrines which Dugald Stewart promulgated with the view of throwing light upon the structure and functions of the mind, the origin of our affections, and the formation of the moral faculty, are known wherever sound philosophy is appreciated. We shall therefore offer no abridgement of them, and shall content ourselves with transcribing the beautiful eulogy with which Sir James Mackintosh closes this part of his dissertation.

'A delicate state of health, and an ardent desire to devote himself exclusively to study and composition, induced Mr. Stewart, while in the full blaze of his reputation as a lecturer, to retire in 1810, from the labour of public instruction. This retirement, as he himself describes it, was that of a quiet but active life. Three quarto and two octavo volumes, besides the magnificent Dissertations prefixed to this Encyclopædia, were among

its happy fruits. These Dissertations are, perhaps, the most profusely ornamented of any of his compositions; a peculiarity which must in part have arisen from a principle of taste, which regarded decoration as more suitable to the history of philosophy than to philosophy itself. But the memorable instances of Cicero, of Milton, and still more those of Dryden and Burke, seem to show that there is some natural tendency in the fire of genius to burn more brightly or to blaze more fiercely in the evening than in the morning of human life. Probably the materials which long experience supplies to the imagination, the boldness with which a more established reputation arms the mind, and the silence of the low but formidable rivals of the higher principles, may concur in producing this unexpected and little observed effect.

'It was in the last years of his life, when suffering under the effects of a severe attack of palsy, with which he had been afflicted in 1822, that Mr. Stewart most plentifully reaped the fruits of long virtue and a well-ordered mind. Happily for him, his own cultivation and exercise of every kindly affection had laid up for him a store of that domestic consolation which none who deserve it ever want, and for the loss of which, nothing beyond the threshold can make amends. The same philosophy which he had cultivated from his youth upward employed his dying hand. Aspirations after higher and brighter scenes of excellence, always blended with his elevated morality, became more earnest and deeper as worldly passions died away, and earthly objects vanished from his sight.'—pp. 393, 394.

Sir James Mackintosh winds up his eloquent discourse with a section of general remarks, in which the philosopher, the scholar, the lawyer, the statesman, the parent, and the friend of mankind appear in turns, winning our assent to the truth of his observations, and our esteem for the writer who inculcates all the virtues in so amiable and unaffected a manner. The conclusions at which he arrives may be summed up in a few words. 'The cultivation of all the habitual sentiments from which the various classes of virtuous actions flow; the constant practice of such actions, the watchful care of all the outworks of every part of duty; of that descending series of useful habits which, being securities to virtue, become themselves virtues,—are so many ends which it is absolutely necessary for man to pursue and to seek for their own sake.' The application of this doctrine to the intercourse between the sexes is thus stated:—

'The connection of that part of morality which regulates the intercourse of the sexes with benevolence, affords the most striking instance of the very great importance which may belong to a virtue, in itself secondary, but on which the general cultivation of the highest virtues permanently depends. Delicacy and modesty may be thought chiefly worthy of cultivation, because they guard purity; but they must be loved for their own sake, without which they cannot flourish. Purity is the sole school of domestic fidelity, and domestic fidelity is the only nursery of the affections between parents and children, from children towards each other, and, through these affections, of all the kindness which renders the world habitable. At each step in the progress, the appropriate end must be loved for its own sake;

and it is easy to see how the means of sowing the seeds of benevolence, in all its forms, may become of far greater importance than many of the modifications and exertions even of benevolence itself. To those who will consider this subject, it will not long seem strange that the sweetest and most gentle affections grow up only under the apparently cold and dark shadow of stern duty. The obligation is strengthened, not weakened, by the consideration that it arises from human imperfection; which only proves it to be founded on the nature of man. It is enough that the pursuit of all these separate ends leads to general well-being, the promotion of which is the final purpose of the creation.'—p. 404.

Mere philosophy can go no higher than this in the scale of perfection. There is, however, a much more elevated doctrine which tells us that we are to cultivate the virtues, not merely for their own sake, not merely because they are calculated to lead eventually to our own happiness, and that of all mankind; but because we are commanded to cultivate them by that all-benevolent BEING from whom they emanate. It is His countenance and His sanction that can alone give to virtue all the value which it deserves. To obey His will; to seek, as far as our human nature may permit, to resemble Him in all things; to accept the blessings and the ills of life with equal affection from His hands; to do good, and avoid evil for his His sake alone,—this is not only the noblest motive of action which can actuate the human breast, but the only one which is calculated to make the love and the practice of virtue endure through time and eternity. We do not censure Sir James Mackintosh for passing over this great topic in his dissertation. His object was not to explain the influence of religion, but to state the progress of ethical philosophy. He has accomplished, to a certain extent, in a most able and luminous manner, the task which he had undertaken; but in the reflections with which he closes his statement, he has only added another to the number of those authors who have failed to trace either our affections, or our moral faculties, to their legitimate source. All the ethical philosophers, whether of ancient or modern times, who have endeavoured to discover the structure of the mind merely by its own feeble light, have produced little more than disputes about words. They have imagined systems which are at variance with each other, and invented or applied expressions which scarcely two of them understand in the same sense. The only light that can enable us to fathom the mind, as well as to direct its operations to the great purpose for which it is destined, must be taken from Religion. This is the true scheme of ethics, and the only one with which it is of essential consequence to us to be thoroughly acquainted. The extent of the discoveries made in philosophy since the days of Hobbes, may be gathered from the following summary:

'The spirit of bold speculation, conspicuous among the English of the seventeeth century, languished after the earlier part of the eighteenth, and

seems, from the time of Hutcheson, to have passed into Scotland, where it produced Hume, the greatest of sceptics, and Smith, the most eloquent of modern moralists; besides giving rise to that sober, modest, perhaps timid Philosophy, which is commonly called Scotch,—which has the singular merit of having first strongly and largely inculcated the absolute necessity of admitting certain principles as the foundation of all reasoning, and as being the indispensable conditions of thought itself. In the eye of the moralist, all the philosophers of Scotland, Hume and Smith as much as Reid, Campbell, and Stewart, have also the merit of having avoided the selfish system; and of having, under whatever variety of representation, alike maintained the disinterested nature of the social affections and the supreme authority of the moral sentiments. Brown reared the standard of revolt against the masters of the Scottish School, and in reality, still more than in words, adopted those very doctrines against which his predecessors, after their war against scepticism, uniformly combated. The law of association, though expressed in other language, became the nearly universal principle of his system; and perhaps it would have been absolutely universal if he had not been restrained rather by respectful feelings than by cogent reasons. With him the love of speculative philosophy, as a pursuit, appears to have expired in Scotland. There are some symptoms, yet, however, very faint, of the revival of a taste for it among the English youth. It was received with approbation in France from M. Royer Collard, the scholar of Stewart more than of Reid, and with enthusiasm from his pupil and successor M. Cousin, who has clothed the doctrines of the schools of Germany in an unwonted eloquence, which always adorns, but sometimes disguises them.'—pp. 411, 412.

Thus it will be seen that no settled system of ethics has yet been devised, at least in this country or in France; schools and doctrines there are in abundance in both countries; and if we were to inquire what has been done in Germany upon the subject, we should only be involved in a new labyrinth of difficulties. The history of German philosophy, (which remains to be executed,) however, presents many curious features, and many lessons not uninstructive to those who deem all such inquiries more amusing than useful. It were to be wished that Sir James Mackintosh should still find time for it, and also for a history of political philosophy,—a work which, being connected with facts, and conversant with social interests, could hardly fail, in such hands as his, to yield a valuable store of suggestions for the amelioration of mankind.

ART. VI.—*Narrative of a Journey Over-land from England, by the continent of Europe, Egypt, and the Red Sea, to India; including a residence there, and voyage home, in the years* 1825, 26, 27, *and* 28. By Mrs. Colonel Elwood. In two volumes. London: Colburn and Co. 1830.

WE have not, for many a day, met with a more amusing work of travels than this narrative of a journey over-land from England to India. We do not remember ever to have encountered its fair

authoress before in the world of letters, either under her maiden or her wedded name. Yet here she steps forth at once a highly-informed, sensible, and graceful writer, perfectly feminine in all her ways, sometimes coquettish, generally sprightly, occasionally serious, but, whether grave or gay, always engaging. There is nothing of the *blue* about her style, nothing bookish, nothing worked up with the view of producing effect and gaining a reputation. If we except some chapters upon Indian antiquities, for which we suspect she is indebted to her husband, her composition would appear to be the very mirror of her conversation. It has all the animation of diction struck off in the ardour of the moment. We do not suppose that she has blotted a line in all her manuscript. It consists, she says, of letters which were addressed, originally, to her sister, Mrs. Elphinstone. We can easily conceive the pleasure which she took in penning them—a pleasure very different from the sort of feeling which pervades the labouring breasts of most of the Burlington-Street authors. The work was not bespoken; there is no job-like air about it; and therefore do we prize it as a *rara avis* in these times of literary cobbling.

Indeed to the lady herself we ought, in common gallantry, to have applied the title, with its similitude, *nigroque simillima cygno;* for she is, we believe, the first of her sex who has ventured upon the over-land journey *to* India. A great deal more than half the ladies in England would be frightened at the bare thought of going, even as comfortably as possible, to Africa; but to face the plague at Alexandria and Cairo, the crocodiles and pirates on the Nile; even to think of crossing the Desert in a wooden cage borne by camels, exposed to the danger of being suffocated by a camseen, or slaughtered by the Arabs; and then to seek new perils upon the Red Sea!—there is not a lady from John o'Groats to Land's End, who would not faint at the mere proposal of such an enterprise. Yet all this, and a great deal more, has Mrs. Elwood, much to her credit be it spoken, performed in company with her husband; and that, too, in a manner which we recommend to the study of our countrywomen in general. She set out with a determination to smile away all minor difficulties, and to bear with *pazienza*, a word for which we thank her, those that were of a more obstinate character. She knew also that she must expect real dangers; but for these she prepared a fund of proper resignation, which more than once served her in the place of positive courage. All lady-travellers—aye, and most travellers of the stronger sex, should have this pair of volumes by them when they commence their journey: they would learn from this firm and amiable woman the best philosophy of locomotion; that which enables us to scare away all imaginary fears—to feel that we do not, like the snail, carry our own habitations with us everywhere, and to turn into enjoyment even the petty annoyances which change of place must always, more or less, produce.

When the idea was first started of travelling to India by way of Egypt, Mrs. Elwood tells us that the project was treated as visionary by several, and numbers considered it as altogether impracticable for a lady! What could she do without her pelisses and her bonnets, her morning gowns and evening dresses, her linen, her muffs and boas, her cloaks, combs, hair brushes, shoes, boots, stockings, and all the paraphernalia of the wardrobe and dressing room? How could she sleep? How could she live without beef and mutton, and port wine? Where could she sit down, in Egypt, without being eaten up by musquitoes? In what vessel could she sail, after leaving Alexandria, without being devoured by rats and cockroaches? No wonder that her friends magnified the dangers of the expedition, and recommended "a comfortable China ship" in preference. But she was not to be driven, like a child, from her purpose. 'Though we were fully aware this was a route hitherto but little frequented even by gentlemen, and that *no* lady had ever attempted the *outward* over-land journey to Bombay, we were not to be deterred by imaginary difficulties. We resolved at least to *try* whether our plan were feasible, and we found in the variety of the interesting countries through which we passed, sufficient amply to compensate for the fatigue and inconveniences we encountered on our journey.'

The route of Colonel and Mrs. Elwood was tastefully chosen. It enabled them to feast on the beauties of Paris, Genoa, Florence, Rome, and Naples. From the latter place a steam-boat conveyed them to Messina, where they were detained by the sirocco and some dreadful storms for three weeks. Less attention has been generally paid by travellers, in general, to the appearance of that noble harbour than it deserves. Mrs. Elwood describes it as superior even to that of Naples.

'The views from the hills in the vicinity are enchanting. Among these we frequently wandered, and we were quite delighted with the romantic variety of the scenery, which had a peculiarly pastoral air. Picturesque ravines and fiumares, or dry beds of torrents, were tapestried over with delicate shrubs, or clothed with rich groves of orange and lemon trees, whose deep green foliage was enlivened with their golden fruits. Olive trees lightly waved around, vines hung in tangled festoons from tree to tree, the cactus and the Indian fig grew in the wildest luxuriance; and the air, even at this late season of the year, (29th November,) was perfumed with the sweet alysson, and other of our tender annuals.'—vol. i. p. 78.

Although, upon leaving England, the travellers expected to reach the Red Sea at Christmas, yet, owing to various unforeseen causes of delay, it was not until the 21st of December that they were enabled to quit Messina, in a small brigantino. The sirocco, the *Plumbeus Auster* of the ancients, thought fit to interpose his offices, and left them no alternative but that of going to the bottom, or taking refuge in Augusta, the principal town of a small and miserable island

at the foot of Mount Etna. Even here, however, Mrs. Elwood could amuse herself with collecting flowers, which grew in profusion, in the open air. Their Christmas dinner was nearly spoilt by the approach of a party of brigands, whose plans, however, they had the good fortune to baffle. A more pleasing incident consoled them for this peril.

'One evening, as we were rambling about the island, the sound of music floating on the air, induced us to go in search of the invisible harmonist; when close to the sea shore, and thrown into strong relief by the light of the pale moon, which was sailing in majesty through a cloudless sky, we beheld a round chapel, and before a small shrine to the Virgin, was a silver-headed old man at his devotions, playing a very sweet hymn; by him knelt two young men, one accompanying him, the other chanting; whilst prostrate on the ground, and wrapped in their graceful mantillas, were thirty or forty women and children, who filled the chorus in a most harmonious manner, whilst the sound of the waters was heard between each cadence and dying fall. We never saw a prettier spectacle, or heard music that pleased us better than these Sicilian vespers.'—vol. i. p. 88.

Miserable as this island is, yet even in this out of the way spot some of our errant countrymen have settled, having married Sicilian ladies. They have contrived, moreover, to surround themselves with English comforts, which they are by no means unwilling to share with any of their fellow Britons who pass that way. They showed Mrs. Elwood how to make Maccaroni; she has been good enough to give us the receipt, which we, in our turn, will be so polite as to transcribe for our readers.

'The paste, composed of simple flour and water, when of a proper consistency, is pressed by a screw through a plate full of holes, each of which has a peg in the centre, to make it hollow; the whole is set in motion by a wheel turned by the hand, and the maccaroni is then laid in the sun to harden.'—vol. i. p. 92.

The travellers reached the "flower of the world," as the Maltese call their island, on the first day of the new year (1826.) Here, after weighing it so long in the Mediterranean, they were charmed beyond measure to find themselves comfortably seated in Beverley's excellent hotel. They were quite at home. Carpets, sofas, Newcastle coals in highly burnished stoves, tea, coffee, and soups, all after the English fashion. So delighted were they with Beverley, that they remained with him a full quarter of a year. Mrs. Elwood delights us in all her descriptions, but in none more than in those in which she has to notice the ornaments of nature. In this way, as the reader will immediately see, she is sometimes even poetical.

'After a very delightful three months' *sejour* at hospitable Malta, in April we again began to think of pursuing our route. The island had now assumed a very different aspect to [from] what it presented on our landing on the 1st of January. Winter had fled to the churlish regions of the North. "Plumbeus Auster" no longer reigned lord of the ascendency, storms were hushed, and gentle zephyrs supplied their place.

"Heaven's breath smelt most wooingly and sweet;" the little patches of soil were covered with verdure; the elegant pepper-tree, with its pendant branches, formed an agreeable shade; "the flowers appeared upon the earth, and the fig-tree put forth her green leaves;" the air was perfumed with sweet alysson, which communicates so peculiar a taste to the Maltese honey; the barren fortifications were tapestried with minute floerets, and the daisy, the star of home, which, wherever the British wanderer turns his steps, recals dear "merry England" to the memory, decked the sterile rock of Malta.'—vol. i. pp. 104, 105.

Arrived at Alexandria, the travellers were hospitably lodged in the house of the British Consul, the late Mr. Salt, a gentleman whose fine taste the lovers of Egyptian antiquities knew so well how to prize. Here Mrs. Elwood found at every turn something to remind her of the Arabian Nights. We do not remember, however, that Zobeide, or the famous Caliph Haroun Alraschid, ever drank coffee, or if they did, that it was brought to them in little china cups standing in saucers of filigree gold, and served upon a silver waiter. The gardens of date trees; Pompey's, or rather, as it is now discovered to be, Diocletian's pillar; Cleopatra's needle seen over a dusty, brown, and undulating plain; Turkish mosques; camels with their Arab drivers, and donkies with Turkish riders sitting cross-legged on their backs,—formed such a combination of novelties, that Mrs. Elwood, though she had often read, heard, and talked of such things, could hardly trust her senses when she now saw them. She could scarcely believe that she was Anne Katharine Elwood, alias Curteis, formerly of Windmill Mill, in the county of Sussex! To add to the magic of the scene, 'the glorious sun was setting in the west, the silvery crescent of the moon was shining on high, and daylight gradually disappearing in all the softened brilliancy of an Egyptian evening.' It was, moreover, the time of the Ramazan.

Colonel and Mrs. Elwood judiciously determined on preserving, throughout their journey, their native costume. It uniformly obtained respect for them every where. In Egypt, as well as among the Arabs of the Desert, the lady was always treated with the most chivalrous gallantry. 'Though my English attire,' she says, 'excited the utmost attention, and in particular my black jean half-boots,—a white face and black feet, being what they could not comprehend,—yet I was constantly treated, wherever I went, with the utmost deference and respect; and though they furtively watched me, whenever the men saw it was observed, they immediately turned away—a good lesson for Bond-street and Regent-street loungers, who think it gentlemanly to stare a woman out of countenance.' It were much to be wished indeed that the said loungers would profit of this, or of some other lesson upon this point of good breeding, for every nine out of ten of them conduct themselves so rudely towards ladies, whether protected by the presence of a gentleman or not, that they provoke one almost to knock

them down. They are as great a nuisance in the streets, as their miserable victims are in the theatres.

We are afraid that when, a page or two back, we alluded to the camseen, or, as it is sometimes called, the hamseen, some of our readers might not have very well understood what the expression meant; we shall therefore request Mrs. Elwood to explain it.

'The camseen is a terrible wind, which prevails, more or less, for fifty days in Egypt during the spring, and whose effects are so dreadful, that were it to continue for more than two or three days consecutively, all animated nature would be destroyed, It has the enervating and dispiriting effects of the Sirocco, and sweeping across the deserts of Africa, it brings with it dense and moving clouds of sand. Though every window and door was closed, all parts of the house were filled with it, and it penetrated into our hair, our food, and our dress. Fancy to yourself the most dense and gloomy November fog you ever saw, with a dark and lurid atmosphere, impregnated with dust, and accompanied by a hollow mournful sound, and you will have a faint idea of the camseen; the skin is parched, and a violent thirst ensues, which it is almost impossible to assuage. It blew incessantly for three days, with but one short interval, when a shower of rain fell for twenty minutes. This wind is most unhealthy, and is generally the precursor of that dreadful scourge, the plague.'—vol. i. pp. 118, 119.

Mrs. Elwood had the pleasure of being introduced to some ten thousands of cockroaches and rats, upon entering the cabin of the boat which was to convey her to the Nile by the canal of Mahmoudich. There not being water enough, the travellers were soon obliged to disembark, and to rough it upon donkies and camels. The road, or rather the desert on which they entered, resembled a fissured horse-pond dried up by intense heat. All around them, however, appeared the beautiful delusion of the mirage. 'Lakes in the distance were apparently to be seen, and a fine river, on whose calm bosom trees and buildings were distinctly reflected.' Having reached the Nile, they proceeded in a cangia to Cairo. The scenery here was rather dull. A panorama of it would cut but a sorry figure. A cloudless sky; a wide dusky-brown river, which frequently assumed the appearance of a lake; low shelving banks; small mud villages, with a few date and other fruit-trees; a lone mosque, Fellahs tilling the ground and planting melons, half-naked countrymen fishing; women in their blue dress carrying water; the ox turning water-mills,'—such were the only objects which greeted the eyes of the voyagers during the five days which it cost them to get to Cairo. Here the Vice-Consul, Mr. Maltass, received them very hospitably. Mahomet Ali, the Pasha of Egypt, was at Cairo at the time. Of course he is fully described. But his history is so well known that it need not be repeated.

The travellers of course visited the lions of Cairo, among them the seraglio, which the Viceroy was then building for his consorts. Mrs. Elwood is a vigorous defender of those establishments. 'The conclusion of the Haram,' she ventures to say, 'appears to be no

more than the natural wish of an adoring husband, to guard her beloved from even the knowledge of the ills and woes that mortal man betide. Whilst he himself dares danger in every form, he wishes to protect "his lady-bird"—"the light of his Haram," from all trouble and anxiety.' And so she goes on in a strain of eulogy that makes one believe that she almost regretted that the Colonel was not a Turk, and her fair self his Sultana, presiding over a number of minor 'lights' of his Haram. We apprehend that the experiment of a single week would cure her of this odd fancy.

After examining the pyramids, the travellers embarked on the Nile once more, and soon came within view of its most enchanting scenery. The romantic caves and temples of Beris Nassau; its ponderous ruins; the fertile plains, the magnificent expanse of the river, and the distant hills, keep the fancy constantly excited. Mrs. Elwood gives a picture of her 'Life on the Nile,' which is singularly graphic.

'To those who, for the sake of the beauties of nature and the wonders of art, could abandon for a short period their English comforts and luxuries, the life upon the Nile, though monotonous, would, from its strange novelty, be by no means undelightful. An ardent sun, a majestic river, dusky forms are seen. The eye no longer falls upon European elegance, the ear is no more greeted by European sounds. The heat, too intense for exertion either of body or mind, admits only of a luxurious, do-nothing sort of existence, and it is pleasant to lie upon the couch and allow the thoughts to assume a romantic, tropical colouring, unlike—oh! how unlike our European coldness and frigidity, where the useful and the expedient are always preferred to the grand and the noble!

'In the morning, it is delightful to rise with the sun, and, ere he has attained any height in the heavens, to walk by the banks of the majestic Nile, so famed in history, both sacred and profane; in poetry, and in romance. An agreeable breeze springing up, generally attempers the atmosphere, braces the frame, and enlivens the spirits. Then, when the sultry sun drives most living objects to seek the friendly shade, it is pleasant, at noon, to glide along in the cangia (boat), and lazily reclining on the couch, to watch the objects that apparently move before the eye. There is now a low and level sand-bank, and a herd of cattle have come down to quench their ardent thirst; then, a bold promontory, or steep head-land, clothed with the purple haziness of heat and distance, closes the scene, and we are apparently sailing on the smooth bosom of a peaceful and glassy lake. Farther on, a fine reach of the river opens upon us, and a fresh breeze taking the crew by surprise, runs the vessel aground, and "Hamesha ma—Halle-la-yah!" in drowsy chorus is chanted as it is pushed off again. Then will the waves often ruffle and fume, verily, as if old Father Nile were indulging in a little fit of anger; but his ire is short lived, and we again glide on, as if this choleric gentleman were the most benign and placid of river deities; such as we have seen him at the Vatican, where in marble majesty he lies, mighty, grand, and composed, despite the myriad of little sprites that play around him. Whilst this calm and dignified serenity continues, his waves assume a glassy

smoothness, in which every object is distinctly reflected, and where the fair goddesses might arrange their toilet by the aid of this superb natural mirror. Now we come upon the clumsy buffalo, lolling and awkwardly disporting in the water, as if more at home there than on land, with head uplifted, and expanded nostril, quaffing the ambient air. On a sandy islet, half a dozen storks may be seen in a composed attitude, standing upon one leg, contemplating themselves in the river,—then stalk, stalk, stalking on, till, alarmed by the nearer approach of the cangia, they heavily rise in the air, and vanish to a place of greater security. A sullen plash proclaims that a creeping crocodile, winding his unwieldy lizard-like form along, has also deserted the sunny bank where he was basking, and plunging into the stream, he hides himself from the curious ken of the voyager. Then, upon the surface of the water, in the distance, appears a black spot—what is it? what can it be? It approaches—it elongates; 'tis a man! A hardy native, who, unmindful of crocodiles and river serpents, himself scarcely less amphibious, is fearlessly swimming across the Nile. A solemn stillness reigns around during the sultry noon-tide heat, and the sounds that alone disturb the sleepy monotony, are the drowsy creak of water-mills, the ceaseless cry of the pee-wit, the wild shriek of the water-fowl, and the lazy flapping of the sail, when the breeze has entirely died away. But when least expected, a sudden gust, a violent eddy of wind comes down from the mountain, flings the vessel on its side—threatens to overturn it—the sleepy crew are aroused—all are on the *qui vive*—consternation reigns on board—every thing is upset—the interior economy of the cabin is totally deranged. The gale, however, proves as transient as unlooked for; the cangia is righted, and all again resign themselves to sleep, or to the reveries and musings of the Nile.'—vol. i. pp. 172—176.

The ruins of Thebes, and especially of the temple of Carnac with its magnificent avenue of sphynxes, its noble colonnades and numberless courts and halls, its sculptures and paintings, afforded to the travellers ample entertainment. Mrs. Elwood appears to mention, as among novelties lately discovered by Mr. Hay and Mr. Bonomi, the roof of a sanctuary which is painted blue, and fretted with golden stars, and also a majestic forest of gigantic columns, for the greater part in a perfect state. Having visited most of the usual lions in Upper Egypt, they descended the river to Kennè, where they prepared for crossing the Desert. In the midst of their bustle the Cacheff of Kennè thought fit to pay them a visit, more, as it was thought, for the purpose of gratifying his curiosity by seeing the lady, than of offering a compliment to the strangers. The lady was knocked up, and vanished to the interior of the cabin, whence, after the laudable fashion of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, she peeped at him through a fissure, little thinking, at the time, that the cabin windows were all open, and that she was herself the observed of many of the Cacheff's attendants who were upon the banks of the river. We think we see her laughing at her discovery as she closed the casement.

Mrs. Elwood compares the litter in which she was now to be

conveyed, to the cage in which Bajazet was carried about with Tamerlane. It was a curious machine enough, about six feet long and three broad, of open wood-work heavily painted. In some degree it resembled a palanquin. Elevated about six feet from the ground, it was placed upon shafts and carried by two camels, one in front, the other behind, like a sedan chair. The lady was not a little nervous at the sight of her Takhtrouan, as it was called. She mustered up her courage, however, and using the back of an Arab for a footstool, ascended the vehicle, in which she was enclosed like a 'lady bird,' to use her own expression on a former occasion. Her husband rode by her side on a camel. An Arab, who dubbed himself her knight for the journey, attended as the chieftain of her train, but, shame upon his gallantry, he gave up in an hour or two his novel office, and returned to his cangia. His defection was, however, soon compensated by the approach of a Bedouin, of a fine manly form, whose features were lighted up by bright and wildly-expressive eyes. 'His coal-black hair was frizzled at the top, and from thence, parted with the utmost care, hung several hundred curls, so arranged as to fall in clusters behind the ear, each individual ringlet being terminated in a sort of tassel; through the whole was passed a wooden bodkin.' He was, in short, an exquisite. Over his shoulder hung a pouch; by his side were two swords; and in either hand, a javelin of antique form. At night he took up his station at the door of the lady's tent, like Malek Adhel at that of Mathilde. He offered to escort the party over the Desert to Cosseir, and, as the kindness of such gentry is easily changed to its contrary, his offer was accepted.

It was the time of the pilgrimage to Mecca, and the Desert presented objects of various interest. An old man was occasionally seen with a mussuk of water upon his back, and a tin pot in his hand, going from tent to tent, selling water to the thirsty pilgrims. An itinerant minstrel, who drew forth from a guitar with two strings as much melody as it contained, and from his stentorian voice a great deal more, levied a tribute upon those who wished to get rid of him. The women, justifying the eulogy of Ledyard, constantly conducted themselves towards Mrs. Elwood with the greatest kindness. Borne in her lofty Takhtrouan, she was taken, no doubt, for a princess! A blind beggar, led by a boy, brought to her mind old Belisarius, whom he seemed to resemble. 'A funeral passed by, accompanied with the customary train of attendants, and with the usual lugubrious cries and loud and outrageous wailings. The mourners stopped their lamentations to gaze at the Takhtrouan, and then—began again!' Caravans were perpetually going and coming; camel drivers were sometimes running about in every direction, hallooing, screaming, and shouting; sometimes, when settled *en route* for the night, (the intense heat of the day seldom permitting a movement till the sun was down,) they raised a wild song, which sounded not altogether unharmo-

niously through the otherwise solemn and unbroken stillness of the Desert. The stars emitted a peculiarly pure and vivid light. So beautiful were the nights, the atmosphere so clear, and so pure the air, that Mrs. Elwood confesses she could almost have turned Sabæan, and adored the Host of Heaven. Occasionally other feelings were awakened by the deep baying of a dog, the dismal cry of the jackal, or the roaring of wild beasts, hoarsely resounding among the mountains.

The day was usually spent in the patriarchal fashion, sometimes under tents, sometimes in *tombs*, the coolness of which did away with every other objection. Mrs. Elwood, far from being overcome with the perils and fatigues of her journey over the Thebaid, on the contrary, declares that she never enjoyed herself so much in her life. She preferred it infinitely to the 'artificial stupidity of civilization.' She was no longer surprised at the ardent love of the Bedouin for his wandering life; 'the marvel is,' she thinks, 'how those Arabs who were ever free to roam the pathless desert in liberty, could submit to the trammels of society, to the forms of a city, and to the mandates of an arbitrary tyrant!'

Early on the morning of the seventh day, the caravan arrived at Cosseir, and soon after entering the town, they had the good fortune to witness the phenomenon sometimes seen in these latitudes, of the sun, on its emerging from the Red Sea, assuming the form of a *pillar of fire*. The vessels in the roadstead being all engaged by pilgrims, the Colonel found it difficult to secure a passage to Djidda. At length he succeeded in obtaining a cabin in an Arab Dow, full to the masts of pilgrims, of whom Mrs. Elwood gives a most animated description.

'There were complexions of every hue, and features of every description, on board. The handsome turbaned Turk, the finely-featured Greek renegado, the wild and intelligent-looking Bedouin of the desert, the swarthy Arab, the coal-black, woolly-headed, flat-countenanced Negro, the savage-looking Moor, the slightly-formed, dusky-complexioned Hindoo, and our European selves. There were also several Nubian women and girls, who, having been taken prisoners by Mohamet Ali's soldiers, were now sent for sale to the Djidda slave market; their price was about two dollars a-head. Naked from the waist upwards, they were much ornamented with glass beads; their figures were finely formed; their head-dress and features much resembled those in the kings' tombs at Thebes; they were more than ordinarily good-looking, and their whole appearance was pleasing and agreeable. They seemed perfectly happy, and amused themselves with playing with their infants, and, if, *par hazard*, our cabin door were left open, with watching my movements, apparently with much curiosity and interest. Their fare consisted entirely of dry biscuit, which indeed appeared to be the only food used on board; but we frequently sent them things from our stores, for which they always seemed most grateful. Among them, C——, (the Colonel,) one day observed an African copying a manuscript, in a small neat hand, which he wrote from right to left with great quickness and facility, apparently undisturbed by the confusion and

Babel of languages with which he was surrounded. Some of the Hadjes* put up a little temporary awning upon deck, to protect themselves from the sun; others lay down upon their luggage; but the privations and hardships necessarily undergone in the pilgrimage to Mecca are really surprising. In a cabin in front of ours was a Turk, who, to judge from the respect paid to him, and the number of his attendants, must have been a man of considerable consequence in his own country. His manners were polished and dignified. He passed his time in reposing on his carpet and smoking his pipe; and though his suite occasionally betrayed their curiosity by furtively taking a peep at me, he never looked into our cabin, but behaved with the utmost politeness. Indeed, I think the manners of the superior Turks I have occasionally met with, are more truly gentlemanly [than], and frequently preferable to, those of the generality of Europeans. There is a grandeur and almost majesty about them, that induces one to think they are of a high caste; and, at the same time, they always behave with the utmost civility and courtesy.'—vol. i. pp. 275—277.

Other circumstances, characteristic of the pilgrims, are mentioned in the course of the voyage.

'On the 15th (of June) we came in sight of the Arabia coast, and we passed some islands, which, from their position, we imagined must be the Aurora Group. The wind freshening in the evening, the Reis made for the first creek, for it is inconceivable what timid navigators the Arabians appear to be, and we ran into a pretty little bay, with several trees, and a fertile valley at the head of it. Two or three other Hadje ships, laden with pilgrims and grain, which had set sail at the same time with ourselves, kept company with us, and always came to anchor at the same spot, and frequently within a stone's throw of us, which arrangement was probably for the safety and protection of the whole. As we could distinctly see and be seen through the large stern windows, our respective movements furnished mutual amusement to all parties, for we were as much objects of curiosity to them as they were to us. Under a large awning upon the quarter deck, the superior Turks or Moors were to be seen reposing in knots of six or seven, each smoking his pipe, or sitting cross-legged round a huge stew-pan, making their common meal from thence, every one plunging his hand in *sans cérémonie*. When the repast was concluded, water was brought by their attendants, with which they washed their faces, hands, and mouths, and salt water was not unfrequently used as a substitute for fresh. The women, in the mean time, sat near them, but half apart, like Eve, in the back ground, in full gossip with each other, or interchanging courteous salaams and salutations with myself. When their husbands had finished, they partook of the remains of the meal. The female costume seemed principally to consist of the blue cotton shift reaching to the feet, with fashionably large and loose sleeves, something in the *séduisante* mode. A piece of cloth thrown over the head was worn like a mantilla, and the face was concealed by the mask or veil, tied up between the eyes. Those that were good looking took care to display enough of

* A term taken from Hedjaz, the Holy Land of the Mahometans, on the borders of the Red Sea.

their countenances to show that they were so, coquettishly concealing the tip of the nose and the mouth, but leaving the contour of the head and face distinctly visible. Some of them had even a considerable degree of *elegance* in their dress and appearance, and had their hair very prettily braided down their backs. These were probably Arabs or Moors from their dress, and from their being less immured than the Turkish belles, of which latter we saw several occasionally emerging from the recesses of their cabins, attired in very splendid dresses, consisting of loose silk drawers and vests, with immense white muslin veils gracefully thrown over the whole figure.

'After we came to anchor, which we generally did a few minutes before the other vessels arrived, it was really an extremely pretty sight to see them come in. A wild and not unharmonious hurrah was raised, as in full sail, with the quickness of lightning, they glanced past our stern windows. This was returned by our crew; their immense sail was instantaneously lowered and furled, and silence succeeded to the pageant show, till broken by the approach of another and another vessel. The Turkish head-dress, composed of a red skull-cap, with generally a purple tassel at the top, and immense rolls of white muslin gracefully disposed around in most becoming folds, is extremely handsome, and the decks of the dows and buglars had, literally speaking, very much the appearance of beds of tulips; for being so crowded, nothing was seen of the passengers on board but their turbaned heads.'—vol. i. pp. 278—281.

The Red Sea is supposed to have been indebted for its epithet, to the coral rocks with which it abounds. So numerous are the coral insects in its bosom, and so actively are their operations conducted, that some persons think it may thus be eventually shut out from all communication with the ocean. The hue of its waves rivals that of the blue Mediterranean, and its waters are so pellucid that the fish may be seen disporting deep among the gaily coloured reefs below. Its atmosphere, however, is particularly dispiriting and unwholesome. In the course of their voyage, Colonel Elwood and his lady had an opportunity of witnessing the performance of the first rites of the hadje, or pilgrimage, at Arabok. The ceremony, said to have been instituted by Mahomet in order to inculcate humility, seemed to consist chiefly of the pilgrims taking off their customary clothing, which, after bathing in the sea and praying, they exchanged for what is called the Ihram, a long piece of cotton cloth loosely wrapt round the waist.

'The metamorphosis,' says Mrs. Elwood, in her usual sprightly style, 'which took place in the appearance of the passengers, in consequence of the assumption of the Ihram, was most amusing, and even ridiculous. He who left the ship a well dressed, majestic, and handsome-looking man, came back the bald, shivering, shaking Hadje; and stripped of his Turkish trappings, which certainly are most imposing and becoming, many a dignified and magnificent looking personage was transformed, as by a magic spell, into a common place, mean, insignificant looking figure, seeming as if half ashamed of his appearance, and not knowing what to make of himself when divested of his flowing robes. After bathing, the Hadjes fell piously to scratching up the sand, like so many dogs, and

forming it into little heaps, sometimes to the number of a hundred. To judge from the disturbed state of the surface of the sand in consequence, the pilgrims must have been either great sinners, or great saints.'—vol. i. pp. 298, 299.

On the 23rd of June the handsome oriental town of Djidda was in sight. Here the Colonel and his lady joined company with Sir Hudson Lowe, whom they had already twice or thrice encountered on their journey, he being also bound for India. They embarked on board a native merchant ship for Bombay, where, after rather a rough passage, they arrived towards the latter end of July.

Mrs. Elwood is extremely diffuse upon the religion of the Hindoos, their bloody sacrifices, and upon Brahma, Vishnu, and Seva, Seraswati, Luchshemi, and Parvati, and their wives. The reader, if he be so minded, may find much to peruse in the second volume concerning the analogies between the Hindoo Deities and those of Greece, the various castes and sects at Bombay, and a thousand other topics connected with the living or the ancient customs of India. Having, however, entered freely into that portion of Mrs. Elwood's work which possessed most originality, we shall make no apology for closing this article with an abridgment of her sketch of Bombay society.

'Figure to yourself a country town, in the most remote parts of Scotland and Ireland, where the post and London newspapers do not arrive more than once a fortnight, or not so often; where local interests occupy the whole attention; where official situation gives consequence and importance; and join to these an enervating and depressing climate, which renders every employment an exertion, and some idea may be formed of Bombay.

'General politics and literature, the beaux arts, and public amusements, are seldom touched upon, and in their place are substituted party politics, local news, private character, and, from the want of something more amusing, not unfrequently scandal. The greater part of the community come out to India in their "musically-sounding teens;" a period when the human mind is, generally speaking, totally unacquainted with the world; and though there are, certainly, instances of persons who have subsequently taken the trouble to acquire that best of education, which is the result of individual exertion and application, yet, perhaps, India is not the best place in the world to form either the character or the manners; and to study when it is not absolutely necessary, is a drudgery to which young people are not often inclined to submit; particularly when just emancipated from restraint, and in a country where the climate at once induces to, and offers an excuse and apology for, indolence.'—vol. ii. pp. 95, 96.

The manners of the townsfolk, the method of their dinners and evening amusements, and their literary recreations, are described by Mrs. Elwood in a more sarcastic vein than we had given her credit for. We add, however, her picture of daily habits in Bombay, though not free from this fault, and her remarks on the climate.

'Those who are anxious to preserve their health, generally rise with the dawn, and take a ride before breakfast; and it is melancholy to see these poor constitution-seekers galloping about in search of the coy goddess Health. Then follows the business of the toilet, which is a positive labour, unless performed before the sun is above the horizon. Breakfast is, with those in office, generally a public meal; that is, those who have busines to transact with the master of the house, or wish to make a call of ceremony, take this opportunity of paying their respects. From ten to twelve is the calling hour; after which period you are not much troubled with callers, and when tiffen, or luncheon, is over, many take a regular siesta. When the sun is sinking in the west, every one rouses from his lethargy, and takes an evening drive. Breach Candy is the spot generally resorted to, during the monsoon; at other times, the Esplanade, where a band of music plays, and where there is a particular spot termed "Scandal Point," from the hecatombs of reputations that have been sacrificed there. About six or seven, the different parties return home to dress for dinner, and if there be no ball, or evening party, to conclude the day, they generally retire soon, the hours being early in India, with the prospect of the morrow being spent exactly in the same manner, for this routine admits of but little variety. The theatre and race course, to those partial to such amusements, and letters from England, or new arrivals from thence, may sometimes break the monotony.

'The total want of elderly persons in society strikes a new comer very much. At a certain age most persons return to England, and there are consequently very few old men, and still fewer old ladies to be seen: the dowagers and chaperones, who constitute such a goodly row of wall-flowers in a party in England, are never to be seen in India.

'Young persons seem sooner carried off in India than middle aged; probably from their want of prudence and caution, and not understanding how to manage their constitutions under a tropical climate. And yet, though disease is certainly more rapid in its progress, and that dreadful scourge, the cholera morbus, will destroy the strongest person in a few hours, the disorders incident to India did not appear to me to be worse than those peculiar to England. The complaints of the liver are not more terrible than those of the lungs, and fevers are as frequently produced by over-exertion and improper exposures, as by local causes. The prickly heat is said to be a preventive to sickness, but many persons would consider this remedy as worse than other complaints. Attention to diet and dress, regular hours and exercise, and a quiet life during the first year's residence in India, would probably prevent much illness: but "experience keeps a dear school," as poor Richard was wont to say; and a peculiarly dear one does she keep in India.'—vol. ii. pp. 101—103.

In her Appendix Mrs. Elwood has given an Itinerary, and various remarks for the benefit of travellers over-land to India, which will be found highly valuable. Added to these are some hints concerning the projected communication with India by Steam navigation, and proceeding as they do from one who has been upon the spot, they strongly encourage the views of those persons who are engaged in the accomplishment of that great object. It is said that the French, who are in the employ of the Viceroy of Egypt,

throw every possible impediment in the way of this design, on account of its connection with British interests. Their intrigues, we trust, will meet with discomfiture; and we hope to see the day when a voyage to India will be performed in the same space of time, as was occupied in a journey from London to Edinburgh in the middle of the last century.

ART. VII.—*National Library—Life of Lord Byron.* By John Galt, Esq. 12mo. pp. 372. London: Colburn and Co. 1830.

THE readers of reviews are precisely the persons who, of all others, are the most to be envied in the days in which we live. They know nothing whatever of the grievous penance to which we are doomed, whose business it is to wade through the current literature of the day, and bring up to the surface of the stream whatever it contains of the least perishable nature. Destined, as by far the greater number of the publications are, which pass like shadows before our eyes, to a speedy and most profound oblivion—to an oblivion which all the voices on the earth, mingled in one shout, could not reach, much less disturb—it must be acknowledged that the aforesaid readers can never be sufficiently grateful to us for saving them the expence of buying or borrowing, and above all, the trouble of reading, the masses of printed paper, which, day after day, are expelled from the steam engines in this huge metropolis.

The brains of all the novel writers and inditers of memoirs having come to a dead stand, having in truth been over-worked, and reduced to a state of physical imbecility, which prevents them from exceeding a single page for the present, recourse is now had to the principle of reproduction. The joints, roast or boiled, on which we have already dined, are to be dished up in another form, seasoned with such spices as may, it is expected, render them acceptable to palates which have lost their natural taste. Works bearing the names of men of eminence, the matter of which was gathered from their personal resources, digested by their industry, and adorned by their style, and for which, too, large sums of money were paid by their publishers, are now to be cut down by profane hands to the shape of abridgments, and to be circulated under the appearance of original productions.

At what a miserable pass has the literature of England arrived! The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, having no profit in view, but really being desirous of enabling the humbler classes, the mechanics particularly, to possess themselves of works which would profitably employ their leisure hours, have, nevertheless, uniformly respected the sacred rights of literary property. They have not laid hands upon a quarto volume recently published, extracted from it the best portion of its contents, and sent into the world as an original production of their own. Mr. Murray, in his admirable "Family Library," has followed the same honourable

rule of conduct. If he has published abridgments, they are abridgments of volumes, the copy-right of which was his own property. We do not know that any thing is to be charged against the proprietors of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia on this score, for beyond two volumes of that collection we never have been able to travel. But here is a new "Library," at first called the "Library of General Knowledge," now denominated "The National Library," the "*National!*"—which sets out upon a plan of what a soldier would call "free quarters." The letters and journals of Mr. Moore and Mr. Hobhouse have furnished the greater portion of the first volume; the Bible is to supply its successor; while in another department the works of all the recent travellers are to be put in requisition for the support of this enterprise. Well, indeed, is it entitled to the name of the "National Library," for it is to live upon the nation at large.

Now be it understood, that we have no sort of objection to cheap literature. Why should we? On the contrary, we have often and often told the booksellers that they charged a great deal too much for their publications. Volumes were sold for pounds, which really were not worth so many pence; at least, they were advertised at prices enormously disproportioned to their merit, a truth which has recently been made matter of demonstration. Persons engaged in trade are now in the habit of selling new works at half price, or even less, a month or two after publication, and this not furtively, but openly before the whole world. It was but the other day that the very publishers of this volume, who have for years been engaged in vending Lady Morgan's writings to all parts of Europe, preceded by every description of puff which ingenuity could invent, thought fit to advertise, or cause to be advertised, that works bearing her ladyship's name, which formerly sold for four and twenty shillings, may now be had for twelve, and those which, in the golden age of trade, sold for six shillings, may now be had for three! We fear that even at these reduced prices, the creations of Lady Morgan will still be apt to remain in the lumber rooms which they now so quietly occupy, for in truth there are yet further reductions to be made, before the *quid* shall be upon a level with the *quo*.

When we look at the manner in which books are printed in France; when we know how liberally authors are paid in that country, and yet how cheaply French readers are supplied with the newest publications, we are even inclined to think that our duodecimo libraries are far from having reached their just minimum in price. But what we do boldly protest against is this; the reproduction, in a cheap form, of the most essential and interesting portions of works, to which neither the person who abridges, nor he who publishes them, has any lawful or equitable right.

Mr. Galt, an author of considerable pretensions, and of very limited talent, tells us that he has long been haunted by a Scotch 'second sight,' that sooner or later he would have to write the life

of Lord Byron. 'My present task,' he says, 'is one of considerable difficulty; but I have long had a notion that some time or another it would fall to my lot to perform it.' No prophets are so safe as those who are in a situation to realise their own predictions. The consequence of this precious gift of foreknowledge is, that he approaches his task 'without apprehension.' Having been from all eternity predestined to execute it, he might be supposed to put a bold face upon the matter on that account. Nevertheless the 'second sight' is not the reason of his fearlessness. No such thing. 'I approach it,' he says, 'without apprehension, entirely in consequence of having determined, *to my own satisfaction*, the manner in which the biography of so singular and so richly-endowed a character as that of the late Lord Byron should be treated.' This introduction has certainly as small a grain of literary modesty in it, as any piece of writing which has ever fallen under our pen. To be sure, he adds in the same breath, that he feels, at the same time, 'no small degree of diffidence, for,' says the fore-doomed biographer of Byron, 'there is a wide difference between determining a rule for oneself, and producing, according to that rule, a work which shall please the public.' So then it appears, that what Mr. Galt really means is this, that in laying down his rule he cared not one farthing for the public; whereas in acting upon it the dear public are to him all in all! Some will say that this is nonsense, or humbug. It appears to us to have a spice of both.

In the preface we are desired to believe that 'the letters and journals of Lord Byron, with the interwoven notes of Mr. Moore, should have superseded the utility of writing any other account of that extraordinary man,' but that 'the compilation has, however, not proved satisfactory.' This is unfair. Mr. Galt well knew that a second volume of Mr. Moore's work still remains to be published, —no man in England better; because his own compilation was postponed for it as long as it could with any degree of decency. He should have waited, at least, until he perused the whole work before he thus characterised it, particularly as he had himself ventured to treat the same subject. How does he know that, when completed, Mr. Moore's work may not prove perfectly satisfactory? Is he indebted for his opinion to his 'second sight;' or does he throw it out at random, with the view of enhancing his own merit? The latter we suspect to be the real cause; and if so, what becomes of his 'diffidence?' If Mr. Moore's compilation has not proved satisfactory, the inference is that Mr. Galt's will; from which we may learn that he has as little real apprehension about 'pleasing the public,' as he had in coming to a determination about the manner in which the biography of Byron should be treated—a determination that was entirely to his 'own satisfaction!' Such is the felicity, such the courage, arising from predestination!

Having settled in his own mind that both the volume which he has read, and the volume which he has not read, of Mr. Moore's

work, are both unsatisfactory, Mr. Galt predicts that 'the consequence almost of necessity is that many other biographical portraits of the noble poet may yet be expected.' Heaven forbid! This prophecy, at least, we trust may not be fulfilled. An abridgment of Moore is bad enough: but an abridgment of Galt, Leigh Hunt, and Galignani, would be, or at least ought to be, an indictable offence. Fired with the frenzy of the Scotch mists, Mr. Galt is not contented with foretelling that many other biographical portraits of Lord Byron may be expected; he, moreover, informs us of what they will do, or rather of what they will not do. 'Will they alter the general effect of Mr. Moore's work?' '*I think not,*' says Mr. Galt, with fine solemnity and emphasis, answering his own question. Thus we see that not only Mr. Moore's published volume, and his unpublished volume, but also all the other biographical portraits of the noble poet, which are as yet in the womb of futurity, must of necessity prove unsatisfactory. For if Mr. Moore's work be entitled to that epithet, and if no other work can alter its general effect, the inevitable conclusion is that, in Mr. Galt's opinion, they must all deserve to be damned, except his own.

Mr. Galt expressly declares, that the main end in his view was to give 'an outline of his Lordship's intellectual features,' a metaphysical design, which, the next moment, he resolves into one of a merely physical nature, 'a substratum only of the general mass of his character.' Whether the author was to begin at the foundation, and describe the substratum on which the building was erected, or whether he was to give an outline of the style in which the building was furnished, it is at all events manifest that the two objects are essentially different, though here they are supposed to be identical. The truth is, however, that Mr. Galt does not confine himself either to the outline or to the substratum; he goes as minutely into Lord Byron's 'intellectual features,' and into what he calls 'the mass of his character,' as the information furnished by Mr. Moore and other writers will enable him to do. The profession, therefore, of narrowing the scope of his work to the intellectual character of Lord Byron, was made merely with the view of inducing the public to believe that Mr. Galt's volume contained much that was not to be found in Mr. Moore's, and that it was written altogether for a different purpose. As if Lord Byron's intellect were not perfectly pourtrayed in his own journals, and in his own poetry; as if any biography of that individual could have been written without having that object mainly in view; and as if the intellectual character of Lord Byron remained hidden from all eyes, until it was brought forth from its cavern by the necromantic wand of Mr. Galt.

It is boldly asserted that 'Mr. Moore has evinced too eager an anxiety to set out the best qualities of his friend to the highest advantage, that the spirit of the times ran strong against Lord Byron, and it was natural that Mr. Moore should stem the tide.'

Now whatever may be thought of the truth of "second sight" in general, we venture to say that every one of these assertions is without foundation. So impartially has Mr. Moore performed his task, as far as he has yet gone, that no man who reads his volume can fail to perceive that Lord Byron's faults and vices are set out as well as his good qualities, and that of the two the former preponderate. Certainly if we may speak for ourselves, and for all those (and they have not been a few) whose opinions we have heard, the work is calculated rather to depress than to raise the general character of Lord Byron. Nor is it true that 'the spirit of the times ran against Lord Byron.' We believe, on the contrary, that it ran in his favour, for many of the rising generations had read and admired his poetry, who knew scarcely a syllable about his personal history beyond what they might have collected from his writings: and the great majority of those who had heard of his misdoings, had almost forgotten them at the very period when the memory of them was revived by Mr. Moore. We do not understand how he could have stemmed a tide which did not exist.

But for what purpose is this imputation made? Evidently for no other than to put a taint upon Mr. Moore's work, and to cause it to be supposed that a very different plan would be pursued in the present volume. 'I respect,' says Mr. Galt, 'the generosity with which he (Mr. Moore) has executed his task.' What a very candid tribute of praise! 'I think,' he adds, '*I think* (!) that he has made no striking misrepresentation.' What condescension in this acknowledgement. Fully explained, it says, in other words, "I, John Galt," (looking to the title page we find John *is* his name) "knowing a great deal more about Lord Byron than any other person who has ever written—or who must 'of necessity' write hereafter—a life of the said Lord, do hereby declare that Mr. Moore has made no striking misrepresentation of or concerning the said Lord, a fact which is in itself very surprising to me, who have long had a notion that it would fall to my lot to perform this task myself." Nay, more, 'I even discern but little exaggeration, although he (Moore) has amiably chosen to paint only the sunny side: the limning is correct, but the likeness is too radiant and conciliatory.' *Preface.* We fancy we see Tom Moore bowing his politest thanks to John Galt, Esquire, (we add the Esquire, because we find it in one title page though not in the other) for this disinterested and eloquent praise. Such Daniels are not to be met with every day upon the bench of criticism.

What does this preamble lead us to expect? Of course, as the sunny side of the mountain has been already exhibited, we are now to be led round to the rocks and precipices that have hitherto been immersed in the shade; the limning is to be critically accurate, but the likeness is to be scowling and repulsive. If there be any meaning in language, this is the prospect which Mr. Galt holds out to his readers.

Now what will be said of Mr. Galt, if his volume be studiously calculated to accomplish the very reverse of this prospect? If the sunny side of Lord Byron's character be by him made still more glittering? If even the dark part be irradiated by praise? And if, although the limning be copied from Moore, the likeness is much more meretriciously seducing?

This predestined biographer of Lord Byron promises to confine his attention chiefly to an outline of his Lordship's intellectual features, to a substratum only of the general mass of his character; yet he almost entirely omits to mention the noble Lord's minor poems, leaves out altogether his violent dispute with Southey, barely alludes to his separation from Lady Byron, and not at all to his part in the controversy about Pope, four points which belong essentially to the view of his intellectual features, and by consequence to that of his general character. The fact would appear to be, that upon the third of these four topics, he had no new information to give, and the other three he had forgotten until reminded of them when it was too late to repair the omissions. He pretends, in a canting tone, to say that the separation of Lord and Lady Byron was a matter with which the public had no concern. It was a private and domestic transaction. Let that be as it may, we think that the connection with the Countess Guiccioli was a matter still more unmeet for the public eye. Yet we have here not only the details of that connection, but a portrait of the adultress! A trifling point in the history of the separation of that woman from the poet is even made an affair of consequence in the preface; the object really being to proclaim that this volume was not without its scandalous attractions.

And after all that Mr. Galt has put forth, as to his peculiar fitness for this task, the performance of which he has so long had a notion would, some time or another, fall to his lot; after all his ridiculous criticisms upon the work of Mr. Moore, and the still more ludicrous egotism of his declarations—'I respect the generosity with which he has executed his task'—'*I* think that he has made no striking misrepresentation'—*I* even discern but little exaggeration'—what are really the circumstances which this writer has thought sufficient to afford him a superior insight into the intellectual features and character of the noble poet? Why he happened to see Lord Byron in the garrison library at Gibraltar, where he did not know him; at that place, by mere chance, they embarked in the same vessel for Sardinia, and during the voyage it appears, according to Mr. Galt's mystical account, the noble wanderer sat 'amidst the shrouds and rattlings, in the tranquillity of the moonlight, charming (where is that verb to be found?) an inarticulate melody;' but this is not all; 'he seemed almost apparitional, suggesting dim reminiscences of him who shot the albatross.' Who the person was that shot the albatross we are ashamed to say we know no more of than of the inhabitants of the moon.

But the climax is yet to come. 'He (Byron voyageur) was,' what? 'He was *as a mystery in a winding-sheet, crowned with a halo!*' No doubt Mr. Galt's readers have seen three most extraordinary things; they have seen, *imprimis*, a mystery; secondly, they have seen it in a winding-sheet; and, thirdly, they have seen the aforesaid mystery in a winding-sheet, crowned with a halo! If they have, we must confess that they know more of the travels of ghosts than falls to our lot, and they can best understand what manner of thing it was that Lord Byron did resemble, for may we perish if we can make even the slighiest guess at it!

Nor are we at all enlightened by what follows the halo. 'The influence of the incomprehensible phantasma which hovered about Lord Byron, has been more or less felt by all who ever approached him. That he sometimes came out of the cloud, and was familiar and earthly, is true; but his dwelling was amidst the murk and the mist, and the home of his spirit in the abysm of the storm, and the hiding places of guilt.' These two sentences may be set down as models of the Professor Wilson style; added to the albatross, the mystery, the winding sheet, and the halo, they forcibly remind us of a church-yard which the professor's imagination lifted up into the air some four or five years ago.

During the voyage the biographer could make nothing of the future subject of his prose. Arrived at Cagliari, however, they all went to the opera, and behold—a rare thing at all times in Sardinia!—there was a nobleman in the pit, actually under the ban of outlawry for murder! whereupon Mr. Galt with great *naiveté* observes—'I have often wondered if the incident had any effect on the creation of Lara; for we know not in what small germs the conceptions of genius originate!' In another place Lara is supposed to be a modification of the poet's own character, but let that pass.

An occurrence of the most grave and interesting character remains still to be told. Let the reader put on his spectacles, or if he has them on, let him take them off, and wiping the glasses, put them on again, and prepare for a most surprising passage. 'But the most important circumstance of that evening arose from a delicate observance of etiquette on the part of the Ambassador. After carrying us to his box, which was close to that of the royal family, in order that we might see the members of it properly, he retired with Lord Byron to another box, an inflexion of manners to propriety in the best possible taste,' (a very odd compliment), 'for the Ambassador was doubtless aware that his Lordship's rank would be known to the audience, and I conceive that this little arrangement was adopted to make his person also known, by showing him with distinction apart from the other strangers.' By what mystical power it was that the audience of Cagliari knew the rank of Lord Byron as a matter distinct from his person, so that in order to fill up the rank which was already known, the person of the juvenile peer was subsequently exhibited by the polite Ambas-

sador, is an enigma which Mr. Galt does not condescend to solve. But the reader resting his spectacles on his forehead asks, 'was this separation of the Lord from his plebeian companions the most important circumstance of the evening? Ah! no—that is still to come. 'When the performance was over, Mr. Hill (Ambassador ipse) came down with Lord Byron to the gate of the upper town, where his Lordship, as we were taking leave, thanked him with more elocution than was precisely requisite.' Surely this was the most important circumstance! No—we are not come to it yet. 'The style and formality of the speech amused Mr. Hobhouse, as well as others; and when the minister retired, he began to rally his Lordship on the subject. But Byron really fancied that he had acquitted himself with grace and dignity, and took the jocularity of his friend amiss—a little banter ensued—the poet became petulant, and'—What! a message, and an apology! This then is the all important circumstance! No—'Mr. Hobhouse walked on!' Well, but what is the grand circumstance? Why it is this, that Lord Byron, on account of his lameness and the roughness of the pavement, took hold of Mr. Galt's arm! This was the origin of their acquaintance! This was '*the most* important circumstance of that evening.'

It is amusing to remark how carefully the *booing* Scotchman turned the incident to account. We could fancy that we were listening to his countryman in "Love, Law, and Physic."

'He appealed to me, if he could have said less, after the kind and hospitable treatment we had all received. Of course, though I thought pretty much as Mr. Hobhouse did, I could not do otherwise than *civilly assent*, especially as his lordship's comfort, at the moment, seemed in some degree dependent on being confirmed in the good opinion he was desirous to entertain of his own courtesy. From that night I evidently rose in his good graces; and, as he was always most agreeable and interesting when familiar, it was *worth my while* to advance, but by *cautious circumvallations*, into his favour.'—p. 66.

The parasitical tone of this paasage, the civil assent, the calculation shewing that it was worth his while to advance, and the cautious circumvallations by which the fortress of the Lord's favour was ultimately taken, are perfectly Caledonian. They were fellow-voyagers soon after to Malta, where they saw little of each other; and after a short and not pleasant sojourn in that island, Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse were off to Greece.

The memoir of the poet, from the time of his birth to that of his arrival at Gibraltar, when he was twenty-two years old, is taken entirely from Moore. His wanderings in Greece, after quitting Malta, are taken from Mr. Hobhouse, and the only important circumstance related of him in the interval is, that at Cagliari he leaned on Mr. Galt's arm! After this Mr. Galt saw Lord Byron for a day or two at Athens, and accompanied his lordship and Mr. Hobhouse to a cave in Mount Pentilicus, where they all three

failed in attempting to cut their names in the marble; they next proceeded to witness a ceremony of marriage, which was over before they reached the place of its celebration; and these are the most interesting circumstances which were within his personal knowledge, connected with Lord Byron in Attica! The next place where the poet encountered his fated biographer, was Smyrna, where we shall allow him to tell his own story.

'About three weeks or a month after he had left Athens, I went by a circuitous route to Smyrna, where I found him waiting with Mr. Hobhouse, to proceed with the Salsette frigate, then ordered to Constantinople, to bring away Mr. Adair, the ambassador. He had, in the mean time, visited Ephesus, and acquired some knowledge of the environs of Smyrna; but he appeared to have been less interested by what he had seen there, than by the adventures of his Albanian tour. Perhaps I did him injustice, but I thought he was also, in that short space, something changed, and not with improvement. Towards Mr. Hobhouse, he seemed less cordial, and was altogether, I should say, having no better phrase to express what I would describe, more of a Captain Grand than improved his manners, and more disposed to hold his own opinion than I had ever before observed him. I was particularly struck with this at dinner, on the day after my arrival. We dined together with a large party at the consul's, and he seemed inclined to exact a deference to his dogmas, that was more lordly than philosophical. One of the naval officers present, I think the captain of the Salsette, felt, as well as others, this overweening, and announced a contrary opinion on some question connected with the politics of the late Mr. Pitt with so much firm good sense, that Lord Byron was perceptibly rebuked by it, and became reserved, as if he deemed that sullenness enhanced dignity. I never in the whole course of my acquaintance saw him kithe so unfavourably as he did on that occasion. In the course of the evening, however, he condescended to thaw, and before the party broke up, his austerity began to leaf, and hide its thorns under the influence of a relenting temperament. It was, however, too evident—at least it was so to me—that without intending wrong, or any offence, the unchecked humour of his temper was, by its caprices, calculated to prevent him from ever gaining that regard to which his talents and freer moods, independently of his rank, ought to have entitled him. Such men become objects of solicitude, but never of esteem.'—pp. 130, 131.

What is the meaning of that word '*kithe*?' It certainly is not English. We need not remark on the elegance of the metaphors which describe the poet as thawing, and his austerity as leafing, and hiding its thorns, though we had heard only of its iciness under the influence of a relenting temperament. It is not, however, for the purposes of verbal criticism that we quote this passage. We present it in proof of the important fact, that Mr. Galt met Lord Byron at dinner, in a very large company, at the Consul's, at Smyrna! He next saw him in London in the winter of 1811. The personal history of the Poet in the interval is taken from Hobhouse and Moore.

We really forget, and it is not worth our while to enquire, whe-

the either of these authors mentions a circumstance which occurred on Lord Byron's passage from Constantinople, which his biographer looks upon as 'one of the most *emphatic* incidents of his life;' 'an incident,' he adds, 'which throws a *remarkable gleam* into the springs and intricacies of his character, more, perhaps, than any thing which has yet been mentioned.' Surely this must be something exceedingly new and curious; some important discovery in the secret history of the noble Poet. Let us hear:—'One day, as he was walking the quarter-deck, he lifted an ataghan, (it might be one of the midshipman's weapons,)' it would, of course, have been out of character to have called it a broad sword, although such it was, 'and, unsheathing it, said, contemplating the blade, "I should like to know how a person feels after committing murder."' Here is the emphatic incident—the incident which was to throw so remarkable a gleam into the springs and intricacies of Lord Byron's character! An ejaculation the most commonplaced, the most trifling, probably the most thoughtless that ever escaped his lips, is converted by his biographer into an emphatic incident! But he does not leave it here. He proceeds in his grandiloquent strain:—'By those who have inquiringly noticed the extraordinary cast of his *metaphysical associations*, this *dagger-scene* must be regarded as both impressive and solemn.' Was ever man guilty of more ludicrous nonsense than this? What does he mean by *metaphysical* associations? The *English* of the phrase is, associations versed in metaphysics; unless, relying upon the authority of Shakspeare, he uses the epithet in a preternatural sense, which, we suppose, he would not admit, unless he be also prepared to say that the noble Lord was a demon. And then to exaggerate this simple act of unsheathing a sailor's weapon, and looking at it for a moment, into a 'dagger-scene!' One would almost imagine that some darker meaning lay behind, if Mr. Galt had not, with great good nature, taken care to caution us that really 'the wish to know how a man felt after committing murder, does not imply any desire to perpetrate the crime!' Indeed! May we ask Mr. Galt whether any human being in his senses ever thought that it did? A charming essay on guilt and horror follows, which it would be unhandsome towards so learned a metaphysician not to transcribe.

'The feeling' (of having committed murder, he means) 'might be appreciated by experiencing any actual degree of guilt; for it is not the deed—the sentiment which follows it, makes the horror. But it is doing injustice to suppose the expression of such a wish dictated by desire. Lord Byron has been heard to express, in the eccentricity of conversation, wishes for a more intense knowledge of remorse than murder itself could give. There is, however, a wide and *wild* difference between the curiosity that prompts the wish to know the *exactitude* of any feeling or idea, and the direful passions that instigate to guilty gratifications.'—p. 156.

We really are not seeking for subjects of verbal criticism in this volume; if we were, we should ask the meaning of a *wild* differ-

ence between any two things, and should inquire where that word '*exactitude*' was found, and supposing it to mean accuracy or exactness, how it could be applied to the measurement of a feeling or an idea. Such writing as this, however, betrays not only an ignorance of our language, but a want of common sense; the paragraph is a fair specimen of the empty and affected dissertations which are interspersed throughout the work, in order, we should imagine, to compensate for its want of originality in all other respects.

Although Mr. Galt says that he was often with Lord Byron in the winter of 1811, yet he derives his history, during that period, entirely from Mr. Dallas and Mr. Moore. We are wrong. We have found out that Mr. Galt and Lord Byron once, during that period, met at the Opera; that they conversed in Italian, and that during the whole time the noble Lord had a scowl upon his brow! Added to this information we have a hint, a guess,—no, only a suspicion, that Lord Byron puffed himself in the Morning Post! Nay, more, Lord Byron, when going down to the House of Lords, used, it seems, sometimes to call upon Mr. Galt, who then lived at the corner of Bridge Street, to know if he wanted a frank! Soon after these important incidents Mr. Galt married a wife, and he saw no more of Lord Byron.

Such are the grounds—accidental meetings in some five or six places with Lord Byron—perhaps as many *tête-à-tête* interviews at periods few and far between,—upon which Mr. Galt has built up that 'second sight,' that irresistible destiny, which has compelled him to attempt the life of the noble poet. It is not to be concealed that the events of his life, those which are in any way worth recording, are altogether borrowed from works already in the hands of the public. Of these events, so borrowed, the volume is principally composed: but by way of fulfilling the promise given in the preface, of confining himself as much as practicable to the intellectual features of Lord Byron, Mr. Galt indulges his fancy in sundry criticisms upon his Lordship's principal poems.

Mr. Galt, as we have already seen, thinks that Mr. Moore has painted only the sunny side of Lord Byron's character. Certain it is, however, that Mr. Moore has not attempted, nor do we imagine that he will try, to vindicate his memory upon those points which have left upon it its deepest literary stains. This was an enterprise left for the chivalry of Mr. Galt, and one which he has undertaken, although we could not have expected it from his preface. It is, we believe, or at least has been, pretty generally thought by critics as well as by the general mass of readers, that there is a blot in that otherwise fine dramatic composition entitled "Manfred," which classes it amongst the immoral publications of Lord Byron. For our own parts we do not look upon it as a poem in any respect dangerous even to young minds, for although we understand it in the sense that is generally ascribed to it, nevertheless nature, independently of instruction, has provided so many and such sacred

guards upon this subject, that we have infinitely greater confidence in her influence, than we have fear of Manfred. We have no hesitation therefore in quoting the passage.

'She was like me in lineaments; her eyes,
Her hair, her features, all to the very tone
Even of her voice, they said were like to mine,
But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty.
She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,
The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind
To comprehend the universe; nor these
Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,
Pity, and smiles, and tears, which I had not;
And tenderness—but that I had for her;
Humility, and that I never had:
Her faults were mine—her virtues were her own;
I loved her—and destroy'd her——

'WITCH.
'With thy hand?

'MANFRED.
'Not with my hand, but heart, which broke her heart.
It gazed on mine, and wither'd. I have shed
Blood, but not hers, and yet her blood was shed;—
I saw, and could not staunch it.'—p. 216.

If language be plain and unequivocal, this is. It clearly intimates that Manfred not only allowed, but encouraged his sister to entertain for him more than a sister's love, and that the same madness which generated that unholy passion drove her to the commission of suicide. The words can bear no other construction. But Mr. Galt has found out that Astarte 'had been self-sacrificed in the pursuit of their magical knowledge.' 'Human sacrifices,' he adds, 'were supposed to be among the initiate propitiations of the demons that have their purposes in magic, as well as compacts signed with the blood of the self sold. There was also a dark Egyptian art, of which the knowledge and the efficacy could only be obtained by the noviciate's procuring a voluntary victim, the dearest object to himself, and to whom he also was the dearest; and the primary spring of Byron's tragedy lies, *I conceive*, in a sacrifice of that kind having been performed, without obtaining that happiness which the votary expected would be found in the knowledge and power purchased at such a price.' If this commentary were the true explanation of Astarte's suicide, what is to be done with the lines:—

'Not with my hand, but *heart*, which *broke her heart*.
It gazed on mine, and wither'd.'

We need not pursue the subject. We have alluded to it for the purpose of shewing the inconsistency with which Mr. Galt complains of Mr. Moore's having exhibited only the sunny side of Lord Byron, whereas he himself not only leaves that sunny side

unblemished, but endeavours to bring within its brightness the really dark parts of the poet's intellectual character.

Again, this hater of Lord Byron's 'sunny side' speaking of the play of Sardanapalus, a composition which contains perhaps as much of questionable ethics as Don Juan itself, sums up its merits in these words: '*Pleasure* takes so much of the character of *virtue* in it, that but for the moral taught by the consequences, *enjoyment* might be mistaken for *duty*,' and immediately after, he talks of the '*fond reveries* of *moral theory*.' He moreover tells us that the period in which "Sardanapalus" was written, was the happiest of Lord Byron's life, for then, 'the Guiccioli was to him a Myrrha,' and he was in the enjoyment of '*festal repose!*' These phrases, we imagine, need no commentary. Mr. Moore's 'sunny side' is gloom itself compared with such licentious apologies as these.

"Cain" too, that darkest of all spots upon Lord Byron's literary fame, is brightened up in a similar manner. The outrageous points are softened down; the critic does not affect indeed to be a theologian, but really he is not sensible to any of the impiety imputed to this composition. One passage seems to him orthodox, though perhaps 'daringly expressed.' Another has its shadow unbought the 'twilights of the "old religion"'—that is to say, it is simply Pagan. He thinks it unfair to ascribe to the poet the sentiments expressed by Cain, and Mr. Galt ventures to make this assertion with Dr. Kennedy's book lying on his table, which literally justifies every part of the imputation. Talk of Moore's 'sunny side'—we should like to know what is there otherwise than 'sunny' in Mr. Galt's representation of Lord Byron's character. Even *Don Juan* is defended! 'It is nothing more than a poetical novel!' it merely 'unmantles the decorum of society.' It is really nothing more or less than the story of 'a young gentleman who is whirled by the vigour and vivacity of his animal spirits into a world of adventures, in which his *stars are chiefly in fault for his lucubrations!*' In perfect keeping with this excellent morality is the opinion given by Mr. Galt of Shelley, that indeed 'there was some *defect* in his understanding by which he subjected himself to the accusation of *atheism!*'

We have, however, given more time and more space to this work than it deserves. We have protested against the plan upon which the series to which it belongs has set out. We have shown that Mr. Galt's original contributions to the history of Lord Byron do not weigh a feather in the scale; that its narrative is a mere compilation from other and better works; and that the pretence put forth in the preface of presenting a less favourable character of Lord Byron than Mr. Moore had given, is a downright imposition. Upon the score of morality Mr. Galt's volume is so objectionable, that we should form no favourable opinion of the virtues of any family in whose drawing-room we should find it.

ART. VIII.—*Description of a new Method of Propelling Locomotive Engines, and Communicating Power and Motion to other Kinds of Machinery.* By Wm. Mann. 8vo. London: Taylor. 1830.

IT is a curious fact, that when James Watt consulted the first engineer of his day, Smeaton, as to the practicability of employing steam as an agent of mechanical power, the architect of Eddystone light-house discouraged the sanguine ambition of his friend, regarding the project as a chimera. Could Smeaton at this moment look out from his grave, and behold the uses to which steam power has been made subservient, how quickly would he join in condemning that impudent philosophy, (the philosophy too of some of our wisest and our best men), which assigns bounds to the advance of human ingenuity, up to which it may go and no farther. Smeaton may well be forgiven his incredulity. But we have had philosophers in our own day, men confident in the truth of their own prophecies, and quite as presumptuous in the assertion of the justice of their anticipations, as though they had no experience of the fate which their predecessors in the same line had already encountered. Steam having been applied successfully as a substitute for human power, and for the power of water, a notion was entertained that it might also be used, in some instances, as an expedient for the winds of heaven, and for the expensive and, perhaps, not very humane servitude of draught horses. This was a chimera to be sure, and the wise men ridiculed it. But an attempt to carry the notion into effect was made, and it was found practicable, and not only perfectly feasible, but also, in its returns, as a commercial speculation, very successful. The Stockton and Darlington railway, the second experiment of this kind, although the first as a triumphant one, proved beyond all doubt that steam carriages and railways were capable of performing the duty of conveyance of goods and passengers, in such a way as no mode of land transport hitherto used could equal. But here again the philosophers interposed, and they said, "true, you have gained upon us—you do travel eight miles an hour to be sure, but there you stop; more than that you will never be able to perform." This is the substance of what has been actually written on this subject. Mr. Wood, who wrote an elaborate account of the Darlington railway, literally ridiculed the idea of pushing the expeditious capabilities of steam coaches by railways beyond what they had attained on the Darlington course. His words are very remarkable. "It is far from my wish to promulgate to the world that the *ridiculous expectations*, or rather professions, of the enthusiastic speculist will be realized, and that we shall see *engines travelling at the rate of twelve*, sixteen, eighteen or twenty miles an hour. Nothing could do more harm towards their adoption or general improvement than the *promulgation of such nonsense!!*" Such nonsense! Well, but Mr.

Prophet Wood was made to pay a penalty which never [illegible] seer condemned to before; and the proprietors of the Manchester and Liverpool Railroad, with a refinement of cruelty which has no parallel in the annals of poetical justice, actually prevailed on this same Mr. Wood to form one of the judges who were to decide on the competition of the locomotive carriages in October last; that is to say they obliged him to see with his own eyes an almost living exemplification of that which, with all his experience and intelligence (for he has both), he pronounced to be impossible. The "novelty" carriage performed on the railroad twenty-one miles an hour on the trial day. But this is all very natural. There is scarcely an invention we have that was not sought to be crushed in its infancy by confident overweening prophets; as if it were a part of the economy of Providence, that every triumph of the human intellect should be in a certain degree alloyed by some proof of its liability to error—as the slave used to be placed in the car of the Roman Conqueror. There was also a great check to the progress of enterprise in the circumstance of its almost always interfering with personal interests. But it is a happy sign of the present era, that the opposition arising from these two sources to the progress of improvement, has been of a very feeble nature; and it is a striking criterion of the facility with which just notions are now circulated amongst the public, that a project, denounced as chimerical by persons of experience and ability, and which was calculated to prejudice very extensive interests, should, in only a couple of years after it was broached, have been actually put into execution. This was the case with the Liverpool and Manchester railway, the vast achievement which will make the present year a remarkable era in the history of mechanical science. It is true with respect to the most refined improvements, as it is with respect to the rudest contrivances, that necessity is the parent of invention. So it was in the instance before us.

Every body knows that Manchester is the great site of the Cotton manufactures. Liverpool is the port which receives the raw material, the wool, from the East and West, in order to supply Manchester. Again Liverpool sends forth to the different countries of the world the same wool manufactured into cloth. Liverpool and Manchester are, therefore, in a state of incessant communication. The interchange of merchandize every day between these two towns is calculated to have been on the average 1200 tons, chiefly carried on by means of nearly 12,000 vessels. The navigation was exceedingly dilatory; it was expensive, particularly on account of the dock dues, and in summer the water was very often insufficient to carry the boats to the port, and either immense delay or great expence was the consequence. Travelling between these two towns was also in a very imperfect state; every body desired a change, but how it was to be effected was the question. Mr. James, an engineer, suggested the project of a railroad in 1822; the whole

multitude of canal proprietors, not only in Lancashire, but throughout the country, were ready as one man to oppose the practical establishment of a principle which was calculated to place canals amongst the exploded conveniences of our ancestors. This, however, was nothing for the people who were to determine upon this new project, and who practised enterprise as a daily calling; they were not likely to be deterred from any favourite project by the superannuated proprietors of the very serene and sluggish currents of our inland navigation. At the time we speak of—1822—there had been a railway of the proposed description in a state of progress in the north,—the Stockton and Darlington railway. The Lancashire people waited to see what success this project would have; and when the first experiments on the Darlington railroad succeeded, they were overwhelmed with joy. Deputations proceeded from Liverpool and Manchester to see this railroad, and also to inspect the machinery of the locomotive engines which had been for some time employed in the collieries to tow coal waggons. The result of this mission was such, as that the project of constructing a railway was very speedily resolved on. Even their progress so far was not attained without great struggles, great personal exertion and perseverance, and a heroic determination at sacrifice too. Mr. Sandars, a Liverpool merchant, conquered unheard of difficulties in forming a committee, and in carrying matters so far as to cause an engineer to be appointed for the purpose of executing a survey of the line. Mr. Sandars had to make himself personally responsible for the expences before the engineer would take his pen in hand. The affair now took a serious turn. A meeting, resolutions, the formation of a committee, the appointing of a surveyor, the issuing of a prospectus, showed so palpably that the projectors had committed themselves to the scheme which before was only looked on as a romance, that the parties whose interests were so deeply connected with the navigation between Liverpool and Manchester thought it high time to bestir themselves, and meet the disturbers of their "ancient, solitary reign" with vigour. The Marquis of Stafford, as the representative of the Bridgewater interest, was a tower of strength against them; and, if we mistake not, the Derby family, the Earl of Wilton, and Lord Sefton, were by interest joined to the standard of the noble proprietor of Trentham. The holders of shares in the Mersey and Irwell navigation and in the Bridgewater canal, the medium of water communication between Liverpool and Manchester, were very well justified in their opposition to any change that would interfere with the existing state of things, for by referring to the prices of those shares, on the eve of their irrecoverable depreciation, it will be found that they had amounted to an enormous premium. A share in what was called the Old Quay Navigation Company, for which originally 70*l.* were paid, fetched the very moderate sum of only 1250*l.* A most powerful opposition was organized, and in

the attempt of the proprietors to procure parliamentary sanction to their intended measures, the opposition unfortunately succeeded. But men must have a poor opinion of an improvement who are driven to abandon it in consequence of one failure. The projectors were not disheartened; they endeavoured to satisfy the commercial public that the plan was practicable,—that it would produce a material saving of time, as well as of expence, in the intercourse between Liverpool and Manchester. Moderate reasoning was employed on the people, and now-a-days, the barbarous authority of feudal station having but little to oppose to the sound principles of truth and justice, the project made its way, and the aristocratic holders of canal property were obliged to face about, and march in the same direction with the rest of the public. Very sagaciously, the new company were not content with the neutrality of their former foes; they took care to enlist the feelings and interests of the members of the old confederacy; they appropriated 1000 shares to the Marquis of Stafford,—an act that, according to every principle of mercantile rivalry, ought to be regarded as one of splendid generosity. They succeeded at length with Parliament, having been obliged to carry no less than four bills through both houses, which, on account of the opposition they met with in the various committees to which the bills were referred, caused an item of expenditure of not less than 70,000*l*. We complain of this expence, and of the trouble, delay, and vexation to the proprietors of the new railway, which this parliamentary process entailed on them. Such an exaction as this has a direct tendency to deaden energy, to oppress the spirit of enterprise, and make ingenious and able men feel that they would do infinitely better by following the jog trot life of common-place beings, than incur all the mortifications and sacrifices to which they are necessarily subjected in the prosecution of even the most useful contrivances of their skill, invention, and experience. We by no means intend to say that a project, the execution of which violently interferes with private property, should not be authorised by the supreme tribunal of the country; but why make the sanction of that tribunal purchaseable at a rate of expenditure which can only be met by divers expedients on the part of the applicant, necessarily oppressive and injurious in their nature. Why should this be? Why should a nation, with the name of "free" attached to her as a distinction on the map of the universe, suffer such a nuisance? In America, enterprise has no similar obstacles to encounter. The entire population is composed of the links of one electric chain; the authorities, the men composing the government, the legislature, the magistracy, are all of and belonging to the people; so that there is nothing of the nature of an isolated body in America, whose interests can be inconsistent with the universal good. Hence the impediments to enterprise are few and of little avail. The difference in this respect between our political condition and that

of America, is simply but strikingly indicated in the fact, that the Americans have actually performed infinitely more achievements of industry within a given time, than we have been able to accomplish. By a comparison of the number and length of canals which have been completed, or are near their completion, in the United States, with those which have been formed in this country, we find the Americans to be greatly our superiors in the expedition with which they have effected improvements in their internal navigation. They have done nearly as much in this way in twenty-five years, as we have done in seventy; and taking into account the much larger amount of our population, and the far greater amount of our capital, we must admit that the energy, enterprise, and zeal of the Americans will rise still higher in comparison. Under the Bourbon dynasty the evils of that state of things, which has done so much to retard improvement in our country, were seen nearly in their most aggravated form. The system of centralization palsied every energy of France. The local authorities were only agents of the court; they had to be consulted before any project could even be begun. Sympathising with the narrow and jealous feelings of their principal, these authorities thought it necessary to discourage every effort at independent and original thought, as having a tendency to weaken the foundations of government; and though this notion seems so chimerical and so stupid, still in practice it did a vast deal of mischief. It was necessary for the projector of any enterprise to have the sanction of the Mayor or the Prefect to even the first step that he must take. The certainty of being discouraged, the knowledge that every sort of hostility would be exercised against him, must have been before him. How was it possible that the spirit of enterprise could exist in such an atmosphere? Accordingly France, with every temptation under heaven to become a great commercial nation, has been retained in her present inactive condition by the trammels of a barbarous policy. But France is only an extreme specimen of the sort of system which we ourselves pursue. The moment a scheme that is likely to be beneficial to the country is proposed, it is treated as a public nuisance by the parliament; as a general offence against the nation, which is only to be expiated by a huge tax. And if the projector be not capable of using the arts of chicane, if he cannot wheedle this member on his way to Westminster, and bring over another to his side by a strong recommendatory letter, there is an end of his project. Members of parliament are above such drudgery as examining the merits of any proposition, particularly if it be in connection with a public work. They adopt or oppose it, just as accident guides them. We trust that the exposition of the great national abuse, of which we have attempted to give a general outline, in all its terrible deformity, will become the task of some one having the means and the time to accomplish it in a manner worthy of the subject. We return to our historical narrative.

The parliamentary ordeal having been gone through, the practical operations were now commenced. They began on the Manchester side, at a place called Chat Moss. But to follow the chronology of the great work would be uninteresting to our readers. We shall, therefore, pass by the whole interval of labour and achievement over physical and artificial difficulties, and consider the road as complete. With the assistance of Mr. Booth, of Manchester, we shall take a survey of the whole line of journey from Liverpool to Manchester. We quote from a pamphlet of Mr. Booth.

'We should commence our journey of observation at the Liverpool end, in the company's yard, in Wapping. Here the lower entrance of the great tunnel is accessible through an open cutting, 22 feet deep and 46 feet wide, being space for four lines of rail-way, with pillars between the lines to support the beams and flooring of the company's warehouses, which are thrown across this excavation, and under which the waggons pass to be loaded or discharged through hatchways or trap-doors, communicating with the stores above; waggons loaded with coal or lime passing underneath the warehouses to the open wharfs at the Wapping end of the station.

'Proceeding along the tunnel, the line of rail-way curves to the right, or south-east, till it reaches the bottom of the inclined plane, which is a perfectly straight line, 1,980 yards in length, with a uniform rise of three quarters of an inch to a yard. The rail-way from Wapping to the commencement of the inclined plane is level; the whole rise, therefore, from Wapping to the tunnel mouth, at Edge Hill, is 123 feet. The tunnel is 22 feet wide and 16 feet high, the sides being perpendicular for 5 feet in height, surmounted by a semi-circular arch of 11 feet radius: the total length is 2,250 yards. It is cut through various strata of red rock, blue shale, and clay, but principally through rock of every degree of hardness, from the softest sand-stone to the most compact free-stone, which the axe or the chisel will with difficulty penetrate. It frequently was found necessary, in the progress of the work, to make an artificial vault of masonry, which has been effected by brick arch-work in those places where the natural rock could not be trusted to support the superincumbent mass. The height from the roof of the tunnel upwards, to the open surface of the ground, varies from 5 feet to 70, the greatest mass of superstratum being in the vicinity of Hope Street and Crab-tree Lane. The whole length of this vast cavern is now furnished with gas-lights, and the sides and roof are white-washed, to give better effect to the illumination. The different colours and peculiar appearance of the varying strata through which the tunnel passes are thus hidden from view, and the attention is no longer attracted to those faults or slips in the solid rock, which indicate that the whole mass has been rent asunder by one or more of those terrible convulsions of nature, of which the traces are so frequently visible, but of which no other record remains. The geologist will be disappointed, in traversing this subterranean vault, to find the natural varieties converted by lime-water into one uniform and artificial appearance; but the principle of utility is paramount in a commercial undertaking.

'At the upper or eastern end of the tunnel the traveller emerges into a spacious and noble area, 40 feet below the surface of the ground, cut out of the solid rock, and surmounted on every side by walls and battlements.

From this area there returns a small tunnel, 290 yards in length, 15 feet wide, and 12 feet high, parallel with the large one, but inclining upwards in the opposite direction, and terminating in the company's premises in Crown Street, at the upper and eastern boundary of Liverpool; being the principal station for the rail-way coaches, and the depôt for coals for the supply of the higher districts of the town.

Proceeding eastward from the two tunnels, the road passes through a Moorish archway, at present unfinished, which is to connect the two engine-houses, and will form the grand entrance to the Liverpool stations. The structure is from a spirited design by Mr. Foster. The traveller now finds himself on the open road to Manchester, and has an opportunity of contemplating the peculiar features of a well-constructed rail-way, the line in this place being perfectly level; the slight curve which was unavoidable, beautifully set out; the road-way clean, dry, and free from obstructions, and the rails firmly fixed on massive blocks of stone. Crossing Wavertree Lane, the rail-way descends for five miles and a half at the rate of 4 feet in the mile—a declivity so slight and uniform as not to be perceived by the eye, but still sufficient to give a mechanical advantage and facility of motion to a load passing in that direction. The road a little beyond Wavertree Lane is carried through a deep marl cutting, under several massive stone archways, thrown across the excavation to form the requisite communications between the roads and farms on the opposite sides of the railway. Beyond the marl cutting is the great rock excavation through Olive Mount, about half a mile to the north of the village of Wavertree. Here the traveller passes through a deep and narrow ravine, 70 feet below the surface of the ground, little more space being opened out than sufficient for two trains of carriages to pass each other; and the road winding gently round towards the southeast, the prospect is bounded by the perpendicular rock on either side, with the blue vault above, relieved at intervals by a bridge high overhead, connecting the opposite precipices.

Emerging from he Olive Mount cutting, you approach the great Roby embankment, formed of the materials dug out of the excavation we have described. This embankment stretches across the valley for about two miles, varying in height from 15 to 45 feet, and in breadth at the base from 60 to 135 feet.

After passing the Roby embankment you cross the Huyton turnpike-road, leaving Huyton church and village on the left hand, and proceed in a slightly curved direction to the bottom of the inclined plane at Whiston, between seven and eight miles from the company's station in Liverpool. This plane rises in the ratio of three-eights of an inch in a yard, (or 1 in 96.) It is a mile and a half long in one straight line, and the inclination (being so slight) would scarcely attract observation, did not a decrease in the speed of the carriages indicate that an important change had taken place in the level of the way. At the top of the Whiston inclined plane there is a portion of the road (nearly two miles in length) on the exact level. About half a mile from the top of the inclined plane, the turnpike road from Liverpool to Manchester crosses the line of the railway in an acute angle of 34 degrees, and is carried over the railway by a substantial stone bridge of very curious and beautiful construction, being built on the diagonal or skew principle, each stone being cut to a particular angle, to fit into a particular place, the span of the arch, measured at the face,

being 54 feet, while the width of the railway underneath, measured from wall to wall, is only 30 feet,—each face of the arch extendingly diagonally, 45 feet beyond the square. Rainhill bridge is 9 miles from the company's yard, in Wapping, and it was underneath and on each side of this bridge, that the experiments took place with the loco-motive engines which contended for the premium of £500, in October, 1829.

'Passing over the summit level at Rainhill, we come to the Sutton inclined plane, which descends in the opposite direction, and is similar in extent and inclination to the Whiston plane, the top level being 82 feet above the base of each plane. Par Moss is the next object of attention, the roadway across the principal part of it being formed by the deposit of heavy material (clay and stone) dug out of the Sutton inclined plane. This moss is about twenty feet deep, and the material forming the railway, as it was deposited, sank to the bottom, and now forms an embankment in reality 25 feet high, though only 4 or 5 feet appears above the surface of the moss. The borders of this waste are in a state of increasing cultivation, and the carrying of this railway across this moss will hasten the inclosure of the whole area.

'Over Sankey valley and canal, and over the topmasts and high peaks of the barges, the railway is carried along a magnificent viaduct of nine arches, each 50 feet span, built principally of brick, with stone facings, the height from the top of the parapets to the water in the canal being 70 feet, and the width of the railway between the parapets 25 feet. The approach to this great structure is along a stupendous embankment, formed principally of clay, dug out from the high lands on the borders of the valley. Looking over the battlements, there is a fine view down the valley to the south—Winwick spire rising in the distance, and below you, the little stream of the Sankey running parallel with the canal, while the masts and sails of the vessels, seen at intervals in the landscape where the canal is no longer visible, present a vivid specimen of inland navigation. Immediately below you, the barges, as they approach the bridge, escape from view for a few minutes, till, having sailed under your feet, they become again visible on the opposite side of the viaduct.

'A few miles beyond Newton is the great Kenyon excavation, from which about 800,000 cubic yards of clay and sand have been dug out, part being carried to form the line of embankment to the east and west of the cutting; and the remainder, deposited as spoil banks, may be seen, heaped up, like Pelion upon Ossa, towering over the adjacent land. Near the end of this cutting the Kenyon and Leigh Junction Railway joins the Liverpool and Manchester line by two branches, pointing to the two towns respectively. This railway joins the Bolton and Leigh line, and thus forms the collecting link between Bolton, Liverpool, and Manchester. From the Kenyon excavation the transition is easy to the Brosely embankment, formed of the material dug out of the cutting, as before described. Moving onward, we pass over Bury-lane and the small river Gless, or Glazebrook, being arrived on the borders of far-famed Chat Moss. This barren waste comprises an area of about 12 square miles, varying in depth from 10 to 35 feet, the whole mass being of so spongy and soft a texture that cattle cannot walk over it.

'Beyond Chat Moss we traverse the Barton embankment, crossing the low lands for about a mile between the moss and the Worsely Canal, over which the railway is carried by a neat stone bridge.

'The immediate approach to Manchester, by the railway, is through a portion of Salford, as little interesting as can well be imagined. Over the river Irwell the railway is carried by a very handsome stone bridge, and then over a series of arches into the company's station in Waterstreet and Liverpool road, Manchester.'

So far Mr. Booth: but he has omitted to mention a part of the work which exhibits the perseverance and ingenuity of the engineer, as strikingly as almost any other. We allude to the road over the Chat Moss; of its composition, we have the following account from another quarter:—

'The road is actually formed on a bog so fluid, that it was found impossible to drain it, as a rod of iron laid on the top of it would sink in by its own gravity. The road was made by pitching almost innumerable waggon loads of clay and stone in the intended line, and many thousand loads disappeared in the bog before any thing like a road was discerned.

'Every thing being in readiness across the moss for receiving the railroad, the company were obliged to have recourse to wooden instead of iron sleepers, and at last effected as good a road as any other part of the line, and considering the expence of that four miles and a half of bog to have been less than the average expence for the same distance on any other part of the road, although from the perishable nature of the wood sleepers on which the rails rest, it will be much more expensive to keep in repair. As this road is constructed on the most improved principles yet known, some account of its formation may not be unacceptable. On the clay and stone on which the road is formed, a layer, two feet thick, of broken rock and sand is deposited, one foot below the sleepers, and one foot distributed between them. The sleepers, as they are called, being the blocks on which the rails of the road rest, are composed of blocks of hard free stone, from Peel, in Lancashire, on the excavated part of the road (about eighteen out of the thirty-one miles); while on the raised embankments and the mosses the rails are supported by sleepers of oak or larch. The stone blocks are about two feet over, and about a foot and a half thick; for the reception of the chairs, (which are the bones of iron which secure the iron rails to the stone sleepers,) two holes are drilled in each block, and filled up with hard oak pins; the chains are then fastened on by two large spikes being driven through them into the oak, which process is found to be so secure, that it is almost impossible to separate a chair from a sleeper when thus fastened.'

The whole of these magnificent works, any one of which would almost be sufficient to signalize the age in which it was performed, were finished in the short interval of four years. The rail employed by the engineer, Mr. Stephenson, throughout the entire course, was that which is called the edge rail, an improvement so obvious as to supersede the old description of rail which is called the flat rail or tram-plate. It is a memorable and instructive fact, that the works were nearly completed before the directors were able to come to a conclusion with respect to the nature of the power which should propel the vehicle of conveyance on the road. They first thought of having pulleys and ropes with a clumsy apparatus stationed at

every mile to drag the carriages. Horse power was next proposed. But none of these propositions seemed to secure what alone the undertaking has been valuable for—viz. expedition and economy. Even the locomotive engines on the Darlington railway had done but little in the way of dispatch, not exceeding, as we have said, seven or eight miles, so that the hopes of the directors were not very particularly elevated as the work proceeded to its completion. Under these circumstances they had recourse to a simple, but, as it turned out, a very efficacious expedient. They put forth an announcement offering a reward of 500*l.* for the locomotive engine which should, on a public trial, draw a given amount of draught with the least expence and greatest speed. The 1st October was the day fixed for trial; the judges were Messrs. J. A. Rastrick, Nicholas Wood, and John Kennedy, all civil engineers. In the meantime steam-engine manufacturers in every part of the kingdom roused their furnaces, and polished up their hammers for the great competition. The day came, and as many, we are told, as ten engines were entered for the *run*. Five however only started, and in the course of the trial the contest was limited to three. The premium was awarded to the engine called the Rocket, belonging to Mr. Stephenson, the son of the engineer of the railroad; but it was more on account of its performance being in conformity with the technical conditions of the trial than for any superiority of principle or execution, that the prize was granted to its owner. As far as we can form an opinion on the subject, the "Novelty" engine of Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericson was the most admirable performer of the whole. The weight of this engine, fully equipped, was three tons, ten hundred and ninety pounds. The Rocket weighed five tons, sixteen hundred weight, and the Sans Pareil six tons, one hundred weight. The cost of fuel per mile was: the Sans Pareil two-pence, Rocket three-pence, Novelty one farthing. The rate of speed was as follows.

	With a load equivalent to three times the weight of the engine.	With a carriage and passengers.
Sans Pareil	12 ½ per hour.	——
Rocket	12 ½	24
Novelty	20 ¾	32*

It will be seen that the powers of the Novelty engine are quite marvellous, inasmuch as what we should have formerly called, the principle of power of draught being in the rates of weight, is literally reversed in this instance, the Novelty being capable of drawing a burthen equal to that which could be drawn by a competitor twice its weight. It is, therefore, the best example of the triumph of that grand improvement in the employment of steam

* See for a full and scientific account of these experiments, the Mechanics Magazine, a work which has been the main instrument in raising the mechanical arts of this country to their present exalted condition.

power which will make our day one of the most remarkable in the remarkable history of the steam engine. The great impediment to the application of steam to small purposes, if we can use the term, was the size of the boiler. A small boiler yielded only a small quantity of vapour, and the consequence was, that frequent troublesome renewals of the supply of water and fuel became necessary. Something like a universal agreement seemed to be entertained, that the more extended the surface of a boiler exposed to fire, the more water would be evaporated in a given time. The requisition, therefore, for a great deal of room for the boiler, appeared to forbid the use of steam engines in occasions where such room could not be conveniently afforded. The triumph of the proprietors of the "Novelty," Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericson, is, that they have practically demonstrated the falsehood of the principle. The tables which experienced engineers had framed for the construction of steam engines, computed the relation between boilers and the steam which they gave out; and they calculated that so much horse power, in the shape of steam, would be created by a boiler that had so much of its surface exposed to the heat. Twelve square feet of heating surface were allowed generally for each horse power, and if more surface were exposed, more steam would be generated: but Messrs. Braithwaite have produced a boiler of seven horse power, which boiler has an extent of heating surface of only two and a half superficial feet. Thus they have brought into action a boiler, the quantity of heating surface in which is less by full four-fifths than is required for ordinary boilers to produce the same quantity of steam! The importance of the vast discovery will be at once understood and appreciated. Well may Dr. Ure say, as he has done in an affidavit before the Court of Chancery, (made for the purpose of aiding in the protection of Messrs. Braithwaite against an ill-judged attempt to deprive them of their claim to originality,) that this improvement constitutes an era in the history of the steam engine, no less important than that of James Watt. The principle of Messrs. Braithwaite's machine deserves a few words of explanation. It is known that metal in contact with water will transfer any heat that is applied to it with the greatest possible rapidity to the water. This fact is easily confirmed by any one who is master of a tea-kettle. Let the water in the kettle be in full boil, raise the kettle and you may place your hand on the bottom for several seconds without the least inconvenience. In the mean time the *sides* of the kettle are intolerably hot. The explanation is that the heat which was continuously applied to the bottom was instantaneously given to the water, and that with such *good will*, (so to speak), that at the moment when the fresh supply of heat to it was stopped, it was found that the bottom had nearly exhausted itself of its caloric in behalf of the water, and hence the bottom is for a few moments much lower in temperature than the water. No further heat being applied, the bottom of the vessel ceases to be a conductor to the water, and

assumes the temperature of the water itself. The conclusion which this known quality of metal gave rise to, was, that a small extent of metal surface would be sufficient to transmit all the heat which can be applied to it in a given time. Messrs. Braithwaite availed themselves of the inference; they combined together a number of small metallic tubes, which contain the water; and around and amongst them hot air is distributed. An extraordinary quantity of this hot air is applied in a given time to the surface of the tubes, by means of a blast from a pair of bellows, and by the ingenious construction of a flue, into which the hot air is thus forcibly driven. They first produce, with the utmost rapidity, an ignited stream of air; they pass that stream over the surfaces of these tubes, which are thus most rapidly heated, and this stream, in all its intense temperature, is constantly and uninterruptedly kept up. The general result of this improvement is a great saving of fuel, a great saving of room, and the complete extinction of smoke; thus opening the prospect to a new and boundless course of employment for steam power, which hitherto had appeared almost hopeless.

To return to the history of the railway. We have stated the achievements of the steam-carriages in October, 1829, on a part of the road which was then completed. Another year or less was all that the engineer required to put the whole road in a state fit for public use; and very early in the present year, the 15th of September was appointed as the day for the solemn opening of the work. The whole of the expenditure, up to the previous June, was 820,000*l.*, including compensations, &c. On the 15th September the ceremony took place. The following account of it is from the pen of an eye-witness:—

'At a quarter before ten, the Duke of Wellington entered the yard, supporting his noble hostess the Countess of Wilton, and followed by the Earl, Lord Hill, and other noblemen and gentlemen. He took his station in the front of the carriage. In the car, along with his Grace, we observed Prince Esterhazy, the Russian Ambassador, Lord Stanley, General Gascoigne, Sir George Murray, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, &c. &c. The grand car was preceded by a band of music, and the procession, which was drawn by eight locomotive engines, proceeded in the following order:—

'Northumbrian, with the directors and numerous distinguished visitors, including the Duke of Wellington.

Phœnix,	Green flag with Visitors and Proprietors.		
North Star,	Yellow	Ditto.	Ditto.
Rocket,	Light Blue	Ditto.	Ditto.
Dash,	Purple	Ditto.	Ditto.
Comet,	Deep Red	Ditto.	Ditto.
Arrow,	Pink	Ditto.	Ditto.
Meteor,	Brown	Ditto.	Ditto.

'The carriages, which were of every variety and form, some of them with three bodies, similar in interior arrangement to the French diligence, amounted, we believe, to twenty-eight in number, and could not have afforded accommodation to no less than eight hundred persons. The

Northumbrian engine, of fourteen-horse-power, it will be perceived, led the procession, and nothing could exceed the grandeur of its starting. The ground was kept by a party of the 4th regiment.

'The engines proceeded at a moderate speed towards Waxertree-lane, when increased power having been added, they went forward with arrow-like swiftness, and thousands fell back, whom all the previous efforts of a formidable police could not move from the road. After passing Waxertree, the procession at once entered the deep ravine at Olive Mount, and the eye of the passenger could scarcely find time to rest on the multitude that lined the roads, or admire the various bridges thrown across this great monument of human labour. In a short time afterwards, the magnificent embankment between Broad-green and Roby was traversed, and the antique tower of Huyton Church marked the velocity at which the procession was moving. Rainhill-bridge was soon neared, and the inclined plane of Sutton began to be ascended at a more slackened rate. The summit was soon gained, and twenty-four miles an hour became the maximum of the speed.

'At a quarter before twelve o'clock, Sankey embankment and viaduct were in view. The viaduct and embankment particularly obtained the Duke's attention, and "magnificent!" "stupendous!" were heard frequently to issue from his lips. The viaduct was rapidly passed, and the engines entered on the Kenyon embankment, and at Parkfield, seventeen miles from Liverpool, stopped to renew the feeders and take in a fresh supply of fuel.'

It was here that Mr. Huskisson met a dreadful death. Having got out of his carriage to converse with some friends on the great work before them, the unfortunate gentleman was proceeding across the road to regain his seat, just at the moment when the Rocket steam carriage was rapidly moving on its journey. In the trepidation of the instant he fell; his leg and thigh lay across the rail; the wheel went over both, and shattered them to pieces. He survived the accident only a few hours. The event damped every body's spirits, but in other respects the ceremony was most triumphantly completed.

Since that time the road has been permanently opened for passengers; and the conveyance being found expeditious, cheap, and agreeable, has met with the most decided encouragment from the public.

It is quite impossible to estimate the results of this splendid experiment on our physical and social condition. The principle which has been thus so victoriously carried into effect, is one that applies to navigation as well as to land carriage; and as it will, when employed in navigation, be capable of rendering communication by sea, as controllable with respect to time, as that by land is already, so will commerce be placed on a footing of regularity and security which it never experienced before. Already numerous rail roads on the plan of that between Manchester and Liverpool are spoken of, and there is little doubt that, by and by, we shall have all the counties of England within the range of the twopenny post.

ART. IX.—*Retrospections of the Stage. By the late Mr. John Bernard.* By his Son, W. B. Bernard. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

A GREAT deal too much importance is conceded in our days to the personal characters of players. We forget that all their claims on our attention arise from the success with which they escape, as it were, from their own identity, and, with a wanton perversion of the objects of our regard, we tender our admiration to a man for that which it was the triumph of his professional life to keep out of sight. It cannot be expected, either, that the history of the gentlemen of the drama will afford many examples of conduct which it would be useful to uphold for the government of the rising generation. We must recollect that the stage is so far from being a legitimate calling, that Acts of Parliament are not yet repealed which dishonour those gentlemen and ladies with very humiliating epithets. We do not sympathize with the spirit of obsolete legislation, nor should we wish to have the law or the custom of another country transferred to ours, by which the voice of bigotry amongst us would be authorized to refuse christian burial to an actor. But when we know how the dramatic corps is formed and recruited, when we know (with some splendid exceptions indeed) that it is the goal to which an irregular ambition, urged by a conceited aversion to the ordinary processes of industrious life, drives many an enthusiastic young man, we cannot affect to be ignorant that the records of the lives of such persons cannot conduce to our stock of innocent intellectual recreation, much less to our fund of instructive knowledge. In nine cases out of ten, the candidate for the stage commences as an outlaw from his own family; he is a truant to his books, he is a votary of pleasure, and is only anxious to plunge into a medium of excitement, which is to be his atmosphere during his whole life. A little reflection, then, will inform us of the sort of materials which are most likely to constitute the biography of an actor, and we may be better able to judge how far the multiplication of works on such a subject is entitled to our encouragement. We cannot forget, too, that by this ill-bestowed favour on individuals, male and female, on the stage, we have been the means of giving these persons a very false opinion of their own relation to society. There is scarcely a week passes over our heads, during the season, that we do not hear of a whole night's amusement of some hundreds of respectable persons assembled, at Covent Garden or Drury-lane theatre, being unexpectedly prevented, by the absence of some sulky buffoon or another, to whom perhaps the trouble of dressing himself for his part is the only apprehension that has put his worship into a pet. Others of these "favourites" have had the audacity even to imitate that corrupt indifference to some of the laws of decency and morality which is the scandalous distinction of "high life;" nay, to go farther, for they do not condescend so

much as to ask a bill of divorce to sanction the provisions of their matrimonial code. Without in the least offering any injurious reflection on the character of Mr. Bernard the father, and still less willing to disparage any act of filial piety which may even induce the committal of a folly out of partiality to the memory of a parent, we do take the liberty to say, that we have derived very little benefit from the perusal of the volumes before us; the materials are all very indifferent, and a great deal of solemnity and preparation leads to nothing. Mr. Bernard's own history has neither events nor incidents to raise it above that of every twenty men we meet with in an hour; it is only in the occasional anecdotes scattered over his volumes,—few and far between, it must be allowed, and somewhat doubtful too as to their authenticity,—that the editor can hope to find an excuse for this publication. We shall give some of the most amusing we can find. Whitely, the hero of the following anecdotes, was an Irish strolling manager:

'Jemmy Whitely (an eccentric manager of a travelling corps) was not particular in poor communities, as to whether he received the public support in money or in "kind." He would take meat, fowl, vegetables, &c., value them by scales, &c., and pass in the owner and friends for as many admissions as they amounted to. Thus his treasury very often, on a Saturday, resembled a butcher's warehouse rather than a banker's. At a village on the coast the inhabitants brought him nothing but fish; but as the company could not subsist without its concomitants of bread, potatoes, and spirits, a general appeal was made to his stomach and sympathies, and some alteration in the terms of admission required. Jemmy accordingly, after admitting nineteen persons one evening for a shad a-piece, stopped the twentieth and said—"I beg your pardon, my darling—I am extramely sorry to refuse you; but if we ate any more fish, by the powers! we shall be turned into mermaids!"

'One of his expedients to invigorate the business, when it was getting into a decline, was to advertize what he called his "Chinese Conjuror," the phenomenon of a figure which, by internal machinery, would not only walk, move, and look like a man, but speak also, being capable of answering any question that was put to it, upon two minutes' consideration. The figure was made of pasteboard, with very ample habiliments, rather exceeding in dimensions the human form, and was managed on the following system. After taking off its head, pulling aside its garments, and opening its breast, to shew that it contained no human being, it was placed over a trap, up which an actor ascended, and took possession of its interior unobserved. It then moved about, to the astonishment of the spectators, and sat down to be questioned. Meanwhile the company, having studied a series of questions and answers with the unseen confederate, had disguised themselves in their plain clothes, and dispersed about the front. By the variety and frequency of their enquiries, the mouths of the audience were sealed; and as each one, before he made an interrogation, took care to inform those about him of its nature, the truth of the replies involved the assembly in a sentiment of profound astonishment. This took very well at first; but if the voice of the machine, or the persons of the confederates did not betray the artifice, on a succeeding evening,

some infernal Yorkshireman found his way into the pit, which answered the same end. On one occasion a countryman who happened to be suspicious, hearing a good deal of Troy and Rome, and Greece and Shakespeare, asked after and answered, suddenly got up and enquired of the figure what was his mother's grandmother's name! Whitely, who officiated on the stage during this, was not confounded at the fellow's subtilty, but whispered the image, which immediately howled out in Irish, "*Ohil one Gruish Kin agrany!*"—"there my darling," said the manager, "there's your grandmother's folldediddle for you!" All eyes were bent upon Tyke, who shook his head and replied—"Na, it beant; ma moother's graunmoother's neam be Deborah Dykes!" "Well, you bog-trotter," replied Jemmy, "and isnt Ohil one Gruish Kin agrany the Chinese for Deborah Dykes? If you hadn't interrupted the jontleman wouldn't he have come to the dirty English ov it presently?"'—vol. i. pp. 160—163.

The stories about Quin and Foote, Mr. Bernard recommends to attention, as being all perfectly genuine, and not by any means of the same class of anecdotes which are yearly manufactured in the names of these celebrated wits.

'Quin and Foote associated with the best company; and Quin, like Foote, was distinguished for a certain contempt for a portion of the society he courted, namely, the more noble but less intelligent. Dining one day at a party in Bath, Quin uttered something which caused a general murmur of delight. A nobleman present, who was not illustrious for the brilliancy of his ideas, exclaimed—"What a pity 'tis, Quin, my boy, that a clever fellow like you should be a player!" Quin fixed and flashed his eye upon the person, with this reply—"What would your lordship have me be?—a lord!" Quin was also distinguished for his attachment to the society of females; though the accounts which have been handed down of his rugged habits and propensities may have led my reader to the contrary supposition. Where ladies were present one evening, the subject of conversation was the doctrine of Pythagoras. Quin remained silent. One of the party (remarkable for the whiteness of her neck) asked Quin his opinion—"Do you believe in the transmigration of souls, Mr. Quin?" "Oh, yes, madam!" "And pray may I inquire what creature's form you would prefer hereafter to inhabit?" "A fly's, madam." "A fly!" "Yes, that I might have the pleasure, at some future day, of resting on your ladyship's neck." There was an infinite delicacy in the following:—Being asked by a lady why it was reported that there were more women in the world than men, he replied—"It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature, madam: we always see more of *heaven* than earth!"

'Quin played Cato very well, which I attribute to some constitutional resemblance between the two. He was generally "as cool (to use a vulgarism) as a cucumber." Some person whom he had offended, met him one day in the street, and stopped him. "Mr. Quin," said he, "I—I—I understand, sir, you have been taking away my name!" "What have I said, sir?" "You—you—you called me a scoundrel, sir!" "Keep your name," replied Quin, and walked on."

The history of the Siamese soup is not without its attractions, and may serve to exemplify the nature of many mysteries which have had more important effects than itself in the world.

'Quin's soup.—Quin, in his old age, every one knows, became a great gourmand, and, among other things, invented a composition, which he called his "Siamese soup," pretending the ingredients were principally from the "east." The peculiarity of its flavour became the topic of the day. The "rage" at Bath was Mr. Quin's soup; but as he would not part with the recipe, this state of notice was highly inconvenient; every person of taste was endeavouring to dine with him; every dinner he was at, an apology was made for the absence of the "Siamese soup." His female friends he was forced to put off with promises; the males received a respectful but manly denial. A conspiracy was accordingly projected by a dozen *bons vivans* of Bath, against his peace and comfort. At home he was flooded with anonymous letters; abroad, beset with applications under every form. The possession of this secret was made a canker to all his enjoyments. At length he discovered the design, and determined on revenge. Collecting the names of the principal confederates, he invited them to dinner, promising to give them the recipe before they departed—an invitation, as my reader will suppose, which was joyfully accepted. Quin then gave a pair of his old boots to the house-maid to scour and soak, and when sufficiently seasoned, to chop up into fine particles, like minced meat. On the appointed day, he took these particles, and pouring them into a copper pot, with sage, onions, spice, ham, wine, water, and other ingredients, composed a mixture of about two gallons, which was served up at his table as his "Siamese soup." The company were in transports at its flavour; but Quin, pleading a cold, did not taste it. A pleasant evening was spent, and when the hour of departure arrived, each person pulled out his tablets to write down the recipe. Quin now pretended that he had forgot making the promise; but his guests were not to be put off, and, closing the door, they told him in plain terms that neither he nor they should quit the room till his pledge had been redeemed. Quin stammered and evaded, and kept them from the point as long as possible; but when their patience was bearing down all bounds, his reluctance gave way. "Well, then, gentlemen," said he, "in the first place, take an old pair of boots—!" "What! an old pair of boots!" "The older the better;" (they stared at each other)—"cut off their tops and soles, and soak them in a tub of water;"—(they hesitated)—"chop them into fine particles, and pour them into a pot with two gallons and a half of water." "Why, d—n it, Quin," they simultaneously exclaimed, "you don't mean to say that the soup we've been drinking was made of old boots!"; "I do, gentlemen," he replied, "by God! my cook will assure you she chopped them up." They required no such attestation; his cool, inflexible expression was sufficient: in an instant horror and despair were depicted in each countenance, in the full conviction they were individually poisoned. Quin, observing this, begged them not to be alarmed, since he could contemplate no dangerous results from their dinner; but if they thought it would sit uneasy on their stomachs, there was an apothecary's shop in the next street. The hint was taken; an idea of personal safety subdued the rising throbs of indignation. Seizing their hats, away flew the whole bevy down the stairs, and along the street to the place advised, where ipecacuanha and other provocatives were speedily procured, and the "Siamese soup" (and all its concomitants) was speedily disgorged.'—vol. i. pp. 194—198.

Doctor Jackson communicated to Mr. Bernard the curious history of the late Mr. Davy, the composer of some of our most popular music. The anecdotes which are here recorded add another to that fund of practical evidence which seems to establish as a principle, that the power of success in any art is referable to natural endowment alone. The little sketch is well done; and, without any allusion to its philosophical character, will be found extremely interesting.

'—— Davy was an orphan child, left to the care of a poor relative, a weaver at Crediton. This man was a humble musician, teaching the science of psalmody to the village, and playing the bass viol at church. He had an old spinnet in his house, (the gift of a wealthier relative,) upon which he used to practise his tunes. Young Davy was always by his side on such occasions, and whenever he went away would mount his stool, and strike the instrument, in the endeavour to distinguish the notes. This amusement, however, not benefitting the spinnet, it was locked up; and the young musician, thus thrown upon his own resources, invented an instrument. He was at this time about six or seven. Next door to the weaver's was a blacksmith's shop, into which young Davy was continually running to watch the operations of the modern Cyclopides. He was thus enabled, unperceived and unsuspected, to convey away at different periods a number of horse-shoes, which he secreted in the unoccupied garret of the weaver's dwelling. Then procuring a piece of wire, (from the same magazine,) he attached it to two cross-beams, and on this suspended the shoes, assigning each its place in succession, and graduating a correct scale by the strength of his ear. He then obtained two sticks to strike them with, in imitation of the hand-bells which he had no doubt seen, as they were very prevalent in that part of England. So engrossed did he become in this new employment, that he not only gave up all his customary sports, but neglected his lessons and the family errands. He had sagacity enough, however, to keep the cause a secret, and fortune assisted him; till one day the weaver's wife going up stairs to search among the lumber that the upper room contained, heard musical sounds, and stopping to listen, distinguished the outline of a psalm tune. However extraordinary the diversion, she could only attribute it to the presence of the devil, and her fright had nearly the effect of precipitating her to the bottom of the stairs. Her husband was at home, and to him she descended and made known this mysterious circumstance. He had less superstition than herself, and ascended the stairs more boldly. The same sounds were audible, and peeping up, he perceived the young musician perched on a ricketty, broken-backed chair, with his legs tucked under him, and his tiny hands thumping the horse-shoes, in the endeavour to form the same tunes he had heard his relative play. The weaver was too pleased and astonished at this discovery either to chide or disturb him, but retired with his wife, and after some cogitation, determined to go over to Exeter and tell Dr. Jackson his boy's story, presuming that if he had abilities for music, it would be a better business for him than weaving, and knowing the Doctor's character to be as eminent for generosity as musical science. The following day was accordingly devoted to the walk. The Doctor heard his narrative with mingled pleasure and

surprise, and agreed to ride over to Crediton and witness the phenomenon: Davidso, and was introduced by the weaver to his house and staircase, where the same sight presented itself as on a former occasion. The youngster was seated on his chair, thumping his horse-shoes and distinguishing their sounds. The Doctor could not controul his transports, but sprung up into the garret, seized little Davy in his arms, and exclaimed —"This boy is mine!"—My reader can imagine the scene that ensued: this was good fortune far above the poor people's expectations. Young Davy was then taken home to Exeter, and regularly apprenticed to his patron: his subsequent career is well known.'—vol. i. pp. 216—219.

We cannot follow Mr. Bernard to Ireland, where, though he shews a real capacity for hitting off national peculiarities, he has certainly been able to gather nothing in the way of anecdote or "good thing" at all worthy of that land of originality and humour. The part of the record of his sojourn in Ireland, which made the greatest impression on our mind, was the very handsome and candid acknowledgment which the author has made of the benevolence of the late John Kemble to himself. An acknowledgment of poverty sticks in the throat of most men; but he that sacrifices the feelings which would restrain such an avowal, in order to do justice to the kind heart of another, gives incontestible proof himself of being a worthy object of the good nature which he commemorates.

Of Incledon we have the following anecdote:—

'Incledon had always a bad memory for study, and this was one reason why he was not a better actor. "Without a man knows his author," Macklin used to say, "he does not know himself." In addition to this, he could never vamp, to use a theatrical technical, which implies the substitution of your own words and ideas when the author's are forgotten. Vamping requires some tact, if not talent; and Incledon's recent occupations had imparted to his manners that genuine salt-water simplicity, to which the artifices of acting were insurmountable difficulties. With his little stage experience, at this period, it will be supposed that he was more open to a lapsus than subsequently; and Mr. Palmer, having noticed one or two, was so careful for his fame, (nothing now could exceed the manager's kindness,) that he came round to Incledon and cautioned him. The latter promised to be more attentive; but resolved, if he again blundered or bog'd, to apologise in a manner of his own.

'An occasion was not long in arriving. The next night, whilst playing a lover, in the midst of a passionate address to his mistress, he stuck as fast as though he had been up to his middle in a Kilcobery slough. In vain the lady hemm'd and ha'd, the prompter whispered, or the audience stared; his agitation only increased at the assistance that was given him, and in endeavouring to recollect a little he forgot more. All was now at a stand-still, till Incledon suddenly observed to the lady, that love having taken away his language, perhaps she would permit him to express what he felt in a favourite air. He then broke into one of his ballads, and whilst singing the first verse recollected the author; a thunder of applause greeted this effusion, and he proceeded with spirit; but on quitting the stage, met Mr. Palmer at the wings, who stared at him like a statue.

Incledon immediately explained:—"Mr. Palmer, you have been exceedingly kind and generous to me, and I wouldn't offend you or the Bath audience for the world; there's no persons I respect more; they treat me like a prince and a gentleman at the 'Catch Club:' but the truth is, Sir, I forgot my part, and I could not take the cue. I assure you, Sir, my agitation was so great, I could not take the cue, and I introduced one verse of 'Black-eyed Susan,' in order to recollect the words."

'Incledon, finding this plea sufficient, availed himself of his resource on several subsequent occasions, so that at length it became a remark in the green-room, whenever his voice was heard on the stage, "Is he singing the music, or recollecting the words?"'—vol. ii., pp. 51—53.

Mr. Bernard had the singular good fortune to have been acquainted with Dr. Herschell, whose history is one of curiosity, if not of great instruction. This celebrated astronomer was the son of a German musician, and he himself was bred up to the business of his father. He served as band-master in his youth, and up to a mature period of his life he followed the profession of an organist, when accidentally meeting with the celebrated work of Ferguson on Astronomy, he was so delighted, that he at once bent himself to that science, in which he afterwards performed such wonders. The reader will be glad to peruse any statement which may throw light on the character of such a man.

'Owing to the production of various operas at Bath; in which either serious or comic music was allotted me, I felt myself awkwardly situated; which the good-natured German observing, he proffered his services to give me private instruction, upon terms which should be arranged at a future period. This offer I gratefully accepted, and attended him twice a-week at his own lodgings, which then resembled an astronomer's much more than a musician's; being heaped up with globes, maps, telescopes, reflectors, &c., under which his piano was hid, and the violoncello, like a discarded favourite, skulked away in one corner.

'This was not the only evidence of Mr. Herschel's astrological propensities, nor were they a public secret; he had taken observations, and communicated with philosophical societies; the consequence of which was, that he had been quizzed by the fiddlers, and called by the charitably disposed an eccentric. To his friends and to myself, he alluded to these studies without embarrassment, and would modestly remark, that "all men had their failings, and this was his." When I came to him of an evening, and caught him thus employed, he would tell me, with a laugh, to take care how I stepped over his "new world," and didn't run foul of his "celestial system;" and when I helped him to put his machinery aside, he had a standing joke in calling me his "Atlas," because I once carried the globe on my shoulders. When the removal was made, the fiddle was taken down, or the harpsichord opened, without further comment.

Whether it was a presage of his future success, or a constitutional complacency that fortified him so firmly against the battery of the waggish, I cannot say, but certainly no man bore a persecution of this kind with less marks of suffering. Nevertheless, I believe that his condition, in comparison with mine, was paradisical. When it was known that I attended him privately, the actors swore that I was studying astronomy, which

rendered me the butt of the green-room, and fair game for every society I entered. I was gravely asked at table whether I "advocated Tycho Brahe, or Copernicus?" and what was my "opinion of Sir Isaac Newton's Treatise on Fluxions?" whilst others stopped me in the street to inquire if I "had calculated the period of the last comet's return." Edwin, who was my intimate, said the severest thing. "Bernard's got tired of 'Earth,' and Herschel will carry him to 'Venus' and 'Mercury.'"

'Notwithstanding I was so familiar with his pursuits, one evening he gave me a surprise. The opera of "Lionel and Clarissa" was announced, in which I was given the part of Lord Jessamy. His Lordship having a difficult song, I went as usual to my clever friend to rehearse it. It was cold and clear weather; but the sky that night was rather cloudy, and the moon peeped out only now and then from her veil. Herschel had a fire in his back-apartment, and placed the music-stand near its window, which I could not account for. He then procured his violin, and commenced the song, playing over the air twice or thrice to familiarise me with its general idea; and then leading me note by note to its thorough acquaintance. We got through about five bars pretty well, till of a sudden the sky began to clear up, and his eye was unavoidably attracted by the celestial bodies coming out, as it were, one by one from their hiding places: my eye, however, was fixed on the book; and when he exclaimed, "Beautiful! beautiful!" squinting up at the stars, I thought he alluded to the music. At length, the whole host threw aside their drapery, and stood forth in naked loveliness: the effect was sudden and subduing—"Beautiful, beautiful," shouted Herschel, "there he is at last!" dropping the fiddle, snatching a telescope, throwing up the window, and (though it was a night in January) beginning to survey an absentee planet, which he had been long looking for.

'My stone-like surprise, not to say mortification, contrasted rather strongly with his rapturous expressions (which, by the by, seemed to welcome the star back, as though he had been an old human acquaintance), "Aha!—how—do—you—do?—I'm—glad to see—you," &c.; and I must confess that, for an instant, I was of Lady Anne's humour, and wished that some gentlemanly comet would come by, and brush away the intruder with his tail. The fit, however, was soon over, and then we proceeded with the song.

'Herschel, when in company, owing to the above causes, was exceedingly abstracted, and would frequently listen to a long story without comprehending a word of it. This was very mortifying to the person who had been endeavouring to entertain him; and on subsequent occasions, when this absence was perceived, it grew to be a common remark with many,—"He's in the clouds again, he's star-gazing!

'Nowhere more than at the theatre, in a long musical rehearsal, was he given to this celestial absorption of ideas, and nowhere so much was he exposed to sarcasm, both from the stage and the orchestra, whenever it was perceived. At the time in question, Mrs. Baddeley came down to Bath for a few nights, and when she walked in as Polly, Herschel, who had never seen her before, was so overpowered with her beauty, that he dropped his fiddlestick and stared at her. When this was mentioned in the Green-room, Edwin quaintly remarked, "Well, 'twas nothing strange; he was star-gazing."

'Let me conclude these notices, as I would always wish to do when I cannot praise the talents, with a record to the virtues of this individual. The point of terms, though I repeatedly pressed him to settle it, he invariably deferred, saying he had not time then to talk about "terms," he had only time to give me a "lesson." At the end of the season, having regularly received my two lessons a-week, I waited on him to know what remuneration I should make; when he refused to receive a shilling, saying, "He had undertaken to teach me, because he thought I could not afford to pay any one."—vol. ii. pp. 58—63.

As illustrating the chances and charges to which the early life of men of genius is always more or less subject, we quote the following passage relating to Sir T. Lawrence, who, it will be seen, escape but by mere accident, the destiny of the stage. In his ixteenths year, we are told, that young Lawrence expressed a decided preference for the stage, and Mr. Bernard, shrewdly judging that the youth was worthy of better things, determined to dissuade him from the profession. He proceeds—

'I knew young Lawrence's filial attachment, (which, among his acquaintance, was indeed proverbial,) and I suggested that the best plan would be, to achieve the desired object by a surprise. I appointed Lawrence, therefore, to come to my house the next morning, about twelve, with some friends, and sent word to his son to meet me there half an hour after. I then went to Mr. Palmer, told him the circumstance, and requested his co-operation. He promised it most freely, and agreed to attend the rendezvous at the time appointed.

'By half-past twelve, the next day, all the parties were assembled: old Lawrence and his friends, in the back-parlour; young Lawrence, Mr. Palmer, and myself, in the front. The manager was no sooner introduced than, with great adroitness, he desired a specimen of young Lawrence's abilities, and took his seat at one end of the room.

'I proposed the opening scene between Priuli and Jaffier, and one between Jaffier and Belvidera. We accordingly commenced: (I, Priuli; he, Jaffier:) and he proceeded very perfectly, till, in the well-known speech of "To me you owe her," he came to the line,

> '"I brought her—gave her to your despairing arms;
> Indeed, you thanked me; but—"

but here Jaffier stammered, and became stationary. I held the book, but would not assist him, and he recommenced and stopped, reiterated, and hemmed, till his father, who had heard him with growing impatience, could contain his vexation no longer, but, pushing open the door, thrust in his head, and prompted him to the sentence,

> ——— '"a nobler gratitude
> Rose in her soul, for from that hour she loved me,
> Till for her life she paid me with herself;"

then added, "You play Jaffier, Tom! D—m me if they'd suffer you to murder a conspirator!"

'The whole party now made their appearance, and began to remonstrate; when Mr. Palmer, taking young Lawrence by the hand, assured him, in the most friendly manner, that he would do any thing to serve

him; but that it was his conviction the latter did not possess those advantages which would render the stage a safe undertaking. This address did not produce an instantaneous effect. It was obvious that the young artist entertained the reverse opinion: a conversation now ensued, in which I, abusing the life of an actor, and other friends painting the prospects of a painter, young Lawrence at length became convinced, but remarked with a sigh, "that if he could have gone on the stage, he might have assisted his family much sooner than by his present employments."

'My reader can appreciate the affection of this sentiment; but I am unable to describe its delivery, or the effect it took upon every person present. Passing over, therefore, the scene which ensued, I will only add, that young Lawrence went away, renouncing his intentions and retaining his friends.

'It is certainly one of my pleasantest recollections, that, by thus lending my aid to check this early propensity, (which, if encouraged, must have led to a renouncement of the pencil,) I was an agent, however humble or indirect, in the furtherance of my worthy friend's ultimate prosperity'.—vol. ii. pp. 86—89.

Mr. Bernard may be very proud indeed of the success of his well-conceived and happy stratagem.

We do not think that the two volumes contain better specimens of the talent and humour of the author than those we have given. The absence of pretension, and the evident desire to amuse, which we observe in the work, may serve to compensate for the generally frivolous character of its contents.

Art. X.—*Conversations of James Northcote, Esq., B.A.* By William Hazlitt. 8vo. pp. 328. London: Colburn and Co. 1830.

This volume came into our hands at the same time with an announcement that its author was no more. His career in literature has been almost as eccentric as his progress through private life. After having divorced, or at least separated, himself from two wives in succession, he had for some years lived like a man who had no ties to connect him with the common usages of society. He rose from his bed at all hours, breakfasted, or at least drank tea, until dinner time, meanwhile committing to paper the thoughts that floated through his brain; then took a mutton chop and tea again, and the evening was given to the theatre. At one period of his life he enjoyed a sort of twilight of fame in the literary world: he wrote theatrical critiques for the newspapers, which were praised, and sometimes not undeservedly, for ideas not less novel than discriminating and just, clothed in brilliant diction. But he soon afterwards became an ultra-radical, and was so fond of giving a political colour and tendency to every thing he touched, that he fell into the hands of a party who had no means of assisting his reputation. Extolled by them he was, indeed, to the skies, as a man of the first rate talents, who, without the usual aids of a

regular education, formed for himself a powerful and fascinating style. But their praise was the harbinger of his ruin. Had he confined himself to elegant literature alone, and pursued an even tenor in the relations of domestic life, there is little doubt that he might have risen to permanent distinction.

It was one of Mr. Hazlitt's strange failings that, though a fierce and uncompromising democrat in his political principles, he was a worshipper of Napoleon. The word "admiration" would not express the feelings which he entertained towards that despot; he absolutely idolized him. How are these contrary principles of action to be reconciled? How could the same person have been in one country an advocate for the sovereignty of the people, and in another for the tyranny of one man? We have hitherto ascribed this inconsistency to an ambition of singularity, not, perhaps, altogether free from a morbid dislike of the people who turned a deaf ear to his political declamations. It was something of this double motive, we thought, which induced him to take the trouble of writing the life of Napoleon,—a work which fell perfectly still-born from the press. There is a passage, however, in the little volume before us, which incidentally discloses the real link that bound him to the Corsican. He had the consummate vanity to believe that in his mental constitution and genius he was exactly Napoleon's counterpart! He doubtless filled his fancy also with the belief that a destiny similar to that of the French Emperor awaited him; and this, perhaps, is the real clue to his abandonment of the pencil for the pen. Originally he was brought up as a painter, and such was his genuine love of the art that, had he pursued it stedfastly, he must of necessity have risen to eminence. But his ruling passion was a false light that kept him wandering and restless during the best part of his life, and prevented him from leaving any solid monument behind him, by which he might hereafter be remembered.

We have, however, no intention of dwelling on this subject farther at present, our only proper object being to introduce to the reader the 'Conversations' before us, which having, we believe, already appeared in some of the periodical journals, are now for the first time collected. They present hardly any topics deserving of criticism, being altogether in a gossiping style, very well calculated for those persons who are fond of what is called light reading. It will be found that, for the most part, they present Mr. Northcote (whose name, as a painter and the author of the Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, is known to every body) in a favourable point of view. Correct taste and strong powers of judgment appear to have been mingled in his character, with somewhat of that moroseness for which many eminent men of the last century seem entitled to plead a sort of privilege. It is like lifting the curtain of the past to hear an octogenarian of this class speak of the élite of his time.

'I inquired if he remembered much of Johnson, Burke, and that set of persons? He said, yes, a good deal, as he had often seen them. Burke came into Sir Joshua's painting room one day, when Northcote, who was then a young man, was sitting for one of the children in Count Ugolino. (It is the one in profile with the hand to the face.) He was introduced as a pupil of Sir Joshua's, and, on his looking up, Mr. Burke said, "Then I see that Mr. Northcote is not only an artist, but has a head that would do for Titian to paint." Goldsmith and Burke had often violent disputes about politics; the one being a staunch Tory, and the other at that time a Whig and outrageous anti-courtier. One day he came into the room, when Goldsmith was there, full of ire and abuse against the late king, and went on in such a torrent of the most unqualified invective that Goldsmith threatened to leave the room. The other, however, persisted; and Goldsmith went out, unable to bear it any longer. So much for Mr. Burke's pretended consistency and uniform loyalty! When Northcote first came to Sir Joshua, he wished very much to see Goldsmith; and one day Sir Joshua, on introducing him, asked why he had been so anxious to see him? "Because," said Northcote, "he is a *notable* man." This expression, notable, in its ordinary sense, was so contrary to Goldsmith's character, that they both burst out a-laughing very heartily. Goldsmith was two thousand pounds in debt at the time of his death, which was hastened by his chagrin and distressed circumstances; and when "She Stoops to Conquer" was performed, he was so choked all dinner-time that he could not swallow a mouthful. A party went from Sir Joshua's to support it. The present title was not fixed upon till that morning. Northcote went with Ralph, Sir Joshua's man, into the gallery, to see how it went off; and after the second act, there was no doubt of its success.'—pp. 39- 41.

There is much philosophy and good sense in some observations which we find a few pages further on, upon the inconsistent and unreasonable expectations of mankind. We are not disposed to agree, however, with old Northcote, in his general and sweeping imputations against critics of every degree. That envy does find its way into some of the minor publications, and does nibble with much spite occasionally the most brilliant reputations, cannot be denied. But that is the exception, we apprehend, and not the rule. The instance cited, besides, is not a very happy one, as nobody has injured Mr. Hazlitt's fame more than himself.

'What a shame it was that Milton only got thirteen pounds nine shillings and sixpence for "Paradise Lost." Northcote said, "Not at all; he did not write to get money, he has gained what he had proposed by writing it; not thirteen pounds nine shillings and sixpence, but an immortal reputation. When Dr. Johnson was asked why he was not invited out to dine as Garrick was, he answered, as if it was a triumph to him, 'Because great lords and ladies don't like to have their mouths stopped.' But who *does* like to have their mouths stopped? Did he, more than others? People like to be amused in general; but they did not give him the less credit for wisdom and a capacity to instruct others by his writings. In like manner it has been said, that the King only sought one interview with Dr. Johnson; whereas, if he had been a buffoon or a sycophant, he would have asked for more. Now there was nothing to complain of; it was a

compliment paid by rank to letters, and once was enough. The King was more afraid of this interview than Dr. Johnson was; and went to it as a school-boy to his task. But he did not want to have this trial repeated every day, nor was it necessary. The very jealousy of his self-love marked his respect; and if he had thought less of Dr. Johnson, he would have been more willing to risk the encounter. They had each their place to fill, and would best preserve their self-respect, and perhaps their respect for each other, by remaining in their proper sphere. So they make an outcry about the Prince leaving Sheridan to die in absolute want. He had left him long before: was he to send every day to know if he was dying? These things cannot be helped, without exacting too much of human nature!" I agreed to this view of the subject, and said, I did not see why literary people should repine if they met with their deserts in their own way, without expecting to get rich; but they often get nothing for their pains, but unmerited abuse and party obloquy. "Oh, it is not all party-spite," said he, "but the envy of human nature. Do you think to distinguish yourself with impunity? Do you imagine that your superiority will be delightful to others? Or that they will not strive all they can, and to the last moment, to pull you down? I remember myself once saying to Opie, how hard it was upon the poor author or player to be hunted down for not succeeding in an innocent and laudable attempt, just as if they had committed some heinous crime! And he answered, 'They *have* committed the greatest crime in the eyes of mankind, that of pretending to a superiority over them!' Do you think that party abuse, and the running down particular authors is any thing new? Look at the manner in which Pope and Dryden were assailed by a set of reptiles. Do you believe the modern periodicals had not their prototypes in the party publications of that day? Depend upon it, what you take for political cabal and hostility is (nine parts in ten) private pique and malice oozing out through those authorised channels." '—pp. 44—47.

As is very frequently the case, such imputations as these prove only that the person who makes them would himself be actuated by such mean feelings, whenever the opportunity presented itself for their exercise. We remember the late Mr. Canning on one occasion announcing this truth with prodigious effect. In confirmation of it, we need only cite Northcote's remarks upon the works of Thorwaldsen and Canova, two men avowedly the nearest to Phidias which the modern world has produced. We need hardly observe, by way of explanation, or mitigation, if the word be liked better, that painters and sculptors have seldom been good friends. They tread too nearly upon the dominions of each other.

'"Did you see Thorwaldsen's things while you were at Rome? A young artist brought me all his designs the other day, as miracles that I was to wonder at, and be delighted with. But I could find nothing in them but repetitions of the antique, over and over, till I was surfeited." "He would be pleased at this."—"Why, no! that is not enough: it is easy to imitate the antique:—if you want to last, you must invent something. The other is only pouring liquors from one vessel into another, that become staler and staler every time. We are tired of the antique; yet, at any rate, it is better than the vapid imitation of it. The world

wants something new, and will have it. No matter whether it is better or worse, if there is but an infusion of new life and spirit, it will go down to posterity; otherwise, you are soon forgotten. Canova too, is nothing, for the same reason; he is only a feeble copy of the antique; or a mixture of two things the most incompatible, that and opera-dancing." '—pp. 51, 52.

We are much more inclined to subscribe to the truth of the following observations, the subject of which was more, perhaps, within Northcote's professional knowledge.

'I asked Northcote if he had ever happened to meet with a letter of Warburton's in answer to one of Dr. Doddridge's, complimenting the author of the "Divine Legation of Moses," on the evident zeal and earnestness with which he wrote; to which the latter replied candidly, that he wrote with great haste and unwillingness; that he never sat down to compose till the printer's boy was waiting at the door for the manuscript, and that he should never write at all but as a relief to a morbid lowness of spirits, and to drive away uneasy thoughts that often assailed him. "That indeed," observed Northcote, "gives a different turn to the statement; I thought at first it was only the common coquetry of both authors and artists, to be supposed to do what excites the admiration of others with the greatest ease and indifference, and almost without knowing what they are about. If what surprises *you* costs them nothing, the wonder is so much increased. When Michael Angelo proposed to fortify his native city, Florence, and he was desired to keep to his painting and sculpture, he answered, that those were his recreations, but what he really understood was architecture. That is what Sir Joshua considers as the praise of Rubens, that he seemed to make a plaything of the art. In fact, the work is never complete unless it has this appearance; and therefore Sir Joshua has laid himself open to criticism, in saying that a picture must not only be done well, it must seem to have been done easily! It cannot be said to be done well, unless it has this look. That is the fault of those laboured and timid productions of the modern French and Italian schools; they are the result of such a tedious, petty, mechanical process, that it is as difficult for you to admire as it has been for the artist to execute them, Whereas, when a work seems stamped on the canvass by a blow, you are taken by surprise; and your admiration is as instantaneous and electrical as the impulse of genius which has caused it. I have seen a whole length portrait by Velasquez, that seemed done while the colours were yet wet; every thing was touched in it, as it were, by a wish; there was such a power that it thrilled through your whole frame, and you felt as if you could take up the brush and do any thing. It is this sense of power and freedom which delights and communicates its own inspiration, just as the opposite drudgery and attention to details is painful and disheartening. There was a little picture of one of the infants of Spain on horseback, also by Velasquez, which Mr. Agar had,* and with which Gainsborough was so transplanted, that he said in a fit of bravado to the servant who showed it, 'tell your master I will give him a thousand pounds for that picture!' Mr. Agar began to consider what pictures he could purchase with the

'* Now at the Dulwich gallery.'

money if he parted with this, and at last having made up his mind, sent Gainsborough word he might have the picture; who not at all expecting this result, was a good deal confused, and declared, however he might admire it, he could not afford to give so large a sum for it."—pp. 89—92.

It is very odd that with all his taste, Northcote could not understand the beauties of Homer. We do not recollect an instance of such insensibility as this before. Byron was no admirer of Shakspeare; there are many who do not read much of Milton; very many who have never read the whole of "Paradise Lost." But we had thought that whether in Greek or English, Homer was capable of pleasing every order of mind, whether cultivated or not. Northcote could make nothing of his gods; he was utterly in the dark about him. He supposed that the real cause of his being so generally admired was that his works were put into the hands of young people at school. Now, on the contrary, we are sure that in nine cases out of ten, Homer is very little relished at that age, and that we have even to conquer the associations of dislike which every thing in the shape of a task is sure to leave behind it, before we can taste the exquisite simplicity, and enter into the real spirit of the Iliad and Odyssey.

We have been a good deal amused with one of Northcote's tirades against the Catholics. 'They are such devils,' he says, alluding to the efforts made for their emancipation before the late measure, '(what with their cunning, their numbers, and their zeal,) that if they once get a footing, they will never rest till they get the whole power into their hands.' This is ludicrous beyond measure. The old painter little thought of one circumstance, but which nevertheless is undeniable, that the Catholics, as politicians, are much less united than any other set of religionists in the country. Nay, we ought to have put it more strongly, and have said that they were infinitely more disunited, and that the principle which makes them so is one that will divide them more and more every year. They are divided in England into the aristocracy, gentry, and trades-people. The aristocracy are the proudest and perhaps the least intelligent set of men, that can be found in their rank in this, or in any other country. The gentry are equally haughty and equally imbecile in intellect. There is not a man amongst them all that can make a speech, with any tolerable sense in it—not to speak of eloquence. They are ashamed of each other in public, whenever a public exhibition is to be made, and indeed well they may be, for a set of more thorough boobies does not exist. As to the lower orders of the Catholics in this country, from the trades-people downwards, they hate their own aristocracy and gentry for their insolence, and despise them for their incapacity. They are moreover all radicals, every man of them; whereas the aristocracy and gentry are, with some obscure exceptions, against any change in those parts of the system which stand in need of reform. To imagine that such elements are these, dis-

cordant as they are, and must be, can ever by any possibility contrive to overturn the state, even supposing that they had powerful materials for such a confederacy, which they have not, is to fill the brain with mere phantoms. Besides, the spirit of religious conspiracy has passed away; the time for it has gone by; it has become unfashionable, and nothing short of sanguinary persecution, which we never expect to hear of again in this country, can possibly afford the slightest chance for reviving it.

'It was but the other day,' adds Northcote, 'that the Jesuits nearly overturned the empire of China; and if they were obliged to make laws and take the utmost precaution against their crafty encroachments, shall we open a door to them, who have only just escaped from their hands?' The poor Jesuists: they are the foxes that steal the geese from every farm-yard! Every thing is laid at their door. We verily believe that if there was an earthquake in some part of the world, it would be ascribed to the machinations of the Jesuits. Overturn the empire of China! The fact we may boldly state to be apocryphal; but if it were true, it would only be an argument against the existence of that order in this country, and not against the emancipation of the Catholics, amongst whom there are a great many persons who have no liking for the Jesuits, and who are well convinced that religion would be much better without them. Mr. Hazlitt took off the edge of old Northcote's anger amusingly enough.

'I said, I had thrown a radical reformer into a violent passion lately, by maintaining that the Pope and the Cardinals of Rome were a set of as good-looking men as so many Protestant Bishops or Methodist Parsons; and that the Italians were the only people who seemed to me to have any faith in their religion as an object of imagination or feeling. My opponent grew almost black in the face, while inveighing against the enormous absurdity of transubstantiation; it was in vain I pleaded the beauty, innocence, and cheerfulness of the peasant girls near Rome, who believed in this dreadful superstition, and who thought me *damned*, and would probably have been glad to see me burnt at a stake as a heretic. At length I said, that I thought reason and truth very excellent things in themselves, and that when I saw the rest of the world grow as fond of them as they were of absurdity and superstition, I should be entirely of his way of thinking; but I liked an interest in something (a wafer or a crucifix) better than an interest in nothing. What have philosophers gained by unloosing their hold of the *ideal* world, but to be hooted at and pelted by the rabble, and envied and vilified by one another, for want of a common bond of union and interest between them? I just now met the son of an old literary friend in the street, who seemed disposed to *cut* me for some hereditary pique, jealousy, or mistrust. Suppose his father and I had been Catholic Priests, (saving the *bar-sinister*,) how different would have been my reception! He is short-sighted indeed; but had I been a Cardinal, he would have seen me fast enough: the costume alone would have assured him. Where there is no frame-work of respectability founded on the *esprit de corps*, and on public opinion cemented into a prejudice,

the jarring pretensions of individuals fall into a chaos of elementary particles, neutralising each other by mutual antipathy, and soon become the sport and laughter of the multitude. Where the whole is referred to intrinsic, real merit, this creates a standard of conceit, egotism, and envy, in every one's own mind, lowering the class, not raising the individual. A Catholic Priest, walking along the street, is looked up to as a link in the chain let down from heaven; a Poet or Philosopher is looked down upon as a poor creature, deprived of certain advantages, and with very questionable pretensions in other respects. Abstract intellect requires the weight of the other world to be thrown into the scale, to make it a match for the prejudices, vulgarity, ignorance, and selfishness of this!'—pp. 111—113.

This reasoning, which really has something in it, appears in the end to have brought about Northcote to view the matter in somewhat of a similar light.

'"You are right," said he. "It was Archimedes who said he would move the earth if he had a place to fix his levers on: the priests have always found their purchase in the skies. After all, we have not much reason to complain, if they give us so splendid a reversion to look forward to. That is what I said to G— when he had been trying to unsettle the opinions of a young artist whom I knew. Why should you wish to turn him out of one house, till you have provided another for him? Besides, what do you know of the matter more than he does? His nonsense is as good as your nonsense, when both are equally in the dark. As to what your friend said of the follies of the Catholics, I do not think that the Protestants can pretend to be quite free from them. So when a chaplain of Lord Bath's was teazing a Papist clergyman, to know how he could make up his mind to admit that absurdity of transubstantiation, the other made answer, 'Why, I'll tell you. When I was young, I was taught to swallow Adam's apple; and since that, I have found no difficulty with any thing else!' We may say what we will of the Catholic religion; but it is more easy to abuse than to overturn it. I have myself no objection to it but its insatiable ambition, and its being such a dreadful engine of power. It is its very perfection as a system of profound policy and moral influence, that renders it so formidable. Indeed, I have been sometimes suspected of a leaning to it myself; and when Godwin wrote his *Life of Chaucer*, he was said to have turned Papist from his making use of something I had said to him about confession. I don't know but unfair advantages may be taken of it for state-purposes; but I cannot help thinking it is of signal benefit in the regulation of private life.'"—pp. 113, 114.

Speaking of Fuseli, Northcote said that he was one of those persons who could not argue! He could throw out very brilliant and striking things; but if you at all questioned him, he could no more give an answer than a child of three years old. He had no resources, nor any *corps de reserve* of argument beyond his first line of battle! Lord Byron was, in this respect, exceedingly like Fuseli.

It is, of course, impossible for us to measure the degree of fidelity with which these conversations are reported. The language, we

apprehend, and the manner are not Northcote's. These belong manifestly to Mr. Hazlitt; the matter, for the most part, to his friend; at least, so far as it is ascribed to him. Perhaps the reader will best understand the value of these chit-chat scenes, by seeing one of them in an entire state. We shall select the fifteenth, as being replete with a great variety of amusing topics.

'I went to Northcote in the evening to consult about his *Fables*. He was down stairs in the parlour, and talked much as usual: but the difference of the accompaniments, the sitting down, the preparations for tea, the carpet and furniture, and a little fat lap-dog interfered with old associations, and took something from the charm of his conversation. He spoke of a Mr. Laird, who had been employed to see his "Life of Sir Joshua" through the press, and whom he went to call upon in an upper story in Peterborough-court, Fleet-street, where he was surrounded by his books, his implements of writing, a hand organ, and his coffee-pots; and he said he envied him this retreat more than any palace he had ever happened to enter. Northcote was not very well, and repeated his complaints. I said, I thought the air (now summer was coming on) would do him more good than physic. His apothecary had been describing the dissection of the elephant, which had been just killed at Exeter 'Change. It appeared that, instead of the oil which usually is found in the joints of animals, the interstices were, in this case, filled up with a substance resembling a kind of white paint. This Northcote considered as a curious instance of the wise contrivance of nature in the adaptation of means to ends; for even in pieces of artificial mechanism, though they use oil to lubricate the springs and wheels of clocks, and other common-sized instruments, yet in very large and heavy ones, such as steam-engines, &c., they are obliged to use grease, pitch, and other more solid substances, to prevent the friction.

'If they could dissect a flee, what a fine, evanescent fluid would be found to lubricate its slender joints and assist its light movements! Northcote said the bookseller wished to keep the original copy of the Fables to bind up as a literary curiosity. I objected to this proceeding as unfair. There were several slips of the pen and slovenlinesses of style (for which I did not think him at all accountable, since an artist wrote with his left hand and painted with his right), and I did not see why these accidental inadvertences, arising from diffidence and want of practice, should be, as it were, enshrined and brought against him. He said, "Mr. P—— H—— tasked me the hardest in what I wrote in the *Artist*. He pointed out where I was wrong, and sent it back to me to correct it. After all, what I did there was thought the best!" I said Mr. H—— was too fastidious, and spoiled what he did from a wish to have it perfect. He dreaded that a shadow of objection should be brought against any thing he advanced, so that his opinions at last amounted to a kind of genteel truisms. One must risk something in order to do any thing. I observed that this was remarkable in so clever a man; but it seemed as if there were some fatality by which the most lively and whimsical writers, if they went out of their own eccentric path and attempted to be serious, became exceedingly grave and even insipid. His farces were certainly very spirited and original: No Song no Supper was the first play I had ever seen, and I felt grateful to him for this. Northcote agreed that it was very delightful; and said there was a volume of it when he first read it to them one night

at Mrs. Rundle's, and that the players cut it down a good deal and supplied a number of things. There was a great piece of work to alter the songs for Madame Storace, who played in it and who could not pronounce half the English terminations. My GRANDMOTHER, too, was a laughable idea, very ingeniously executed; and some of the songs in this had an equal portion of elegance and drollery, such as that in particular—

'For alas! long before I was born,
My fair one had died of old age!

Still some of his warmest admirers were hurt at their being farces—if they had been comedies, they would have been satisfied, for nothing could be greater than their success. They were the next to O'Keefe's, who in that line was the English Moliere.

'Northcote asked if I remembered the bringing out of any of O'Keefe's? I answered, no. He said, "It had the oddest effect imaginable—at one moment they seemed on the point of being damned, and the next moment you were convulsed with laughter. Edwin was inimitable in some of them. He was one of those actors, it is true, who carried a great deal on the stage with him, that he would willingly have left behind, and so far could not help himself. But his awkward, shambling figure in Bowkitt the dancing-master, was enough to make one die with laughing. He was also unrivalled in Lingo, where he was admirably supported by Mrs. Wells in Cowslip, when she prefers 'a roast duck' to all the birds in the Heathen Mythology—and in Peeping Tom, where he merely puts his head out, the faces that he made threw the audience into a roar." I said I remembered no further back than B——, who used to delight me excessively in Lenitive in the Prize, when I was a boy. Northcote said he was an imitator of Edwin, but at a considerable distance. He was a good-natured, agreeable man; and the audience were delighted with him, because he was evidently delighted with them. In some respects he was a caricaturist: for instance, in Lenitive he stuck his pigtail on end, which he had no right to do, for no one had ever done it but himself. I said Liston appeared to me to have more comic humour than any one in my time, though he was not properly an actor. Northcote asked if he was not low-spirited; and told the story (I suspect an old one) of his consulting a physician on the state of his health, who recommended him to go and see Liston. I said he was grave and prosing, but did not know there was any thing the matter with him, though I had seen him walking along the street the other day with his face as fixed as if he had a lock-jaw, a book in his hand, looking neither to the right nor the left, and very much like his own Lord Duberly. I did not see why he and Matthews should both of them be so *hipped*, except from their having *the player's melancholy*, arising from their not seeing six hundred faces on the broad grin before them at all other times as well as when they were acting. He was, however, exceedingly unaffected, and remarkably candid in judging of other actors. He always spoke in the highest terms of Munden, whom I considered as overdoing his parts. Northcote said, "Munden was excellent, but an artificial actor. You should have seen Weston," he continued. "It was impossible, from looking at him, for any one to say that he was acting. You would suppose they had gone out and found the actual character they wanted, and brought him upon the stage without his knowing it. Even when they interrupted him with peals of laughter and applause, he looked about him

as if he was not all conscious of having any thing to do with it, and then went on as before. In Scrub, Dr. Last, and other parts of that kind, he was perfection itself. Garrick would never attempt Abel Drugger after him. There was something peculiar in his face; for I knew an old schoolfellow of his who told me he used to produce the same effect when a boy, and when the master asked what was the matter, his companions would make answer—"Weston looked *at me*, Sir!" Yet he came out in tragedy, as indeed they all did! Northcote inquired if I had seen Garrick? I answered, "No—I could not very well, as he died the same year I was born!" I mentioned having lately met with a striking instance of genealogical taste in a family, the grand-father of which thought nothing of Garrick, the father thought nothing of Mrs. Siddons, and the daughter could make nothing of the Scotch Novels, but admired Mr. Theodore Hook's "Sayings and Doings!"

'Northcote then returned to the subject of his book and said, "Sir Richard Phillips once wished me to do a very magnificent work indeed on the subject of art. He was like Curll, who had a number of fine title-pages, if any one could have written books to answer to them. He came here once with Godwin to show me a picture which they had just discovered of Chaucer, and which was to embellish Godwin's *Life* of him. I told them it was certainly no picture of Chaucer, nor was any such picture painted at that time." I said, Godwin had got a portrait about a year ago which he wished me to suppose was a likeness of President Bradshaw: I saw no reason for his thinking so, but that in that case it would be worth a hundred pounds to him! Northcote expressed a curiosity to have seen it, as he knew the descendants of the family at Plymouth. He remembered one of them, an old lady of the name of Wilcox, who used to walk about in Gibson's-Field near the town, so prim and starched, holding up her fan spread out like a peacock's tail with such an air, on account of her supposed relationship to one of the Regicides! They paid, however (in the vulgar opinion) for this distinction; for others of them bled to death at the nose, or died of the bursting of a blood-vessel, which their wise neighbours did not fail to consider as a judgment upon them.

'Speaking of Dr. M——, he said, he had such a feeling of beauty in his heart, that it made angels of every one around him. To check a person who was running on against another, he once said, "You should not speak in that manner, for you lead me to suppose you have the bad qualities you are so prone to dwell upon in others."—A transition was here made to Lord Byron, who used to tell a story of a little red-haired girl, who, when countesses and ladies of fashion were leaving the room where he was, in crowds, (to *cut* him after his quarrel with his wife), stopped short near a table against which he was leaning, gave him a familiar nod, and said, "You should have married *me*, and then this would not have happened to you!" A question being started whether Dr. M—— was handsome, Northcote answered, "I could see no beauty in him as to his outward person, but there was an angelic sweetness of disposition that spread its influence over his whole conversation and manner. He had not wit, but a fine romantic enthusiasm which deceived himself, and enchanted others. I remember once his describing a picture by Rosa de Tivoli (at Saltram) of *Two Bulls Fighting*, and he gave such an account of their rage and manner of tearing up the ground, that I could not rest till we went over to

see it—when we came there, it was nothing but a coarse daub, like what might be expected from the painter: but he had made the rest out of a vivid imagination. So my father told him a story of a bull-bait he had seen in which the bull had run so furiously at the dog that he broke the chain and pitched upon his head and was killed. Soon after, he came and told us the same story as an incident he himself had witnessed. He did not mean to deceive, but the image had made such an impression on his fancy, that he believed it to be one that he had himself been an eye-witness of." I was much amused with this account, and I offered to get him a copy of a whimsical production, of which a new edition had been printed. I also recommended to him the *Spanish Rogue*, as a fine mixture of drollery and grave moralizing. He spoke of *Lazarillo de Tormes* and of the *Cheats of Scapin*, the last of which he rated rather low. The work was written by Scarron, whose widow, the famous Madame de Maintenon, afterwards became mistress to Louis XIV.'—pp. 206—214.

A second part of these conversations is added, which is written in a more elaborate manner, being divided into dialogues, and suggesting the idea that they have been spun out rather finely. A question was put to Northcote as to the sort of figure which Sir Walter Scott would have made among the Burkes, and Johnsons, and Goldsmiths of the last century. His answer was, that Sir Walter would have stood his ground in any company. Cobbett was also one of his idols. He looked upon him as a giant, who can tear up a subject by the roots. Of Wordsworth he had but a poor opinion: he would never be known to posterity. Upon Rosseau he looked as a character more detestable than he had language to express. Lord Byron he placed upon a par with Dryden. These, and a great variety of similar topics, are pleasantly touched by both the speakers, who, throughout the volume, continue to be upon very good terms, not only with each other, but also with their readers.

Art. XI.—*On Demonology and Witchcraft, addressed to J. G. Lockart, Esq.* By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. 12mo. pp. 402. London: Murray. 1830.

It is to be feared that this will not prove one of the most successful volumes of the Family Library. Sir Walter Scott has never been much nearer to truth than when he expressed an opinion that tales of ghosts and demonology are out of date at forty years and upwards; we think he might have said a great deal sooner. We entirely agree with him in thinking that it is only in the morning of existence this feeling of olden superstition, "comes o'er us like a summer cloud," and his book has perfectly convinced us that if he were to write at all on the subject, it should have been, as he himself candidly admits, 'during a period of life when he could have treated it with more interesting vivacity, and might have been at least amusing, if he could not be instructive.' It would be absurd

to deny that 'even the present fashions of the world seems to be,' as Sir Walter confesses, 'ill-suited for studies of this fantastic nature; and that the most ordinary mechanic has learning sufficient to laugh at the figments which in former times were believed by persons far advanced in the deepest knowledge of the age.' In a word, we have wholly outgrown witchcraft and all its impositions. There is not a man in a million who believes in ghosts; astrology and the philosopher's stone are set down as pretty much on a par, and as to the gules and goblins and evil spirits, they have long since taken flight even from our nurseries.

Men have been for more than thirty years, the period usually assigned to a generation, accustomed to contemplate real and living wonders, which far surpass in grandeur and power all the fictions of the past ages put together. The series of tremendous events which have chased each other with wonderful rapidity, the bloody and extensive wars, the overthrow of empires, the restoration of thrones and their second subversion, not unlikely to be followed by similar changes all over Europe, have raised our minds above the empire of the fable, and filled us with astonishment at combinations which not only could not have been foreseen, but could not have been even prefigured by the most daring imagination. Life and its passing occurrences open pages of romance more wonderful than any that have ever emanated from the genius of fiction; in the political world, opinion presides, and like the spirit of the fairy world, seems to order every thing by the waving of a wand pregnant with true enchantment. In the world of industry and the arts, ingenuity has wrought and is daily working miracles which astound the most incredulous. It may be said to have trebled the population of the kingdom by the accession of power which it has given to machinery, in which wheels and spindles may be seen performing the offices of human hands, and almost inspired with human capacity. Steam, which is supposed to be as yet only in its infancy, not only wafts us with certainty and speed over the seas, but enables us as it were to fly over the land. Those and a thousand other real wonders passing before our eyes, far excelling the most extravagant inventions of the fancy, such as they were known down even to a late period, gives us a distaste for legendary lore, and most particularly for every thing connected with the exploded prodigies of sorcery.

If Sir Walter Scott were even to enjoy a renovated youth, and to breathe once more the freshness of that morning of life in which he thinks such subjects are looked upon in their most engaging point of view, we doubt whether he could succeed in imparting to them permanent interest. They are but a collection of the worst aberrations of the human mind, presenting it in its weakest and most contemptible superstitions and follies. The title of such a history, the words demonology and witchcraft, may to some ears carry a mystic sound, and every thing conversant with mystery has its attractions.

But when a few facts are stated, a few attempts at imposition have described, and some instances of delusion disclosed, the rest is mere repetition. The whole is the history of old women.

There are, it is certain, some things that do "come o'er us like a summer cloud," some things that occur in the operations of the mind, as well as in the functions of the physical organs, the statement and explanation of which would not be unworthy of philosophy. Who has not felt that the mind sometimes forbodes great misfortunes, and occasionally important turns of prosperity? How happens it that we sometimes see faces, the faces of absolute strangers, and yet with which we feel as familiarly acquainted as if they belonged to the immediate circle of our most intimate friendship? What music is that which, though new, lights up suddenly within our memories associations that long had been forgotten? The delusions brought about by insanity, and by a diseased state of the organs, are referable to known causes; and it would be ridiculous to argue that the mind can be subjected to any deception of the senses, without its being susceptible of a rational explanation. But though in the case of the mind itself, there may be many ideas and associations, the origin of which is too subtle for discovery and examination, yet philosophy has paid little attention to such phenomena, and still less to the power which the senses seem to possess, of occasionally conveying wrong information to the throne of reason. The store of facts already brought together, in reference to the latter branch of the subject, is remarkably scanty. A careful collection of them would have a higher value than the mere gratification of curiosity. Properly explained, they would teach us to refer every thing out of the ordinary course, to a natural and adequate cause, the habit of doing which would be more conducive to the prevention of mental maladies, to the preservation of a cheerful temper, and the promotion of happiness, than all the ethics which the schools could pour forth for a century.

Sir Walter Scott has given a few, and but a few, illustrations of the subject, to which we have just alluded, in the present volume. He disclaims all idea of being a system maker, his object being, after a general account of demonology and witchcraft, to confine himself to narratives of remarkable cases, and to the observations that obviously arise out of them. He artfully enough excites our curiosity in his introductory letter, by stating the belief which more or less prevails, of the existence of spirits; a belief which he thinks proceeds naturally from the consciousness of immortality that pervades every bosom.

"The general, or, it may be termed, the universal belief of the inhabitants of the earth, in the existence of spirits separated from the encumbrance and incapacities of the body, is grounded on the consciousness of the divinity that speaks in our bosoms, and demonstrates to all men, except the few who are hardened to the celestial voice, that there is within us a portion of the divine substance, which is not subject to the law of death

and dissolution, but which, when the body is no longer fit for its abode, shall seek its own place, as a sentinel dismissed from his post. Unaided by revelation, it cannot be hoped that mere earthly reason should be able to form any rational or precise conjecture concerning the destination of the soul when parted from the body; but the conviction that such an indestructible essence exists, the belief expressed by the poet in a different sense, *Non omnis moriar*, must infer the existence of many millions of spirits, who have not been annihilated, though they have become invisible to mortals who still see, hear, and perceive, only by means of the imperfect organs of humanity. Probability may lead some of the most reflecting to anticipate a state of future rewards and punishments; as those experienced in the education of the deaf and dumb, find that their pupils, even while cut off from all instruction by ordinary means, have been able to form, out of their own unassisted conjectures, some ideas of the existence of a Deity, and of the distinction between the soul and body—a circumstance which proves how naturally these truths arise in the human mind. The principle that they do so arise, being taught or communicated, leads to further conclusions.

'These spirits, in a state of separate existence, being admitted to exist, are not, it may be supposed, indifferent to the affairs of mortality, perhaps not incapable of influencing them. It is true, that, in a more advanced state of society, the philosopher may challenge the possibility of a separate appearance of a disembodied spirit, unless in the case of a direct miracle, to which, being a suspension of the laws of nature, directly wrought by the Maker of these laws, for some express purpose, no bound or restraint can possibly be assigned. But under this necessary limitation and exception, philosophers might plausibly argue, that, when the soul is divorced from the body, it loses all those qualities which made it, when clothed with a mortal shape, obvious to the organs of its fellow men. The abstract idea of a spirit certainly implies, that it has neither substance, form, shape, voice, nor any thing which can render its presence visible or sensible to human faculties. But these sceptic doubts of philosophers on the possibility of the appearance of such separated spirits, do not arise till a certain degree of information has dawned upon a country, and even then only reach a very small proportion of reflecting and better informed members of society. To the multitude, the indubitable fact, that so many millions of spirits exist around and even amongst us, seems sufficient to support the belief that they are, in certain instances at least, by some means or other, able to communicate with the world of humanity. The more numerous part of mankind cannot form in their mind the idea of the spirit of the deceased existing, without possessing or having the power to assume the appearance which their acquaintance bore during his life, and do not push their researches beyond this point.

'Enthusiastic feelings of an impressive and solemn nature, occur both in private and public life, which seem to add ocular testimony to an intercourse betwixt earth and the world beyond it. For example, the son who has been lately deprived of his father, feels a sudden crisis approach, in which he is anxious to have recourse to his sagacious advice; or a bereaved husband earnestly desires again to behold the form of which the grave has deprived him for ever; or to use a darker, yet very common instance, the watched man who has dipped his hand in his fellow-creature's blood, is

haunted by the apprehension that the phantom of the slain stands by the bed-side of his murderer. In all, or any of these cases, who, shall, denote that imagination, favoured by circumstances, has power to summon up to the organ of sight, spectres which only exist in the minds of those, by whom their apparition seems to be witnessed?'—pp. 3—6.

The imagination which is often so busy during sleep may doubtless, and sometimes does conjure up a ghost as well as any other visionary object. A spectre of this description is easily referable to our dreams, which frequently leave such distinct impressions behind them, that we can scarcely distinguish them from realities. That the mind occasionally gains—what is called in Scotland a second sight—a dim and shadowy glance at futurity through its faculty of dreaming, is a fact which admits of no dispute. Compared indeed with the millions of visions which pass through the minds of men every night, the number of those which presage coming events is known not to be very considerable, and to place dependence on them, therefore, would be weak and irrational. Somnambulism, which is only a dream of more than ordinary liveliness and power, is sometimes brought about by spectral delusions. The story of Brutus and his evil genius, who promised to meet him again at Philippi, is easily conceived to have been nothing more than a dream. But we cannot so satisfactorily concede, that apparitions witnessed by a multitude are to be traced to mere delusions of the imagination. The cross of Constantine, for instance, with its inspiring motto, could not have been seen in the skies by the whole army, unless we admit that it was a miracle, or that it was an optical deception, caused by the vapours of the atmosphere. The anecdote related in Walker's lives, is another curious instance of this class of visions.

'"In the year 1686, in the months of June and July," says the honest chronicler, "many yet alive can witness, that about the Crosford Bога, two miles beneath Lanark, especially at the Mains, on the water of Clyde, many people gathered together for several afternoons, where there were showers of bonnets, hats, guns, and swords, which covered the trees and the ground; companies of men in arms marching in order upon the water side; companies meeting companies, going all through each other, and then falling to the ground and disappearing; other companies immediately appeared, marching the same. I went there three afternoons together, and as I observed there were two-thirds of the people that were together saw, and a third that saw not, and *though I could see nothing*, there was such a fright and trembling on those that did see, that was discernible to all from those that saw not. There was a gentleman standing next to me, who spoke as too many gentlemen and others speak, who said, "A pack of damned witches and warlocks that have the second sight! the devil hae't do I see;' and immediately there was a discernible change in his countenance. With as much fear and trembling as any woman I saw there, he called out, 'All you that do not see, say nothing; for I persuade you it is matter of fact, and discernible to all that are not stone-blind.' And those who did see told what works (*i. e.* locks) the guns had, and their length

and evidents, and what handles the swords had, whether small or three-bar'd, or Highland guards, and the closing knots of the bonnets, black or blue; and those who did see them there, whenever they went abroad, saw a bonnet and a sword drop in the way." '—pp. 14, 15.

To deny that such apparitions as these were seen on the banks of the Clyde, in the year 1686, would be rash, knowing as we do that the play of vapours sometimes produces extraordinary reflections. A short time before the late war with France, the English coast became for a few hours so distinctly visible to the people at Boulogne, that objects were seen upon it with the naked eye, which in the usual state of the atmosphere, can only be perceived at the distance of four or five miles. A similar occurrence took place at Brighton, in the summer of 1825, when the French coast was distinctly seen within the horizon. There can be no doubt that such phenomena as these, are to be referred to a highly refracting power, imparted to the atmosphere, by some accidental combinations of the elements of which it is composed.

In the case, however, of visions seen by individuals, they may be produced by other causes than the operation of the fancy during sleep. It is now well understood, by medical men, that they are the usual attendants of more than one disorder to which the human frame is subject, and under the influence of which all the senses combine to assist the delusion. It sometimes happens indeed that one of the senses refuses, as it were, to take part in the conspiracy; as in the instance of the lunatic in the infirmary of Edinburgh, who believed that the house in which he was confined was his own mansion, that his fellow patients were all feeding upon his bounty, that the servants were all his, and that he was living in a sumptuous style, having three services upon his table every day, but that from some cause or other every thing he partook of tasted of porridge! The fact was, that the poor man was allowed nothing but porridge, and that his sense of taste alone continued unvitiated. A gentleman of undoubted veracity has related to us a singular delusion, which happened to himself. He was upon a visit with a friend in the country, and on going up stairs to dress for dinner, he saw the lady of the house standing at her bed-room door, a handkerchief loosely thrown over her bust; apparently she was waiting for her maid, her preparations for dressing not being quite completed. She of course disappeared the moment she was seen. The visitor proceeded to his room, and in the middle of his operations, turning round towards his bed, what should he see but the bust of his hostess again, her head quietly resting on his pillow! He was at first amazed beyond expression; but being a man of strong mind, he instantly convinced himself that it must be an optical delusion. In order to assure himself of this fact, he went nearer to the object, when it vanished; he then walked back to the place whence he first saw it—it returned again exactly as before; he walked still

farther back, when it gradually faded from his sight, and thus he amused himself for a few minutes with an experiment upon his eyes, from which he concluded that the retina, being in rather a weak state, was unable at once to get rid of the impression which the unlooked-for appearance of the lady at her door in the first instance made upon it.

With respect to those unhappy diseases of which spectres are the usual concomitants, they are thought chiefly to proceed from the injury done to the nerves by long-continued habits of intemperance. Sir Walter has related a very striking case of this description, from which it seems that even when, by an alteration of habits, the mind is freed from the frightful idea, the slightest renewal of the association is sufficient to bring back upon the invalid all his misery.

'Of this the following instance was told to the author by a gentleman connected with the sufferer. A young man of fortune, who had led what is called so gay a life as considerably to injure both his health and fortune, was at length obliged to consult the physician upon the means of restoring at least the former. One of his principal complaints was the frequent presence of a set of apparitions, resembling a band of figures dressed in green, who performed in his drawing-room a singular dance, to which he was compelled to bear witness, though he knew, to his great annoyance, that the whole *corps de ballet* existed only in his own imagination. His physician immediately informed him that he had lived upon town too long and too fast not to require an exchange to a more healthy and natural course of life. He therefore prescribed a gentle course of medicine, but earnestly recommended to his patient to retire to his own house in the country, observe a temperate diet and early hours, practising regular exercise, on the same principle avoiding fatigue, and assured him that by doing so he might bid adieu to black spirits and white, blue, green, and grey, with all their trumpery. The patient observed the advice, and prospered. His physician, after the interval of a month, received a grateful letter from him, acknowledging the success of his regimen. The green goblins had disappeared, and with them the unpleasant train of emotions to which their visits had given rise, and the patient had ordered his town-house to be disfurnished and sold, while the furniture was to be sent down to his residence in the country, where he was determined in future to spend his life, without exposing himself to the temptations of town. One would have supposed this a well-devised scheme for health. But, alas! no sooner had the furniture of the London drawing-room been placed in order in the gallery of the old manor-house, than the former delusions returned in full force! the green *figurantes*, whom the patient's deprayed imagination had so long associated with these moveables, came capering and frisking to accompany them, exclaiming with great glee, as if the sufferer should have been rejoiced to see them, "Here we all are—here we all are!" The visionary, if I recollect right, was so much shocked at their appearance, that he retired abroad, in despair that any part of Britain could shelter him from the daily persecution of this domestic ballet.'—pp. 19, 20.

There are many other causes besides intemperance, which medical

men have found capable of producing similar consequences. The case of Nicolai, the celebrated bookseller of Berlin, is one of these. He had the moral courage to relate it himself to the Philosophical Society of that capital. His spirits suffered an unusual depression from a series of disagreeable incidents which happened to him in the year 1791, and from neglecting a course of periodical bleeding to which he had been accustomed. This state of his health brought on phantasmata. He saw crowds constantly moving through his premises, who acted before him, and sometimes addressed him. Knowing that these delusions were the results of his distemper, they excited his curiosity rather than his alarm, and they were eventually dispersed by the use of medicine. Another very remarkable case was communicated to Sir Walter by the physician under whose observation it fell.

'It was the fortune of this gentleman to be called in to attend the illness of a person long since deceased, who in his lifetime stood, as I understand, high in a particular department of the law, which often placed the property of others at his discretion and controul, and whose conduct, therefore, being open to public observation, he had for many years borne the character of a man of unusual steadiness, good sense, and integrity. He was, at the time of my friend's visits, confined principally to his sick-room, sometimes to bed, yet occasionally attending to business, and exerting his mind, apparently with all its usual strength and energy, to the conduct of important affairs intrusted to him; nor did there, to a superficial observer, appear any thing in his conduct, while so engaged, that could argue vacillation of intellect, or depression of mind. His outward symptoms of malady argued no acute or alarming disease. But slowness of pulse, absence of appetite, difficulty of digestion, and constant depression of spirits, seemed to draw their origin from some hidden cause, which, the patient was determined to conceal. The deep gloom of the unfortunate gentleman—the embarrassment, which he could not conceal from his friendly physician—the briefness and obvious constraint with which he answered the interrogations of his medical adviser, induced my friend to take other methods for prosecuting his enquires. He applied to the sufferer's family, to learn, if possible, the source of that secret grief which was gnawing the heart and sucking the life-blood of his unfortunate patient. The persons applied to, after conversing together previously, denied all knowledge of any cause for the burden which obviously affected their relative. So far as they knew—and they thought they could hardly be deceived—his worldly affairs were prosperous; no family loss had occurred which could be followed with such persevering distress; no entanglements of affection could be supposed to apply to his age, and no sensation of severe remorse could be consistent with his character. The medical gentleman had finally recourse to serious argument with the invalid himself, and urged to him the folly of devoting himself to a lingering and melancholy death, rather than tell the subject of affliction which was thus wasting him. He specially pressed upon him the injury which he was doing to his own character, by suffering it to be inferred that the secret cause of his dejection and its consequences, was something too scandalous or flagitious to be made known, bequeathing in this manner to his family

a suspected and dishonoured name, and leaving a memory with which might be associated the idea of guilt, which the criminal had died without confessing. The patient, more moved by this species of appeal than by any which had yet been urged, expressed his desire to speak out frankly to Dr. ——. Every one else was removed, and the door of the sick-room made secure, when he began his confession in the following manner:—

'"You cannot, my dear friend, be more conscious than I, that I am in the course of dying under the oppression of the fatal disease which consumes my vital powers; but neither can you understand the nature of my complaint, and manner in which it acts upon me, nor, if you did, I fear, could your zeal and skill avail to rid me of it."—"It is possible," said the physician, "that my skill may not equal my wish of serving you; yet medical science has many resources, of which those unacquainted with its powers never can form an estimate. But until you plainly tell me your symptoms of complaint, it is impossible for either of us to say what may or may not be in my power, or within that of medicine."—"I may answer you," replied the patient, "that my case is not a singular one, since we read of it in the famous novel of Le Sage. You remember, doubtless, the disease of which the Duke d'Olivarez is there stated to have died?"—"Of the idea," answered the medical gentleman, "that he was haunted by an apparition, to the actual existence of which he gave no credit, but died, nevertheless, because he was overcome and heart-broken by its imaginary presence."—"I, my dearest Doctor," said the sick man, "am in that very case; and so painful and abhorrent is the presence of the persecuting vision, that my reason is totally inadequate to combat the effects of my morbid imagination, and I am sensible I am dying, a wasted victim to an imaginary disease." The medical gentleman listened with anxiety to his patient's statement, and for the present judiciously avoiding any contradiction of the sick man's preconceived fancy, contented himself with more minute enquiry into the nature of the apparition with which he conceived himself haunted, and into the history of the mode by which so singular a disease had made itself master of his imagination, secured, as it seemed, by strong powers of the understanding, against an attack so irregular. The sick person replied by stating, that its advances were gradual, and at first not of a terrible or even disagreeable character. To illustrate this, he gave the following account of the progress of his disease.

'"My visions," he said, "commenced two or three years since, when I found myself from time to time embarrased by the presence of a large cat, which came and disappeared I could not exactly tell how, till the truth was finally forced upon me, and I was compelled to regard it as no domestic household cat, but as a bubble of the elements, which had no existence, save in my deranged visual organs, or depraved imagination. Still I had not that positive objection to the animal entertained by a late gallant highland chieftain, who has been seen to change to all the colours of his own plaid, if a cat by accident happened to be in the room with him, even though he did not see it. On the contrary, I am rather a friend to cats, and endured with so much equanimity the presence of my imaginary attendant, that it had become almost indifferent to me; when within the course of a few months it gave place to, or was succeeded by, a spectre of a more important sort, or which at least had a more imposing appearance. This was no other than the apparition of a gentleman-usher, dressed as if

to wait upon a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a Lord High Commissioner of the Kirk, or any other who bears on his brow the rank and stamp of delegated sovereignty.—

"'This personage, arrayed in a court dress, with bag and sword, tambour'd waistcoat, and chapeau-bras, glided beside me like the ghost of Beau Nash; and, whether in my own house or in another, ascended the stairs before me, as if to announce me in the drawing-room; and at some times appeared to mingle with the company, though it was sufficiently evident that they were not aware of his presence, and that I alone was sensible of the visionary honours which this imaginary being seemed desirous to render me. This freak of the fancy did not produce much impression on me, though it led me to entertain doubts on the nature of my disorder, and alarm for the effect it might produce on my intellects. But that modification of my disease also had its appointed duration. After a few months, the phantom of the gentleman-usher was seen no more, but was succeeded by one horrible to the sight, and distressing to the imagination, being no other than the image of death itself, the apparition of a *skeleton*. Alone or in company," said the unfortunate invalid, "the presence of this last phantom never quits me. I in vain tell myself a hundred times over that it is no reality, but merely an image summoned up by the morbid acuteness of my own excited imagination, and deranged organs of sight. But what avail such reflections, while the emblem at once and presage of mortality is before my eyes, and while I feel myself, though in fancy only, the companion of a phantom representing a ghastly inhabitant of the grave, even while I yet breathe on the earth? Science, philosophy, even religion, has no cure for such a disorder; and I feel too surely that I shall die the victim to so melancholy a disease, although I have no belief whatever in the reality of the phantom which it places before me."

'The physician was distressed to perceive, from these details, how strongly this visionary apparition was fixed in the imagination of his patient. He ingeniously urged the sick man, who was then in bed, with questions concerning the circumstances of the phantom's appearance, trusting he might lead him, as a sensible man, into such contradictions and inconsistencies as might bring his common sense, which seemed to be unimpaired, so strongly into the field, as might combat successfully the fantastic disorder which produced such fatal effects. "This skeleton, then," said the doctor, "seems to you to be always present to your eyes?"—"It is my fate, unhappily," answered the invalid, "always to see it." "Then I understand," continued the physician, "it is now present to your imagination?"—"To my imagination it certainly is so," replied the sick man. "And in what part of the chamber do you now conceive the apparition to appear?" the physician inquired.—"Immediately at the foot of my bed; when the curtains are left a little open," answered the invalid, "the skeleton, to my thinking, is placed between them, and fills the vacant space." "You say you are sensible of the delusion," said his friend, "have you firmness to convince yourself of the truth of this? Can you take courage enough to rise, and place yourself in the spot so seeming to be occupied, and convince yourself of the illusion?" The poor man sighed, and shook his head negatively. "Well," said the doctor, "we will try the experiment otherwise." Accordingly, he rose from his chair by the bedside, and placing himself between the two half-drawn curtains at the foot

of the bed, indicated as the place occupied by the apparition, asked if the spectre was still visible? "Not entirely so," replied the patient, "because your person is betwixt him and me; but I observe his skull peering above your shoulder."

'It is alleged, the man of science started on the instant, despite philosophy, on receiving an answer ascertaining, with such minuteness, that the ideal spectre was close to his own person. He resorted to other means of investigation and cure, but with equally indifferent success. The patient sunk into deeper and deeper dejection, and died in the same distress of mind in which he had spent the latter months of his life; and his case remains a melancholy instance of the power of imagination to kill the body, even when its fantastic terrors cannot overcome the intellect, of the unfortunate persons who suffer under them. The patient, in the present case, sunk under his malady; and the circumstances of his singular disorder remaining concealed, he did not, by his death and last illness, lose any of the well-merited reputation for prudence and sagacity, which had attended him during the whole course of his life.'—pp. 27—33.

Dr. Ferriar and Dr. Hibbert have mentioned a variety of such cases, from which they conclude that the external organs may become so much deranged, from various causes, as to convey false representations, and even false sounds, to the mind; and that, in such instances, men do literally see the spectral forms, and hear the ideal sounds, which, in the darker ages, would have been referred to supernatural agency. There are, however, well-attested proofs of transitory deception having occurred, in cases in which there was no habitual disease of the external organs to account for them. We may cite that which happened to Mr. Gleditsch, professor of natural philosophy at Berlin, and respected as a man of an habitually serious, simple, and tranquil character.

'A short time after the death of Maupertuis, M. Gleditsch being obliged to traverse the hall in which the academy held its sittings, having some arrangements to make in the cabinet of natural history, which was under his charge, and being willing to complete them on the Thursday before the meeting, he perceived, on entering the hall, the apparition of M. de Maupertuis, upright and stationary, in the first angle of his left hand, having his eyes fixed on him. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon. The professor of natural philosophy was too well acquainted with physical science to suppose that his late president, who had died at Bâle, in the family of Messrs. Bernoullie, could have found his way back to Berlin in person. He regarded the apparition in no other light than as a phantom produced by some derangement of his own proper organs. M. Gleditsch went to his own business, without stopping longer than to ascertain exactly the appearance of that object. But he related the vision to his brethren, and assured them that it was as defined and perfect as the actual person of Maupertuis could have presented. When it is recollected that Maupertuis died at a distance from Berlin, once the scene of his triumphs—overwhelmed by the petulant ridicule of Voltaire, and out of favour with Frederick, with whom to be ridiculous was to be worthless—we can hardly wonder at the imagination even of a man of physical science calling up his Eidolon in the hall of his former greatness.'—pp. 35, 36.

Sir Walter vouches, upon his own authority, another illusion of a similar nature, though he has his reasons for not giving the names of the parties.

'Not long after the death of a late illustrious poet, who had filled, while living, a great station in the eye of the public, a literary friend, to whom the deceased had been well known, was engaged, during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications which professed to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual who was now no more. As the reader had enjoyed the intimacy of the deceased to a considerable degree, he was deeply interested in the publication, which contained some particulars relating to himself and other friends. A visitor was sitting in the apartment, who was also engaged in reading. Their sitting-room opened into an entrance-hall, rather fantastically fitted up with articles of armour, skins of wild animals, and the like. It was when laying down his book, and passing into this hall, through which the moon was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak, saw, right before him, and in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye the peculiarities of dress and posture of the illustrious poet. Sensible, however, of the delusion, he felt no sentiment save that of wonder at the extraordinary accuracy of the resemblance, and stepped onwards towards the figure, which resolved itself, as he approached, into the various materials of which it was composed. These were merely a screen, occupied by great coats, shawls, plaids, and such other articles as usually are found in a country entrance-hall. The spectator returned to the spot from which he had seen the illusion, and endeavoured, with all his power, to recall the image which had been so singularly vivid. But this was beyond his capacity; and the person who had witnessed the apparition, or, more properly, whose excited state had been the means of raising it, had only to return into the apartment, and tell his young friend under what a striking hallucination he had for a moment laboured.'—pp. 38, 39.

Such cases as these, though not referable to continued disease, may, perhaps, be accounted for by a sudden and transient derangement of the external organs, of which the eye is infinitely more susceptible than any of the other senses. The ear has also its delusions:—

> "The airy tongues that syllable men's names,
> On shores, in desert sands, and wildernesses."

In the Hebrides the people have a superstition that persons are sometimes called to the other world by a mystic sound. Dr. Johnson was fully impressed that on opening the door of his chambers one day, he heard the voice of his mother calling him, although she was many miles distant. There are, we should think, few persons who have not heard, or fancied they have heard such sounds, though they may attach, as they certainly ought not to do, any consequences to them. They would perhaps be often very easily explained if attention was paid to them, upon a principle not different

from that which Sir Walter Scott discovered in a case that happened to himself.

'The author was walking, about two years since, in a wild and solitary scene with a young friend, who laboured under the infirmity of a severe deafness, when he heard what he conceived to be the cry of a distant pack of hounds, sounding intermittedly. As the season was summer, this, on a moment's reflection, satisfied the hearer that it could not be the clamour of an actual chase, and yet his ears repeatedly brought back the supposed cry. He called upon his own dogs, of which two or three were with the walking party. They came in quietly, and obviously had no accession to the sounds which had caught the author's attention, so that he could not help saying to his companion, "I am doubly sorry for your infirmity at this moment, for I could otherwise have let you hear the cry of the Wild Huntsman." As the young gentleman used a hearing tube, he turned when spoken to, and, in doing so, the cause of the phenomenon became apparent. The supposed distant sound was in fact a nigh one, being the singing of the wind in the instrument which the young gentleman was obliged to use, but which, from various circumstances, had never occurred to his elder friend as likely to produce the sounds he had heard.

'It is scarce necessary to add, that the highly imaginative superstition of the Wild Huntsman in Germany seems to have had its origin in strong fancy, operating upon the auricular deceptions, respecting the numerous sounds likely to occur in the dark recesses of pathless forests. The same clew may be found to the kindred Scottish belief, so finely embodied by the nameless author of "Albania:"—

> "There, since of old the haughty Thanes of Ross
> Were wont, with clans and ready vassals throng'd,
> To wake the bounding stag, or guilty wolf;
> There oft is heard at midnight or at noon,
> Beginning faint, but rising still more loud,
> And louder, voice of hunters, and of hounds,
> And horns hoarse-winded, blowing far and keen.
> Forthwith the hubbub multiplies, the air
> Labours with louder shouts and rifer din
> Of close pursuit, the broken cry of deer
> Mangled by throttling dogs, the shouts of men,
> And hoofs, thick-beating on the hollow hill:
> Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale
> Starts at the tumult, and the herdsman's ears
> Tingle with inward dread. Aghast he eyes
> The upland ridge, and every mountain round,
> But not one trace of living wight discerns,
> Nor knows, o'erawed and trembling as he stands,
> To what or whom he owes his idle fear—
> To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend,
> But wonders, and no end of wondering finds."'*—pp. 42, 43.

'* The poem of "Albania" is, in its original folio edition, so extremely scarce, that I have only seen a copy belonging to the amiable and inge-

We may mention, in connection with this subject, a fact which occurred within our own observation, and which we recorded in a manuscript journal a few minutes after it took place. A foreigner of distinguished character, whose name we shall not at present mention, happened to be in this country some years ago. Peculiar circumstances had once raised him to a very exalted rank in his native land, from which he was removed by the agitations of the period. While in exile, he received from some of his friends encouragement which unfortunately induced him to return home, with the view of eventually regaining the eminence from which he had been expelled, and a week before he sailed he called upon the writer, to communicate with him upon matters connected with his intended expedition. While he was speaking, a guitar, which was hung up in the room, distinctly emitted a low wailing sound. It was not unperceived by either of the parties, though they affected to take no notice of it at the moment. The conversation went on. Again a similar sound was heard, which caused both to start simultaneously. The foreign gentleman rose and went to the instrument, which he took down and admired, probably with the view of passing off his embarrassment, which was apparent. It was then laid down upon its face, and soon after the exile departed. Upon reaching the shores of his native soil, he was apprehended, summarily tried, and executed. Here would be an incident for a superstitious fancy to dwell upon; the extraordinary sound, its character prophetic of misfortune, and the literal realization of the presage. However, the circumstance of the sound was naturally explained. As soon as his visitor left the room, the writer hung up the guitar again, and in a few minutes the same notes were heard. He observed that a sofa was so placed as that, if there were a current of air behind it, it would have exactly given it such a direction as that it would have swept the strings of the instrument. There *was* a current behind, which came from the interstices of a door, and the operation of the cause was proved by the removal of the sofa, after which the sounds were heard no more.

Facts of this kind have a real interest about them, and we could have wished that Sir Walter Scott had accumulated a greater number of them than he has done. He enters into the subject of Demonology and Witchcraft however so much at length, that he leaves himself ultimately little room for anecdote. He begins the subject with the fall of our first parents, comments upon the supernatural appearances mentioned in Scripture, explains the creed of Zoroaster and its diffusion among the heathen nations, traces the

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nions Dr. Beattie, besides the one which I myself possess, printed in the earlier part of last century. It was reprinted by my late friend Dr. Leyden, in a small volume, entitled "Scottish Descriptive Poems." "Albania" containing the above, and many other poetical passages of the highest merit.'

Roman laws against witchcraft, and so proceeds with it in what we must be pardoned for calling a dull historical detail, embracing, too, the fairy superstitions which have been lately treated of by more than one amusing writer. The main substance of his works is taken from the laws in Scotland and England against witchcraft, and the prosecutions which were founded upon them, involving a series of follies and crimes upon one hand, and of bitter vengeance upon the other; which readers in general will have as little relish for, as they have for those wars among barbarous tribes which judicious historians always touch upon very sparingly, because the detail of one of these serves for all the others.

After following these prosecutions from their origin to their disappearance, Sir Walter alludes to other mystic arts not connected with witchcraft, and particularly to astrology, in which again there is nothing to reward the curiosity of the reader. The banshies of Ireland, and the brownies of Scotland, also come in for more than their due share of attention; to which are added some instances of imposture; which were for some time successfully practised in different parts of the country.

There are however two anecdotes related of himself by the author towards the close of his work, which are not without a degree of interest, as well from the manner in which they are told, as from the romantic scenes with which they are connected. They are brought together by way of contrast; the first, being calculated to show how susceptible the youthful mind is of superstitious impressions, is as follows.

'I was only nineteen or twenty years old, when I happened to pass a night in the magnificent old baronial castle of Glamis, the hereditary seat of the Earls of Strathmore. The hoary pile contains much in its appearance, and in the traditions connected with it, impressive to the imagination. It was the scene of the murder of a Scottish king of great antiquity; not, indeed, the gracious Duncan, with whom the name naturally associates itself, but Malcolm the Second. It contains also a curious monument of the peril of feudal times, being a secret chamber, the entrance of which, by the law or custom of the family, must only be known to three persons at once, viz. the Earl of Strathmore, his heir apparent, and any third person whom they may take into their confidence. The extreme antiquity of the building is vouched by the immense thickness of the walls, and the wild and straggling arrangement of the accommodation within doors. As the late Earl of Strathmore seldom resided in that ancient mansion, it was, when I was there, but half furnished, and that with moveables of great antiquity, which, with the pieces of chivalric armour hanging upon the walls, greatly contributed to the general effect of the whole. After a very hospitable reception from the late Peter Proctor, Esq. then seneschal of the castle, in Lord Strathmore's absence, I was conducted to my apartment in a distant corner of the building. I must own, that as I heard door after door shut, after my conductor had retired, I began to consider myself too far from the living, and somewhat too near the dead. We had passed through what is called "the King's room," a vaulted

apartment, garnished with stags' antlers, and similar trophies of the chase, and said by tradition to be the spot of Malcolm's murder, and I had an idea of the vicinity of the castle chapel.

'In spite of the truth of history, the whole night scene in Macbeth's castle rushed at once upon my mind, and struck my imagination more forcibly than even when I have seen its terrors represented by the late John Kemble and his inimitable sister. In a word, I experienced sensations, which, though not remarkable either for timidity or superstition, did not fail to affect me to the point of being disagreeable, while they were mingled at the same time with a strange and indescribable kind of pleasure, the recollection of which affords me gratification at this moment.'—pp. 397, 398.

The other anecdote is related with a view of showing how easily such impressions give way, at a more advanced age, to a sense of the more solid enjoyments of life.

'In the year 1814, accident placed me, then past middle life, in a situation somewhat similiar to that which I have described.

'I had been on a pleasure voyage with some friends around the north coast of Scotland, and in that course had arrived in the salt-water lake under the Castle of Dunvegan, whose turrets, situated upon a frowning rock, rise immediately above the waves of the loch. As most of the party, and I myself in particular, chanced to be well known to the Laird of Macleod, we were welcomed to the castle with Highland hospitality, and glad to find ourselves in polished society, after a cruise of some duration. The most modern part of the castle was founded in the days of James VI.; the more ancient is referred to a period "whose birth tradition notes not." Until the present Macleod connected by a drawbridge the site of the castle with the mainland of Skye, the access must have been extremely difficult. Indeed, so much greater was the regard paid to security than to convenience, that in former times the only access to the mansion arose through a vaulted cavern in a rock, up which a staircase ascended from the sea shore, like the buildings we read of in the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe.

'Such a castle in the extremity of the Highlands was of course furnished with many a tale of tradition, and many a superstitious legend, to fill occasional intervals in the music and song, as proper to the halls of Dunvegan as when Johnson commemorated them. We reviewed the arms and ancient valuables of this distinguished family—saw the dirk and broadsword of Rorie Mhor, and his horn, which would drench three chiefs of these degenerate days. The solemn drinking cup of the Kings of Man must not be forgotten, nor the fairy banner given to Macleod by the Queen of Fairies; that magic flag, which has been victorious in two pitched fields, and will still float in a third, the bloodiest and the last, when the Elfin Sovereign shall, after the fight is ended, recall her banner, and carry off the standard-bearer.

'Amid such tales of ancient tradition, I had from Macleod and his lady the courteous offer of the haunted apartment of the castle, about which, as a stranger, I might be supposed interested. Accordingly, I took possession of it about the witching hour. Except perhaps some tapestry hangings, and the extreme thickness of the walls, which argued great antiquity, nothing could have been more comfortable than the interior of the apart-

ment; but if you looked from the windows, the view was such as to correspond with the highest tone of superstition. An autumnal blast, sometimes clear, sometimes driving mist before it, swept along the troubled billows of the lake, which it occasionally concealed, and by fits disclosed. The waves rushed in wild disorder on the shore, and covered with foam the steep piles of rock, which, rising from the sea in forms something resembling the human figure, have obtained the name of Macleod's Maidens, and in such a night, seemed no bad representatives of the Norwegian goddesses, called Choosers of the Slain, or Riders of the Storm. There was something of the dignity of danger in the scene; for on a platform beneath the windows lay an ancient battery of cannon, which had sometimes been used against privateers even of late years. The distant scene was a view of that part of the Quillan mountains which are called, from their form, Macleod's Dining-Tables. The voice of an angry cascade, termed the nurse of Rorie Mhor, because that chief slept best in its vicinity, was heard from time to time mingling its notes with those of wind and wave. Such was the haunted room at Dunvegan, and as such, it well deserved a less sleepy inhabitant. In the language of Dr. Johnson, who has stamped his memory on this remote place, "I looked around me, and wondered that I was not more affected; but the mind is not at all times equally ready to be moved." In a word, it is necessary to confess, that of all I heard or saw, the most engaging spectacle was the comfortable bed, in which I hoped to make amends for some rough nights on ship-board, and where I slept accordingly without thinking of ghost or goblin, till I was called by my servant in the morning.'—pp. 398—401.

Certes, such anecdotes as these prove that the subject of this volume, is one that, if treated at all, ought to have been discussed by Sir Walter, rather about the period of his visit to the castle of Glamis, than to the Highland Laird of Macleod.

ART. XII.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.* No. I. *Discovery and Adventures in the Polar Seas and Regions, with Illustrations of their Climate, Geology, and Natural History, and an account of the Whale Fishery.* By Professor Leslie, Professor Jameson, and Hugh Murray, Esq. F.R.S.E. 1 vol. pp. 424.

THERE are but very few tasks that call for patience and perseverance of application, and solid abilities, in which the Scotch will not be sure to win a victory over every rival. When we first heard of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, we did not hesitate to anticipate its complete success; well knowing, from our acquaintance with the national character of the people, that little would be left undone to deserve it. We have not been disappointed: every thing in and about this volume is substantial, and first rate in its kind; and if the numbers that are to follow shall equal generally the merits of the one before us in their respective departments, the credit of forming one of the most valuable Cabinets of literature in modern times, will belong to the editor of the Edinburgh Library.

The contents of the present volume consist of an account, historically digested, of the numerous voyages which have been made, from time to time, to the Arctic Regions. How skilfully suited is such a subject for the long evenings of winter; and when crowding round the blazing fire, and now and then interrupted by the moaning of the bitter wind, or the pelting of the snow without, how deeply shall we sympathize with the sufferings of the Esquimaux, as we read of the horrors of an Arctic winter in the graphic but unexaggerated descriptions of Professor Leslie. There is in this choice alone of the subject, at such a time as this, evidence of a superintending care and foresight, that are most auspicious.

As a knowledge of the peculiarities which belong to the climate of the northern regions, is essential to the reader who would enter into the study of one of the most interesting of human enterprizes, so do we find the first chapter wholly devoted to that question. It is discussed without much technicality, but most ably and clearly; and a few pages will satisfy the reader, that it is from the pen of one, who is perhaps the living man the best and most exactly informed on the details of the subject—we mean Professor Leslie. The facts which he brings together, are all curious in the extreme; still more is the result of their combination, as explained by the writer, who, with great propriety, and to our infinite satisfaction, flings away all theory and hypothesis, confining himself to the results of experiment and operation. The following description of the general annual revolution of the seasons in the Polar regions, will be read with pleasure.

'After the continued action of the sun has at last melted away the great body of ice, a short and dubious interval of warmth occurs. In the space of a few weeks, only visited by slanting and enfeebled rays, frost again resumes his tremendous sway. It begins to snow as early as August, and the whole ground is covered, to the depth of two or three feet, before the month of October. Along the shores and the bays, the fresh water, poured from rivulets, or drained from the thawing of former collections of snow, becomes quickly converted into solid ice. As the cold augments, the air deposits its moisture in the form of a fog, which freezes into a fine gossamer-netting or spicular icicles, dispersed through the atmosphere and extremely minute, that might seem to pierce and excoriate the skin. The hoar frost settles profusely, in fantastic clusters, on every prominence. The whole surface of the sea steams like a limekiln,—an appearance called the *frost-smoke*, caused, as in other instances of the production of vapour, by the water's being still relatively warmer than the incumbent air. At length the dispersion of the mist, and consequent clearness of the atmosphere, announce that the upper stratum of the sea itself has cooled to the same standard; a sheet of ice spreads quickly over the smooth expanse, and often gains the thickness of an inch in a single night. The darkness of a prolonged winter now broods impenetrably over the frozen continent, unless the moon chance at times to obtrude her faint rays, which only discover the horrors and wide desolation of the scene. The wretched settlers, covered with a load of bear-skins, remain crowded

and immured in their hut, every chink of which they carefully stop against the piercing external cold; and cowering about the stove or the lamp, they seek to doze away the tedious night. Their slender stock of provisions, though kept in the same apartment, is often frozen so hard as to require to be cut by a hatchet. The whole of the inside of their hut becomes lined with a thick crust of ice; and, if they happen for an instant to open a window, the moisture of the confined air is immediately precipitated in the form of a shower of snow. As the frost continues to penetrate deeper, the rocks are heard at a distance to split with loud explosions. The sleep of death seems to wrap up the scene in utter and oblivious ruin.

'At length the sun re-appears above the horizon; but his languid beams rather betray the wide waste than brighten the prospect. By degrees, however, the farther progress of the frost is checked. In the month of May, the famished inmates venture to leave their huts, in quest of fish on the margin of the sea. As the sun acquires elevation, his power is greatly increased. The snow gradually wastes away—the ice dissolves apace—and vast fragments of it, detached from the cliffs, and undermined beneath, precipitate themselves on the shores with the crash of thunder. The ocean is now unbound, and its icy dome broken up with tremendous rupture. The enormous fields of ice, thus set afloat, are, by the violence of winds and currents, again dissevered and dispersed. Sometimes, impelled in opposite directions, they approach, and strike with a mutual shock, like the crush of worlds,—sufficient, if opposed, to reduce to atoms, in a moment, the proudest monuments of human power. It is impossible to picture a situation more awful than that of the poor crew of a whaler, who see their frail bark thus fatally enclosed, expecting immediate and inevitable destruction.

'Before the end of June, the shoals of ice in the Arctic seas are commonly divided, scattered, and dissipated. But the atmosphere is then almost continually damp, and loaded with vapour. At this season of the year, a dense fog generally covers the surface of the sea, of a milder temperature indeed than the frost-smoke, yet produced by the inversion of the same cause. The lower stratum of air, as it successively touches the colder body of water, becomes chilled, and thence disposed to deposit its moisture. Such thick fogs, with mere gleams of clear weather, infesting the northern seas during the greater part of the summer, render their navigation extremely dangerous. In the course of the month of July, the superficial water is at last brought to an equilibrium of temperature with the air, and the sun now shines out with a bright and dazzling radiance. For some days before the close of the summer, such excessive heat is accumulated in the bays and sheltered spots, that the tar and pitch are sometimes melted, and run down the ship's sides.'—vol. i. pp. 18—21.

The formation of Icebergs gives rise to another very interesting description.

'The ice which obstructs the navigation of the Arctic seas consists of two very different kinds; the one produced by the congelation of fresh, and the other by that of salt water. In those inhospitable tracts, the snow which annually falls on the islands or continents, being again dissolved by the progress of the summer's heat, pours forth numerous rills and limpid streams, which collect along the indented shores, and in the deep bays enclosed by precipitous rocks. There, this clear and gelid

water soon freezes, and every successive year supplies an additional investing crust; till, after the lapse perhaps of several centuries, the icy mass rises at last to the size and aspect of a mountain, commensurate with the elevation of the adjoining cliffs. The melting of the snow, which is afterwards deposited on such enormous blocks, likewise contributes to their growth; and, by filling up the accidental holes or crevices, it renders the whole structure compact and uniform. Meanwhile the principle of destruction has already begun its operations. The ceaseless agitation of the sea gradually wears and undermines the base of the icy mountain; till, at length, by the action of its own accumulated weight, when it has perhaps attained an altitude of a thousand, or even two thousand feet, it is torn from its frozen chains, and precipitated, with a tremendous plunge, into the abyss below. This mighty launch now floats like a lofty island on the ocean; till, driven southwards by winds and currents, it insensibly wastes and dissolves away in the wide Atlantic.'—p. 23.

The Chapter on Climate is followed up by one on Animal Life in the same regions, which abounds in the most curious and important statements connected with natural history. Of which the account of the species and habits of the whale is by no means the least singular and important part.

'Among the numberless tribes of living things which people the northern seas, one class stands highly conspicuous. These are the *cetacea*, comprehending the largest of existing animals, and having a structure wholly distinct from every other species. Although their home be entirely in the depth of the waters, they have several features in common with the larger quadrupeds. They belong to the Linnean class of *mammalia*, or suckgiving animals; they produce their young alive; their skin is smooth and without scales; their blood warm; and the flesh tastes somewhat like coarse beef. They have a heart with two ventricles, and lungs through which they respire; and being unable to separate the air from the water, as fishes do by means of their gills, they must come to the surface in order to breathe. It is thus by no means strictly scientific to call the whale a fish; yet he is entirely an inhabitant of the sea, having a tail, though placed in a different position from that of ordinary fishes, while his front limbs much more resemble fins than legs, and are solely useful for pawing the deep. Hence the vulgar, following a natural and descriptive classification, obstinately continue to give the name of fish to these watery monsters. But the most characteristic and important feature of the *cetacea* consists in a thick deep layer of fatty substance, called blubber, lodged beneath the skin and surrounding the body, which yields, on expression, nearly its own bulk of thick, coarse, viscid oil. It is by this covering that Providence enables them to defy the most dreadful extremities of cold, and to preserve a strong animal heat even under the eternal ice of the Pole. Yet this substance, being subservient to the uses of man, has roused a dreadful and deadly enemy, who employs against them the resources of *art*,—a power which the mightiest brutal force seeks in vain to oppose. He pursues them through ice and tempest, and dyes all the northern seas with their blood. They themselves are meek, peaceful, sluggish; and man, in the dreadful contests which he wages with them, is

almost always the aggressor; yet the resistance which he then encounters is sometime terrible, and his life is not unfrequently the forfeit.

'Among the cetaceous tribes the chief place is due to the *whale*, of all animals "mightiest that swim the ocean stream." Enormous as his bulk is, rumour and the love of the marvellous have represented it as being at one time much greater, and the existing race as only the degenerate remnant of mightier ancestors. Mr. Scoresby, however, by collecting various good authorities, has proved that sixty feet was always nearly the utmost length of the *mysticetus*, or great Greenland whale. Of 322 individuals, in the capture of which that gentleman was concerned, none occurred of a length exceeding 58 feet; and he gives no credence to any rumour of a specimen which exceeded 70 feet. Even 60 feet implies a weight of 70 tons, being nearly that of three hundred fat oxen. Of this vast mass, the oil in a rich whale composes about thirty tons, and when, as was the case some years ago, that article brought 55*l.* or 60*l.* per ton, we may form some idea of the great value of the capture; the bones of the head, fins and tail, weigh 8 or 10, the carcass 30 or 32 tons. The oleaginous substance or blubber, the most valuable part of the animal, forms a complete wrapper round the whole body, of the thickness of from 8 to 20 inches. The head is disproportionately large, forming about a third of the entire bulk.'—pp. 55—57.

In speaking of the periodical migrations of another inhabitant of the northern seas—the herring—the learned professor is more reserved in his explanation of the causes which impel the herring to this annual tour than we could have wished. The most probable of the reasons hitherto adduced is that this fish seeks out a convenient place for spawning, and this explanation will be not a little confirmed when we remember that when the process of spawning is completed, the herrings return to their polar retreat.

The portion devoted to natural history is followed by a narrative of the successive voyages to the Arctic regions from the earliest times, down to the most recent enterprize. The narrative is most carefully and vigorously drawn up, and reflects the greatest credit on Mr. Murray's industry and precision. In speaking of the first and only attempt made to penetrate to the Pole over the ice, he considers its failure as by no means conclusive against the possibility of success, under different circumstances.

But by far the most interesting, because the most novel portion of this volume, is the detailed account it gives of the Northern whale fishery; a subject which, though it calls forth all our curiosity, has never before, we believe, been so fully and so well described. It appears that two nations, Great Britain and Holland, are represented in the northern seas by a greater number of vessels than any other. The ships are peculiarly built to meet the vicissitudes of the navigation to which they are exposed, being fitted with that singular piece of accommodation which is to be found in no other vessel, the crow's nest on the main-top-mast. From this aerial sentry-box the master commands an extensive view all around, which enables him to guide the ship through the huge fragments

of ice, with comparative security. The fishing begins in May, and as it is a very curious process, we shall quote the description given of it by Professor Leslie.

'As soon as they have arrived in those seas which are the haunt of the whale, the crew must be every moment on the alert, keeping watch day and night. The seven boats are kept hanging by the sides of the ship, ready to be launched in a few minutes; and, where the state of the sea admits, one of them is usually manned and afloat. These boats are from 25 to 28 feet long, about 5½ feet broad, and constructed with a special view to lightness, buoyancy, and easy steerage. The captain or some principal officer, seated in the crow's nest, surveys the waters to a great distance, and the instant he sees the back of the huge animal which they seek to attack, emerging from the waves, gives notice to the watch who are stationed on deck; part of whom leap into a boat, which is instantly lowered down, and followed by a second if the fish be a large one. Each of the boats has a harpooner, and one or two subordinate officers, and is provided with an immense quantity of rope coiled together and stowed in different quarters of it, the several parts being spliced together, so as to form a continued line, usually exceeding four thousand feet in length. To the end is attached the *harpoon*, an instrument formed, not to pierce and kill the animal, but, by entering and remaining fixed in the body, to prevent its escape. One of the boats is now rowed towards the whale in the deepest silence, cautiously avoiding to give an alarm, of which he is very susceptible. Sometimes a circuitous route is adopted in order to attack him from behind. Having approached as near as is consistent with safety, the harpooner darts his instrument into the back of the monster. This is a critical moment; for when this mighty animal feels himself struck, he often throws himself into violent convulsive movements, vibrating in the air his tremendous tail, one lash of which is sufficient to dash a boat in pieces. More commonly, however, he plunges with rapid flight into the depths of the sea, or beneath the thickest fields and mountains of ice. While he is thus moving at the rate usually of eight or ten miles an hour, the utmost diligence must be used that the line to which the harpoon is attached may run off smoothly and readily along with him. Should it be entangled for a moment, the strength of the whale is such, that he would draw the boat and crew after him under the waves. The first boat ought to be quickly followed up by a second, to supply more line when the first is run out, which often takes place in eight or ten minutes. When the crew of a boat see the line in danger of being all run off, they hold up one, two, or three oars, to intimate their pressing need of a supply. At the same time they turn the rope once or twice round a kind of post called the bollard, by which the motion of the line and the career of the animal are somewhat retarded. This, however, is a delicate operation, which brings the side of the boat down to the very edge of the water, and if the rope is drawn at all too tight, may sink it altogether. While the line is whirling round the bollard, the friction is so violent, that the harpooner is enveloped in smoke, and water must be constantly poured on to prevent it from catching fire. When, after all, no aid arrives, and the crew find that the line must run out, they have only one resource,—they cut it, losing thereby not only the whale, but the harpoon and all the ropes of the boat.

'When the whale is first struck and plunges into the waves, the boat's

crew elevate a flag as a signal to the watch on deck, who give the alarm to those asleep below, by stamping violently on the deck, and crying aloud —"*A fall! a fall!*" (Dutch, *val*, expressing the precipitate haste with which the sailors throw themselves into the boats.) On this notice they do not allow themselves time to dress, but rush out in their sleeping-shirts and drawers into an atmosphere, the temperature of which is often below zero, carrying along with them their clothing in a bundle, and trusting to make their toilette in the interval of manning and pushing off the boats. Such is the tumult at this moment, that young mariners have been known to raise cries of fear, thinking the ship was going down.

'The period during which a wounded whale remains under water is various, but is averaged, by Mr. Scoresby, at about half-an-hour. Then, pressed by the necessity of respiration, he appears above, often considerably distant from the spot where he was harpooned, and in a state of great exhaustion, which the same ingenious writer ascribes to the severe pressure that he has endured, when placed beneath a column of water 700 or 800 fathoms deep. All the boats have, meantime, been spreading themselves in various directions, that one, at least, may be within a *start*, as it is called, or about 200 yards of the point of his rising, at which distance they can easily reach and pierce him with one or two more harpoons, before he again descends, as he usually does for a few minutes. On his re-appearance, a general attack is made with lances, which are struck as deep as possible, to reach and penetrate the vital parts. Blood, mixed with oil, streams copiously from his wounds and from the blow-holes, dyeing the sea to a great distance, and sprinkling and sometimes drenching the boats and crews. The animal now becomes more and more exhausted; but, at the approach of his dissolution, he often makes a convulsive and energetic struggle, rearing his tail high in the air, and whirling it with a noise which is heard at a distance of several miles. At length, quite overpowered and exhausted, he lays himself on his side or back and expires. The flag is then taken down, and three loud huzzas raised from the surrounding boats. No time is lost in piercing the tail with two holes, through which ropes are passed, which, being fastened to the boats, drag the fish to the vessel amid shouts of joy.

'The whale being thus caught and secured to the sides of the ship, the next operation is that of *flensing*, or extracting the blubber and whalebone. This, if the full strength of the ship be put upon it, may be executed in about four hours, though a much longer time is often employed. The captain goes round and gives a dram to each seaman, with double allowance to important personages called the kings of the blubber, (Dutch *speck-koning*), whose office it is to receive that precious commodity, and stow it in the hold. Another high functionary, called the *specksioneer*, has the direction of all the cutting operations. The first step is to form round the fish, between the neck and the fins, a circle called the *kent*, around which all proceedings are to be conducted. To it is fastened a machinery of blocks, called the kent-purchase, by which, with the aid of a windlass, the body of the whale can be turned on all sides. The harpooners then, under the specksioneer's direction, begin with a kind of spade, and with huge knives, to make long parallel cuts from end to end, which are divided by cross-cuts into pieces of about half a ton. These are conveyed on deck, and, being reduced into smaller portions, are received by two kings, who stow

them in the hold. Finally, being by other processes still farther divided, it is received into casks, and the packing completed. As soon as the cutting officers have cleared the whole surface lying above water, which does not exceed a fourth or a fifth of the animal, the kent machinery is applied, and turns the carcase round, till another part, yet untouched, is presented. This being also cleared, the mass is again turned, and so on till the whole has been exposed, and the blubber removed. The kent itself is then stripped, and the bones of the head being conveyed on board, there remains only the kreng, a huge heap of fleshy and muscular substance, which is abandoned, either to sink, or be devoured by the flocks of ravenous birds and sharks which duly attend on this high occasion. The blubber, now deposited in the hold, is by various processes cleared of its impurities, cut into small pieces, and deposited in casks. While the Dutch establishment of Smeerenberg flourished, they extracted the oil in immense boilers, constructed there for this purpose; but when the fishery was transferred to the icy banks in the open sea, this operation was necessarily deferred till the cargoes were deposited in the Dutch or British ports.'—pp. 356—362.

The dangers peculiar to the trade of whale fishing are neither few nor light. The great peril however is always apprehended from the concussion of the huge masses of ice, to which there have been many crews victims. Some striking accounts follow, of instances when wrecks took place, and also of sudden deliverances from imminent destruction from the same cause. There is another cause of alarm which is more constant in its operation than any other; namely, that which arises from the power and overwhelming motions of the whale.

'Generally, indeed, the whale, notwithstanding his immense strength, is gentle, and even passive; seeking, even when he is most hotly pursued, to escape from his assailants, by plunging into the lowest depths of the ocean. Sometimes, however, he exerts his utmost force in violent and convulsive struggles; and every thing with which, when thus enraged, he comes into collision, is dissipated or destroyed in an instant. The Dutch writers mention Jacquez Vienkes of the Gort Moolen (Barley Mill,) who, after a whale had been struck, was hastening with a second boat to the support of the first. The fish, however, rose, and with its head struck the boat so furiously, that it was shivered to pieces, and Vienkes was thrown with its fragments on the back of the huge animal. Even then this bold mariner darted a second harpoon into the body of his victim; but unfortunately he got entangled in the line and could not extricate himself, while the other party were unable to approach near enough to save him. At last, however, the harpoon was disengaged, and he swam to the boat.'—pp. 372, 373.

The above descriptions belong to the history of whale-fishing up to the year 1820, since which the fishers have been induced to abandon their former resorts, and to pursue the fish to places not known in the traditions of their community.

Some very important details are added respecting the whale fishery in a commercial point of view, and a table is added show-

ing the ports where vessels are fitted out, and setting forth the comparative number employed on two occasions considerably remote from each other.

The concluding chapter on Arctic geology bears the stamp of the same extensive information, and the same scientific precision, which characterise the whole of the work.

The graphic illustrations deserve a few words of well-merited compliment. The Chart of the Polar Seas is very valuable, not only for its general accuracy, but because there are laid down in it a great number of points and stations, which render it a most useful companion to those who are interested in tracing the course of the various heroic adventurers, in the northern deep. There are fourteen other woodcuts, all well executed, and all, too, confined to the illustration of matters which could be but imperfectly described by language. There is, therefore, no evidence in this volume, of that contemptible catch-penny system of decoration, which gilds many a nauseous, and by no means an innocuous, morsel of literature in our days. The typography and paper are of the most superior description, quite on the model of the Annuals. The book, of which we have now given a very inadequate account, is sold for the sum of five shillings. We are really astonished at its moderation, and if it be, in the abstract, any thing at all like an equitable price for so much curious, important, and permanently instructive matter as forms the contents of the volume, adorned as it is by every refinement of mechanical art, we can only say that the public of this country have been often very grossly imposed upon.

NOTICES.

ART. XIII.—*Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.* Engraved by W. and E. Finden. London: Tilt. 1830.

THE first part of this beautiful series of engravings we have already noticed. The second, third, and fourth parts now lie before us, containing four plates each, and we are bound, in justice to the artists who drew, as well as to those who engraved them, to say that they fulfil, in every respect, the promises given in their prospectus. For the size they may be compared to any thing of the kind that has ever been done in this or any other country. The distant view of Skiddaw, on a clear frosty November morning, is a most happy performance. The open heath, and the huge chain of mountains in the back ground, form a contrast highly picturesque. The Castle of Dunaltar, overlooking the German Ocean, is another gem in this collection. But there is one Loch, which for softness of tone, and exquisite beauty of scenery, stands unrivalled. It illustrates a passage in Rob Roy—"The road now suddenly emerged from the forest ground, and, winding close by the margin of the Loch, afforded us a full view of its spacious mirror, which now, the breeze having totally subsided, reflected, in still magnificence, the high dark heathy mountains, huge grey rocks, and shaggy banks, by which it is encircled." The description is exactly represented, not with the tameness of imitation, but with

the power of a master. Similar praise might be given to Nurkwood Mere. Of a different character, yet equally well executed, are the views of Durham, Caerlaverock Castle, and of London from Highgate. Indeed it would be difficult to select from the whole of the prints contained in these four parts, any one which is in any degree unworthy of being bound up with the Waverley Novels; and if all the remaining numbers be completed in a similar style, no edition of these popular tales can be considered as perfect without Finden's illustrations.

In the fifth part, which we received after writing the above, we have a tolerably good view of the monastic remains of St. Mary's, mentioned in the Abbot; an exquisite print of the Holy Loch, alluded to in the Heart of Mid Lothian; Bothwell Castle from Old Mortality, and Peel Castle from Peveril of the Peak. The last is in every respect a beautiful engraving.

ART. XIV.—*Panorama of Switzerland, as viewed from the Summit of Mont Righi, drawn from Nature by Henry Keller; engraved by J. Clark. Also a Circular View of the Country, by General Pfyffer: with Descriptive Notices of the most Remarkable Objects.* London: S. Leigh. 1830.

No man, nor woman either, ought to go abroad without first visiting Mr. Leigh's shop in the Strand, and looking over his collection of Panoramas. Even in the way of curiosity they will fully repay the trouble of examination; but a traveller who is bound for Germany or Switzerland will be delighted to find in the collection perfect pictures of the most interesting part of his proposed journey. We have a coloured copy before us of the Panorama of Switzerland, taken from the summit of Mont Righi, and a more perfect view of art in its style we have never witnessed. The lakes of Zug and Lucerne shine before us, surrounded by their diversified mountains and villages. The mountains of the Black Forest, the Rossberg, the Gotthard, the Engelberg, Grimsel Pass, the Jura mountains, in short all the most interesting points of Switzerland are displayed so distinctly in this Panorama, that it renders the country almost as familiar to us as if we had walked over every inch of it. The descriptive notices which accompany it, together with the circular view and the map, must make the publication exceedingly useful to the traveller. They are bound up together in a neat portfolio of convenient size.

ART. XV.—*Recognition in the World to come; or Christian Friendship on Earth perpetuated in Heaven.* By C. R. Muston, A.M. 12mo. pp. 432. London: Holdsworth and Co. 1830.

A QUESTION that nearly touches every one who has a heart to feel, and a friend to love, is frequently put by persons who reflect upon the probabilities of the *hereafter*—"shall we know each other in the other world?" This is a question which has never yet received an answer, and which never can be solved in a satisfactory manner, until we either try the experiment, or receive a special revelation concerning it. Yet is this the question which Mr. Muston has taken upon himself not only to discuss at considerable length, but to settle in the affirmative. The proposition itself, and the mode in which he treats it, may be shortly stated in his own language.

'What! are the friends whom death has torn from our embrace lost to us for ever? Did the friendship which grew with our growth, and strengthened with our strength, expire with the last breath they drew? Or shall we know them again, and recover their society in the unseen and mysterious region which lies beyond the grave? Every heart which glows with the feeling of virtuous friendship or which bleeds under the dissevernent of the sacred bond, must surely palpitate at the sound of the question!

'To meet this interesting inquiry by bringing forward the evidence relating to it, which reason, guided and enlightened by revelation, discloses; and likewise to press upon the attention of the reader the moral purposes to which it may be applied, is the chief object contemplated in the present pages.'—pp. 1, 2.

* * * * * *

'The question, whether the friendships of the good will be extended to another life, or whether they will be for ever annihilated by the oblivion of present associations, cannot be a cold and barren speculation to any who possess the common feelings of humanity. What bosom does not respond to the sentiment so pathetically expressed by a poet, more distinguished, alas! by the splendour than the sanctity of his genius:—

'"Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore;
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours light!
To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more!
Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right."

BYRON.

'The subject, in short, has universal interest. It connects itself with the best feelings of the heart, and the deep solicitude which it frequently awakens in the voice of nature attesting its importance. To discuss its merits at present, would be for the author to anticipate himself. Let it suffice to observe, that if the hope to which it relates can be shown to rest on valid ground, it is both rich in practical instruction and replete with comfort to all who are mourning over departed worth. It blends itself with our purest pleasures here, and with our loftiest anticipations of bliss in the life to come. It mingles heaven with earth, and while it imparts peculiar endearment and sanctity to every earthly relation, which is founded in love to the Saviour, it adapts itself to that principle of our nature which borrows aid from the impressions of sense. It multiplies and quickens our religious associations, and establishes an important link between time and eternity, in addition to every other by which God has thought proper to unite them. The realities of that bright and happy world into which the righteous are in due time to be gathered, do not come within the range of actual vision. They are objects of faith, and such they must continue to be, until death brings them in full and sensible manifestation before the eye of the believer. But our conceptions of this invisible region are strengthened and brought more completely home to the business and bosom of man, by knowing that the living materials with which it is in part to be replenished are placed in direct display before his

senses. He hears the voices, and beholds the persons, of the very intelligences who are hereafter to be associated with him, and to be recognised as his fellow companions on earth. To live with such prospective associations, on terms of close fellowship with them, and to realize in their friendship the pledge of future bliss, must be interesting circumstances, fitted to familiarise the unseen world to our minds, without degrading it, and to further the work of preparation for its elevated pleasures and services.'—pp. 9—11.

The author then attempts to shew that the hope of reunion in another world is accordant with the general apprehension of men; that the perpetuation of christian friendship is a doctrine which rests upon scriptural evidence, and that it is accordant with the design and nature of christianity. Having established these propositions to his own satisfaction, he devotes some very instructive chapters to hints on the importance of personal religion; to remarks on the choice of friends, and on the formation of the matrimonial compact; and to other subjects of an interesting nature. It is obvious that a work on such a subject must contain a great deal of mere speculation: we must do Mr. Muston, however, the justice to say, that he has treated his topics in an engaging style, and that his reflections generally breathe a most amiable spirit of christian charity.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

The Commencement of the Medical year has been ushered in this season, by a contribution to Surgical literature, the most important, and creditable to its author of any that has appeared for years. We allude to the First number of a Work on the Nerves of the Medulla Spinalis, and the Cerebral Nerves, by Joseph Swan, Esq. It is in the imperial folio form, and is adorned with the most elaborate and splendid engravings of the minute dissections of those nerves. The letter-press portion of the work has been executed at the establishment of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, in Fleet Street, and to us it appears to be the result rather of an effort to gain some signal prize, than a performance done in the ordinary course of trade. Taking the specimen altogether, it is a combination of profound science, extraordinary labour and perseverance, with exquisite mechanical art, such as does honour to the time in which we live.

We hear with great pleasure that the American Ornithology of Wilson is about to be given to British Literature. The enterprize is one that confers the highest honour on the literary establishment which has begun the undertaking. A more eloquent and valuable book was never written on the fascinating theme of natural history, than that which Wilson has given to his countrymen. Professor Jameson has been entrusted with the care of the edition, and it is to form part of Constable's Miscellany—circumstances that only enliven the pleasure we feel at the naturalization in our country of this admirable work. The whole of what Wilson has written is to be retained, and will be enriched with additions and improvements from the pen of the able Professor, who acts as editor. Hitherto, the American Ornithology of Wilson was almost a sealed book, in consequence of its high price.

In August last the ascent of Mont Blanc was effected by Lieut. Wilbraham, of the Coldstream regiment of Guards.

The *Ætna* is in course of being refitted at Portsmouth, for the purpose of taking out Commander Belcher to the Coast of Africa, in order to continue and finish the Survey, which the unfortunate Captain Boteler had commenced. As soon as the necessary arrangements shall have been completed, but which, we believe, will require nearly, or quite a month from this time, the *Ætna* will proceed directly to the Island of De Los, where she will prosecute a survey of the coast as far as Cape Spartella, with a view to remedy the imperfections which are found to exist in the present charts of that part of the coast. The *Ætna* will be provisioned for a twelvemonth, the whole of which time it is calculated the survey will occupy; and we have reason to believe that she will afterwards be employed on a similar service in other parts of the coast, which are imperfectly known. The officers who have been selected for this expedition are men of studious habits, scientific pursuits, and experience. The first Lieutenant, Quin, was for a long period employed in surveys with Capt. Beaufort, the present hydrographer to the Admiralty, in the *Frankenstein* and other ships. Lieutenant Miles assisted in the survey of the Bahama Channel, in the *Kangaroo*, and Lieutenant Bond and Mr. Johnson, the master, are both officers of great scientific acquirements. The department of natural history will also receive its proper share of attention from Mr. Logan, surgeon, who, from his intimate acquaintance with all subjects connected with this branch of philosophical enquiry, will contribute much by his labour to the interests and importance of the expedition. The well-known abilities of these gentlemen, added to the talent and zeal of their highly-gifted commander, cannot fail to produce the results which must tend equally to the advancement of the cause of science, and the benefit of the service.

We have received a specimen of the "Remembrance," a new Annual to be edited by Mr. Roscoe, upon the plan of the "Keepsake," but of a smaller size. A single plate accompanies it, "The Orphans," painted by W. Gill, and engraved by C. Rolls. The story is very prettily told. The two children, a brother and sister, are engaged at a game of draughts, and the mother, suspending her needle-work, appears to take a double interest in the game. The boy has the head of a philosopher. The spinning-wheel and furniture of the chamber, appear dimly shadowed in the back ground, and the whole effect is that of intense attention. If there be many other such illustrations as this to the "Remembrance," it cannot fail to command popularity, provided however, that they be fairly matched by food for the mind as well as for the eye. We should mention that the engraved title page presents a beautiful miniature view of Mont Blanc, from the vale of Aosta. The subjects are to be principally conversant with history and landscape.

The excitement of politics has greatly diminished the number of publications in Paris of late. Not half the usual quantity of works has appeared during the months of August and September.

A rail-road is to be constructed without delay from London northward.

Sir Walter Scott is engaged in a continuation of the Tales of my Grandfather.

M. Lenormant has been appointed to the department of Literature and the Arts in the administration of the Interior in France.

Sir William Jardine, Bart, F.R.S.E., F.L.S., &c., author of "Illustrations of Ornithology," has in the press an edition of "Wilson's American Ornithology," with the continuation by Charles Lucien Bonaparte; the former published in Philadelphia in 1802, the latter in 1825 and 1826. The whole will be contained in three volumes, demy octavo, with upwards of 100 engravings, and copious notes by the editor; together with an enumeration and description of the newly discovered species not included in the original works.

Sir James South, Fellow of the Royal Society and late member of its council, has in the press, a work on the Proceedings of the Royal Society, as connected with the Decline of Science in England; together with arguments proving that before the society can regain confidence at home, or respect from abroad, a reform of its conduct, and a remodelling of its charter are indispensable.

Another of those *comic*-ly illustrated trifles, which are now so popular, is announced by Mr. Kidd, of New Bond-street. It is from the pen of Mr. Moncrieff, and founded upon the story of Old Booty, the hero of the well-known phantasmagoric picture of the Devil and the Baker.

Mr. Macknish's new work, "The Philosophy of Sleep," will contain disquisitions on every subject connected with sleep, in a state of health and disease, such as dreaming, nightmare, somnambulism, torpor, sleeplessness, trance, reverie, walking-dreams, abstraction, &c., together with the medical treatment of diseased sleep: the whole illustrated by a variety of curious and interesting cases.

The publishers of the "Winter's Wreath" have sent us proof copies of the illustrations intended for their next volume. They are twelve in number, and we must in justice say that they deserve to be ranked in the highest class of the arts. There is a view of "Dove Dale," engraved by R. Brandard, in a style worthy of Heath or Finden. "St. Cecilia," from the design of A. Celesti, is also brilliantly executed. The lights upon the face and drapery of the Saint, and upon the head, arm, and wing of one of the listening angels, indicate the touches of a master. The "Orphan of Leon," the "Cottager and Child," the "Cottage Farm-yard," the "Three Marys at the tomb," the "Interior of Antwerp Cathedral," "Delos," the "Pass of the Abruzzi," and the "Deluge," are interesting, though unequal performances. If the "English Flower" had not eyes quite so much open, we should have said that she was a gem of the first water. Of the view of "Cologne on the Rhine," and, indeed, we may add generally of the whole of these illustrations, as they appear to us in the proof, and upon a first examination, it is impossible for us to speak otherwise than in terms of unreserved praise. We hope that the matter to which they are to be appended will not be unworthy of them.

A very elaborate work, entitled An Historical Atlas, is announced as about to be published by Edward Quin, Esq., of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, and Barrister-at-Law. If we mistake not, the gentleman here mentioned has been dead for a considerable time, and if that be the case, the publishers (Messrs. Seeley) are greatly to blame for not mentioning the fact in their announcement.

In the Press.—The Talba; or, Moor of Portugal. A Romance by Mrs. Bray, author of De Foix, &c.—Memoirs of Mrs. Jordan, by Mr.

Boaden, the well known Theatrical Biographer. These memoirs are to comprehend the History of the Life of that actress, from her first appearance on the Irish stage until her death at St. Cloud, with correspondence and anecdotes of all the eminent individuals with whom she associated. In 2 vols. 8vo., with an engraved portrait.—The Romantic Annals of France, from the time of Charlemagne to the reign of Louis the Fourteenth inclusive, being the New Series of the Romance of History.—The French Revolution, by Dr. Turnbull.—Rosamond, a Tragedy, translated from the German.—Major Rennell's Herodotus. A new edition.—The Lives of the Italian Poets, in 3 vols., by the Rev. Henry Stebbing, author of the History of Chivalry, and the Crusades, embellished with nearly thirty medallion portraits.—Rev. W. S. Gilley's Waldensian Researches.—Chartley the Fatalist, a Novel.—The Map of the Netherlands.—The sixth part of the Family Cabinet Atlas, which completes the first half of the work.—Destiny, a Novel, by the author of "Marriage."—Patroni Ecclesiarum.—The Book of Private Prayer, compiled for the use of Members of the United Church of England and Ireland.—The Sea Kings of England, by Mr. Atherstone, the poet of Nineveh.—The Rectory of Valehead, by the Rev. Mr. Evans.—The Arrow and the Rose, with other Poems, by William Kennedy, Author of "Fitful Fancies," &c.—By Robert Dawson, Esq., late chief agent of the Australian Agricultural Company, a volume on Australia and Emigration; being the result of his three years' Residence in Australia.—Lays from the East. A collection of Poems, by Capt. Calder Campbell, of the Madras Army.—Mr. Logan on the Celtic Manners of the Highlands, and Highlanders, and on the National Peculiarities of Scotland.—Friendship's Offering, for 1831, in its improved style of elegant binding, and with other attractive claims on public attention.—The proprietors of Friendship's Offering, are also preparing a Comic Offering, illustrated by a great variety of comic designs, the whole under the superintendence of Miss L. H. Sheridan, and intended for the Ladies, to whom the work is inscribed.—The British Merchant's Assistant, by G. Green; containing Tables of Interest, of Premium and Discount on Exchequer Bills, and India Bonds, &c. &c.—Miscellaneous Poems by Mrs. J. S. Prowse.—A Popular Treatise on the Nature and Cure of Consumption; by James Kennedy, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons.—The Law of the Sabbath, Religious and Political. By Josiah Conder.—A second edition of a Catechism of Useful Knowledge, adapted for Schools.—Drs. M'Leod and Dewar's new Gaelic Dictionary.—A Selection of the best Gaelic Songs, by Mr. Munroe, of Cardel.—The Practical Baker and Confectioner's Assistant, by John Turcan, Operative Baker.—A new edition of the first series of the Glasgow Mechanics' Magazine.—The first volume of the Quadrupeds of the Zoological Gardens.—The Lyre and the Laurel, two volumes of the most beautiful Fugitive Poetry of the XIXth Century.—The British Herald, or Cabinet of Armorial Bearings of the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland, by Thomas Robson.—A Manual of Prayers, by the Rev. J. Topham.—The Poetical Works of the late F. Sayers, M. D.; to which is prefixed, his Disquisitions on English Poetry, and English Metres: and also a Life, by W. Taylor, of Norwich.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

ARTS, SCIENCES, AND PHILOSOPHY.

Lindley's Natural System of Botany, 12*s*.
Fuseli's Lectures on Painting, 4to, 1*l*. 1*s*.
Sweet's Hortus Britannicus, 2d ed. 1*l*. 1*s*.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Du Barri, vol. 3, 6*s*.
Galt's Life of Byron (National Library, vol. 1), 5*s*.

DRAMA.

Works of Massinger, vol. 2 (Family Library), 5*s*.
Patriot Father, from Kotzebue, 12mo.

EDUCATION.

Smart's New Literal Translation of Horace, 5*s*.
Justin Brenan's Utility of Latin, 2*s*.
Child's Own Book, 7*s*. 6*d*.

HISTORY.

Excerpta Historica, Part 2.
D'Israeli's Commentaries on the Reign of Charles I. vol. 3.

LAW.

Chapman's Practice of the Superior Courts at Westminster, 3*s*. 6*d*.
Williams's Abstracts of the Acts for 1829, 1830, 8*s*.
Oliver's English Version of the Charters, &c. granted to the Borough of Great Grimsby, 7*s*. 6*d*.
Cabinet Lawyer, 6th edition.

MEDICINE.

Dublin Medical Transactions, new Series. Part 1. 8*s*.
Dr. Elliotson on Diseases of the Heart, 1*l*. 1*s*.
Lawrence on Syphilis of the Eye, 12*s*.
Gaunal on Chlorine in Consumption, by Potter, 4*s*.
Murray on Poisons.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Visions of Solitude, 5*s*.
Counsels to Servants, 1*s*. 6*d*.
Encyclopœdia Metropolitana, 2*l*. 12*s*. 6*d*.
Kearsley's Tax Tables, 1*s*.
Gunter's Confectioner's Oracle, 6*s*. 6*d*.
Parke's Musical Memoirs, 2 vols. 18*s*.
The Friends, 2*s*. 6*d*.
Report of the Speeches delivered at the Essex Election, 5*s*. 6*d*.
France in 1829—30, by Lady Morgan, 2 vols.
Demonology and Witchcraft (Family Library) 5*s*.
Literary Policy of the Church of Rome, 10*s*. 6*d*.
A History of the Royal Eisteddvodd, 5*s*. 6*d*.
Vincent's Explanation of Moral Rights, 7*s*.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Camden, a Tale of the South, 3 vols. 16*s.* 6*d.*
Basil Barrington and his Friends, 3 vols. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Tales of the Stanley Family, 12*s.* 6*d.*
Traditions of Palestine.

POETRY.

Howitt's Poems, 5*s.*
Rogers' Italy Illustrated, 1*l.* 1*s.*
Dickenson's Mameluke, 7*s.* 6*d.*
Monsieur Nong Tong Paw with Illustrations, 1*s.*
Virgil, vol. 2 (Family Classical Library), 4*s.* 6*d.*
Aldine Poets (Collins), 5*s.*
The Pensee, by a Young Lady.
The Devil's Visit with Illustrations.

POLITICS.

Godwin's Lectures on British Colonial Slavery, 5*s.*
Ellis's British Tariff, 5*s.*
Hone's Annals of the French Revolution, 2*s.* 6*d.*
What has the Duke of Wellington gained by the Elections? 8vo, 2*s.*
Government without Whigs, 2*s.*

THEOLOGY.

Evangelical Spectator, vol. 2, 4*s.* 6*d.*
Gilson's Sermons, 7*s.* 6*d.*
Valpy's Divines, No. 4, 7*s.* 6*d.*

TRAVELS AND VOYAGES.

Voyages to the Arctic Regions (No. I. of the Edinburgh Cabinet Cyclopœdia), illustrated, 5*s.*
Elwood's Travels overland to India, 2 vols.

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THE

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ART. I.—*Letters from Nova Scotia, comprising Sketches of a Young Country.* By Capt. W. Moorsom, 52d Light Infantry. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 371. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

A CAPTAIN of Infantry writing a small octavo volume on the statistics and scenery of a wild fishing station in the regions of North America, is certainly not an event that is calculated to create a very powerful sensation in the literary world; and we own that the aspect of the book was anything but an invitation to us to cultivate an acquaintance with its contents. On opening the unpretending volume, however, we were very much struck with the evidences of varied talent and high cultivation which it contained; and we soon perceived that an example the most instructive and valuable was afforded by the author, not merely to the members of his own profession, but to the educated classes in general. Here is a gentleman in the army who, by custom and prescription, should live a life of vacancy in his quarters; who should, if he were to follow the example held out by his military predecessors, be incapable almost of distinguishing the eight parts of speech from one another; who should spend the time when he is not on active duty, in firing at a target, or flinging a line into a stream, or practising gymnastics—totally averse to every intellectual occupation—here, we say, is a gentleman who, in opposition to immemorial usage, dares to convert the order for a route into a commission to explore the country to which he is sent, and to interpret the terms of his commission into an obligation, to report faithfully upon the physical and moral state and resources of the territory which he comes to garrison! We feel a pride and pleasure at having attained such an era of improvement. We have had valuable contributions to our literature from military writers. For many important and useful accounts of voyages and travels, we are in a particular degree in-

debted to gentlemen of the honourable profession of arms. But then, for the most part, the place of their residence, the moving accidents which they encountered, were of a nature to command general interest through any medium, and could scarcely fail to have such an influence on the most phlegmatic, as to induce them to communicate to others, the strange and powerful impressions which the scenes they had witnessed must have excited in themselves. But the officer whose work is before us was differently situated. Dispatched to a country which was, to common observation, destitute of those characters that would have deserved attention and investigation, he yet contrives to render the barren scene a fertile theme of interesting and useful commentary. And this is the splendid privilege of endowed and cultivated minds. How large a difference as to his own happiness did it make for Captain Moorsom, that he went to Nova Scotia with a richly furnished mind. What a granary of intellectual luxuries had he provided for himself, amidst the fogs and the desolation around him, when he stored his mind with the knowledge of geology, meteorology, natural history, &c. A residence in such a place as Nova Scotia, to the common run of military officers, would have been a penalty; for what could *they* see in clouded skies, and stupendous rocks, and in the eternal motion of the ocean, but one dull monotony direfully contrasting itself with the excitement of a life of billiards, cards, and quadrilles, to the memory of which they would constantly revert. Scarcely in any circumstances, or in any place, can a man of due cultivation be deprived of the means of grateful employment; every latitude has for him a resource which he knows how to realize. He finds nature in the bleakest climate as full of interest as she is in the picturesque landscapes of the south; and to him who understands and appreciates her works, difference of position scarcely produces any difference of enjoyment. To him the wild lichen of the Arctic regions, is as engaging as the camelia that blooms in the territory of the sun: and he beholds as wonderful an order, and as exquisite a policy in the formation of the rude and unproductive rock of the north, as he can discover in the teeming gardens of the temperate zone.

In his account of the province of Nova Scotia, Captain Moorsom shews that he has been a careful and acute observer. His descriptions of its physical state, its trade and manufactures, are blended with so many lively observations, and agreeable turns of thought, that we no longer feel that we are engaged upon the grave matters of statistics, finance, and political economy. The government of this province appears to be a very curious anomaly. There is a legislature composed of the Lieutenant-Governor, the upper and lower house. The upper house consists of a council of twelve, chosen by the Lieutenant-Governor, and when the legislative session is over, the upper house is converted into a part of the executive authority. The House of Assembly, or lower house, consists of about forty

members, who are chosen for counties and towns—and however strange it may appear, Captain Moorsom tells us, nevertheless, that it is true, that sundry electioneering manœuvres have found their way to the hustings in this simple and youthful colony. The meeting of the legislature is thus described by the Captain :—

'The legislature generally meets in January, and continues in session during two months, more or less. The opening and closing of the House is a business of great importance in the eyes of all the little dirty boys, good housekeepers, and Irish truckmen of Halifax. His Excellency, attended by all the great people, makes a speech in due form. Pop—go the great guns of the militia artillery in the market-place: hurra! sing out all the young fry that a general school-delivery for the day has collected around them: "Mercy!" cries Susan, "there is the best bedroom window all shivered in pieces;" and away scamper a dozen proud nags waiting for truckage, to the utter discomfiture of all sedate matrons of the apple-stall and cabbage-basket. During the session, a little of that opposition of interest, for the equipoise of which John Bull is so celebrated, here comes into play. The Assembly, after a most enlightened debate upon the value of time, have thought proper to vote themselves a stated sum in consideration thereof, amounting to one pound currency to each individual up to a certain date of their session: it is said, that the arguments upon these occasions carry such conviction to the consciences of the auditors, that, as the question is purely one of conscience, it has been hitherto carried nem. con. The consequence is, that the press teems with the eloquent effusions of sundry satellite Broughams and M'Intoshes, wandering from the mysteries of pickled fish and winter wheat, from similies upon old women, and touches of metropolitan satire, to disquisitions on the lore of the ancients, and general views of the practice of the modern empires. In vain to this torrent does the gratuitous and more sober council oppose a dry assent or dissent,—a silent reproof or a grave message. The petulant junior enjoys his laugh; keeps just beyond reach of the elder's rattan, and, finishing in one day, at the close of the session, as much business as took him three to talk about during the earlier part, runs off to his desk, his farm, or his warehouse, and busies himself as becomes an honest citizen, in those several avocations.

'The obnoxious light in which direct taxes to the Government are viewed, not only in this province, but throughout North America, is almost incomprehensible to one accustomed to the financial systems of Europe. A mail-carrier, a personage equivalent to the mail-coachman of England, expressed to me, pithily, the ideas of the many on this subject. "Sixteen years ago, I came from the old country to Upper Canada: I soon thought I could do better, and tried all the great towns of the States, as far as Philadelphia. They may talk of their liberty, but I found none there; it was as bad as in England; for I was taxed for every thing. Well, I thought I'd make a trial of this country, and here I'm suited; we have no taxes to pay, and no man can shake a finger at us."—"Friend," said I, "how much did you pay for that respectable Benjamin I see thrown over the seat?"—He named the sum.—"I gave just half that price for mine in England:—do you see now how you pay taxes?" He could not comprehend.—"Well, we don't hear any thing of them," was his conclusion;

and a happy conclusion it is, which leaves a provincial population of 140,000 perfectly satisfied, in the conviction that they enjoy the unalloyed sweets of political freedom.'—pp. 80—83.

The revenue being raised exclusively in the shape of customs on imported goods, falls not the less heavily on the inhabitants, but it appears to press upon them so imperceptibly, as that like the mail-carrier, they do not know of its existence. Governments might take a hint from Nova Scotia, and establish methods for removing the vexations without impairing the produce of taxes.

Nova Scotia, like every other settlement in North America, has its population partly composed of native Indians, who appear to stand in the same relation to the general body of the inhabitants, as the Gipsy people do to the villages in whose neighbourhood they sojourn. They live in an independent fashion, are either too timid or too suspicious to maintain a free intercourse with the fixed residents, and hold only such an extent of communication with them as is required for their own convenience. The Indians in Nova Scotia are thus described :—

'The tribe to which the Indians of Nova Scotia belong is called the Micmac, once among the most numerous; but never, I believe, held in particular estimation for warlike courage. The Bæothic or Red Indians of Newfoundland are supposed to be a branch of the same family. The number of those who may be termed residents, in Nova Scotia, is not easily ascertained. They themselves will tell you in conversation, "suppose 'em thousand :" less than half this number may probably be stated as the true amount of their male population; and their numbers are gradually diminishing. They all profess the Romish creed,—the first converts having been made by the Jesuits, when the French were in possession of the country; and many of them have been so far instructed by their priests, as to be capable of reading the forms of prayer in their own language. A few individuals among them possess farms, and have submitted to the first approaches of civilized life, as a measure of stern necessity. "White man," I have heard them say, "settle this side, that side, every where. Indian no see moose, caraboo; Indian no like 'em starve,—force 'em go farm." These farms are but poor, and chiefly for live stock, of which I have known eight or ten head belonging to one proprietor: but their natural inheritance is not to be thrown off by mere dint of reasoning; and far more time is passed by these Indian farmers over the brook, or in ranging the woods, than in attending to the farm. The greater part live a wandering life, similar to that of our gipsies, frequenting the neighbourhood of the towns in summer time, when the smoke of a dozen wigwams curling over the shrubbery of some sheltered cove, marks the abode of as many families, from the month of May till November. In each of these parties is one Indian generally of age and experience, to whom the rest submit, in a manner most nearly resembling the patriarchal form; but the authority is exercised and the obedience given without much rigour on either side.

'I am not aware that any one Indian claims authority over the whole Micmac tribe; there is certainly no one chief to whom obedience is ac-

knowledged. The Indians are included as subjects, under the common protection of the laws; but it is very rarely that any cases respecting them appear before the bar, their petty differences being arbitrated by their respective leaders. Their wigwams are simply a few poles placed upright, in the form of a sugar-loaf, and bound together at top, over which a few sheets of birch bark are laid, so as to render them impenetrable to rain. The men employ themselves in fishing, chiefly with the spear, and in shooting. The Squaws sit for hours and days, in their smoky wigwams, making baskets, or ornamental trifles, generally a sort of Mosaic work, in moose hair or quills of the Nova Scotian porcupine, stained of various colours, and worked upon a shell of birch bark.

'It is an amusing and yet almost a pitiable sight to see a family (as half a dozen at once may daily be seen) landing near the market-place at Halifax, from their "camp" on the opposite shore. The light canoe of birch bark glides into an opening between two of its brotherhood, the squaw sitting in the centre, the papoose (child), if old enough, in the bow, or else at her feet, and the father paddling at the stern: their very movements indicate a listlessness that bespeaks the little importance, even to themselves, of the object they have in view. Often a long talk is held in the soft, unimpassioned tones of the Indian language, before they think of leaving the canoe; at last, each leisurely steps on shore: the Indian throws a few sheets of birch bark over his fish or lobsters, and loiters about the wharf till chance directs a purchaser to the spot; while his squaw, joining a bevy of her companions, mingles in their laughter and loquacity upon the various objects that present themselves to their remarks. I have often longed to squat down in the midst of this fair conclave, and be admitted to a participation of the humour that seems to prevail. Every group that momentarily collects, and momentarily disperses; every individual that passes by, attracts their attention; and doubtless, by one initiated into the arcana of the Indian tongue, as much amusement would be derived, as much sagacity elicited, as at any coterie of old maids over the tea-table, or any *babillage* of young ones at the toilette. The situation of the unfortunate little papoose is far more to be commiserated. Swathed in bandages so as closely to resemble an Egyptian mummy, it is imprisoned in a sort of cradle made of flat boards, and fastened to the back of the mother, where it remains like a piece of mahogany furniture, appearing alike insensible to the attacks of flies, and to the rays of a mid-day sun, which, to a child of white parentage, would prove utterly insupportable. During the winter, these families remain in the woods of the interior, where game is found more readily, and where the lakes afford a supply of fish which are no longer to be caught on the sea-coast. The improvidence and want of foresight so strongly exemplified in the general Indian character, adheres to them in this situation. A moose or caraboo is killed; the Indian feasts himself and his family on that which he can conveniently bring to his wigwam; perhaps he even carries part to barter at the readiest market; but no dried or salted store is laid up for future exigence; and many a petition for assistance, on account of bad success or untoward seasons, is offered by the Indian to the generosity of the Governor, when more strict inquiry would ascribe the necessity to moral causes. Yet, on the other hand, it is perhaps unjust to judge of the savage by the rules of civilized life: the ideas that have circumscribed his view from earliest existence, are

not such as would lead him to foresee the gradual diminution and eventual failure of those supplies his wandering habits require. Born to range the woods, or skim along the surface, in quest of the prey each element affords, he looks but to the "evil of the day;" and his children will pine in wretchedness, his race become almost extinct, ere the red man learns submission to those restraints whose only alternative will be starvation.

'A premium is offered by one of the British societies, of a certain sum annually, to any settler who engages to maintain a child of Indian parentage, and to provide for his education and induction into the habits of domestic life. But few claims for the premiums have been preferred from this province; and I am not aware of any one instance in which the object of the donors has been satisfactorily effected. The means of execution have been left too much under the unchecked control of those biassed by self-interest: the parents, seeing not only that no benefit accrues to their children, but that they are even reduced to a more abject state than before, are averse from this change; and the children themselves, unable, as it would appear, to shake off their very inheritance, return, at the first opportunity, to all the habits of their fathers.'—pp. 110—117.

One of the principal of the field amusements pursued in the province, is that of Moose hunting, of which Captain Moorsom says:—

'To those who have early engaged in it, moose hunting generally becomes a most fascinating sport; it is, however, one that exposes the constitution to severe trials, and demands no small share of personal activity and hardihood. The most favourable season is about the end of February, when the snow, having accumulated to the depth of two or three feet in the woods, has been crusted by partial thaws, sufficiently to support the dogs at full speed, and a man when running on snow-shoes. The greater weight of the moose causes him to break through the snow, which thus greatly impedes his progress. The hunters, two, three, or more in number, are equipped nearly *à la sauvage*. A blanket thrown over the shoulders, fastened at the neck, belted round the waist, and affording a capacious store for provisions at the back, serves at once for bed and bedding. Moccasins, composed of a single piece of untanned leather or hide, drawn to the shape of the foot by a string running through the edge, are substituted for shoes. An axe, camp-kettle, and canteen for holding water, a gun over the shoulder, and a pair of snow-shoes,—something like the frame of a large oval racket, slung across the barrel, complete what we soldiers should term a chasseur in heavy marching order. The dogs are commonly a species of the Newfoundland breed; not the beautiful curly-haired animal we are accustomed to see under that name in England, but more nearly resembling the form and size of the mastiff; smooth in the coat, and of a reddish colour.

'The hunters direct their course to the interior of the woods most remote from any settlement, and, after walking probably the whole day without seeing any track, either of moose or caraboo, look out for a spring or brook in the most sheltered situation—generally at the foot of a hill, with the acclivity to windward, where they may pass the night. All are then severally employed in clearing the snow from the spot where the camp or sleeping place is to be formed, throwing down a layer of young boughs and

branches, cutting wood for the fire, and bringing water. The contents of the blankets are then discussed with equal justice and celerity. Brandy and water, a merry song, and the hunting feats of former days, compose an appropriate dessert. The blankets are spread, the dogs called in to serve each as a pillow for his master; and the party, leaving one in turn to watch and keep up the fire, prepare by a sound sleep for the fatigues of the morrow. At dawn, all start from their resting-place, immediately breakfast, and set off again in search of a track, always travelling against the wind, that the dogs may collect the scent before the moose shall be alarmed. When the hunters find the dogs affected by the scent in the breeze, they proceed with equal silence and caution, till the anxiety of the animals is no longer to be restrained: away then they burst with a Nova Scotian view-halloa! each hunter following the sound with all the speed possible, and taking whatever course his judgment points out as most likely to bring him in at the death. Sometimes the moose becomes an easy prey; stopping to keep at bay the dogs, whom he considers his greatest enemies, he is overtaken by the hunters, and quickly falls by their rifles. Sometimes he will lead them thirty or forty miles over hill and dale, lakes, barrens, and forests, plunging through rivers, and fearlessly descending the steepest precipices. Sometimes his flight is continued for several days, and with such vigour, as to escape at last the perseverance of the hunters. His being surprised and shot while browsing, is of very rare occurrence; his watchfulness and sagacity being such as to elude even Indian caution.

'By the settlers, the chase of this animal is pursued more as an amusement than for the value of either the hide or flesh. The moose meat, though by some compared to venison, would not stand competition with the poorest haunch from Whittlebury, being both dry, devoid of fat, and insipid. The violence of the exercise, and the extreme cold of the atmosphere, expose the constitution to severe trials: it may, indeed, appear extraordinary that no injury should be apprehended from sleeping in the open woods, with the thermometer probably several degrees below zero. The woods, however, are far warmer than would be imagined by those not accustomed to them. Here, as in the higher latitudes, it is the wind that causes the sensation of extreme cold; the woods affording complete shelter in this respect, are an equivalent to many degrees of higher temperature in a more exposed situation.

'It is obvious that a stranger, who should engage in these pursuits without a general knowledge of the country, and less accustomed than his companions to the use of the snow-shoe, would run some risk of being lost in the woods. I am not aware of any fatal instances of this kind having happened to moose-hunters: but many a one has met his death in the woods, from becoming bewildered while travelling or taking a heedless ramble. Having never been, as it is termed, "lost," I can speak but partially from personal experience. The feeling on the mind of the individual, on such occasions, is so awful, that temporary absence of reason generally takes place; in this state it is, that whatever little local recollection may remain is totally obliterated in some ill-directed physical effort to regain the true course. While he thinks himself pursuing a straight direction for a road or line of settlement, the wanderer becomes confused amid the multiplicity of trees, and the choice of apparent tracks, which deceive the eye at every step; and after many hours' walk, finds himself on the same spot

whence he commenced his wandering, having in fact been moving in a circle. The safest plan for one who ranges the forest is, always to carry a pocket-compass. Those who are more experienced supply the place of a compass by their own observation of the bark of trees, or the tops of the hemlock, which always bend from the westerly blasts. Then, with a strong effort to master the effects of animal feeling, the true course which leads to a settlement is taken up; two trees in succession are constantly kept in view, as a line to prevent wandering, and the reward is reaped in self-preservation from perishing by cold or famine.'—pp. 118—124.

A very powerful description of the sensations which such a crisis as that alluded to by Captain Moorsom, we remember to have noticed in a work reviewed by us some few years ago. It was the narrative of a visit to Paraguay, by a Swiss physician, and one of the most striking portions of that remarkable book was, the episode giving the details of a fearful adventure of this sort in the thicknesses of a South American forest.

Bears are also taken in Nova Scotia. Their colour is black, but in other respects they resemble the Scandinavian bear. We are told by Mr. Lloyd, author of "Northern Field Sports," that the bear in Scandinavia retires into a den in the beginning of winter, and does not re-appear until Spring. Mr. Moorsom gives a precisely similar account of the Nova Scotia bear. He also confirms the statement which Professor Nilsson promulgated respecting the Scandinavian animal—that upon leaving its winter retreat, it is found invariably fat, and in excellent condition, an assertion which Mr. Lloyd seemed in some measure to doubt.

Captain Moorsom, like a good Protestant, took care to watch narrowly the progress of religious improvement, and the means which were employed at home and abroad for its diffusion in Nova Scotia. He states that the duties of religion in the provinces, are principally administered by individuals, appointed by the Society for the propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. He does not hesitate to say, that as, from peculiar circumstances in the state of the province, the personal character of the minister invariably regulates the amount of good he may perform, so does it follow that the very backward condition of religion in Nova Scotia, is a proof of neglect or ignorance on the part of those at home, who have the nomination of these missionaries, as they are called. Indeed we very much fear that, in too many instances where sums are subscribed in this country for the execution of works of charity, or mercy, in remote regions, the kind intentions of the donors are miserably frustrated by the employment, through negligence or partiality, of a totally inadequate machinery to the purposes prescribed. The Captain ridicules the very common misconception, which besides being unfounded, is attended with many practical disadvantages,—that the life of a Nova Scotian missionary is only another name for a brief but heroic career, spent in the unremitting exercise of the virtues of patience, fortitude, and resignation,

under the pressure of the most harassing privations and the most aggravated calamities. There is no ground whatever for such an impression. "Many hundred curates," says Captain Moorsom, "are there in Great Britain, whose personal comforts and emoluments are infinitely more restricted." How strange it is, that in a country like Great Britain, which has made such enormous sacrifices in the name of religion, the social condition of its practical diffusers should be allowed still to remain in so barbarous a state of inequality—inequality the most preposterous. If a third-rate clerk in the Treasury is called upon by the advanced state of prices, to pay but twopence a day more than usual for his articles of consumption, forthwith a champion starts up in parliament, to make the tight meals of Mr. Pen-and-Ink a national concern; and it is not a stretch of fancy to suppose that a corresponding advance of wages will be granted to the respectable supplicant. Not so the extensively educated,—the highly-bred curate; seasons of scarcity may come in succession over his head, squeezing into still more narrow circumscription the materials of his subsistence,—but there is no sympathy for him. We recommend the whole chapter on the condition of the Protestant mission in Nova Scotia to general attention.

Our author gives a very favourable picture of the state of comfort and satisfaction, which the humbler classes of Nova Scotia generally enjoy, and we think his reasoning on the subject is pretty sound. After all, however, we fear that it is only during the progress of a society to a condition of fixed refinement, that each class which composes it will be enabled to obtain every thing which it wants. In those old countries, where cultivation has attained its highest pitch, it seems to be a law, that the very ingenuity which in such a state of things receives its strongest stimulus, will constantly subject the inhabitants to a derangement in their relative position. Thus machinery, however admirable in its general results, does undoubtedly cause by its introduction a great deal of individual misery for a time, and this is an evil to which every community, that promises to arrive at a high state of refinement, will infallibly be liable. It is during the process of their growth that countries are best off, with reference to the physical condition of their people.

We were very much surprised to find that Captain Moorsom gave the preference to the climate of Nova Scotia, as compared with that of Great Britain. At this rate, there are very few of our colonies that are not better provided with sky and air, than the mother of them all. We know very well that the best climate of which we have the command throughout the world, we have most unaccountably appropriated to all the ruffians that we can pick up at home; but if the foggy regions of Halifax are to be thrown into the more healthy division of the British empire, we shall believe that it is high time for the parliament to consider some plan of

national emigration from England. What is the reason that the King of England, holding the sceptre of a dominion upon which the sun never sets, does not imitate the excursive example of the swallow, and follow that luminary, as he might, through the year?

A very interesting account of the state of agriculture in some of the districts of Nova Scotia, is given by Captain Moorsom, and upon the whole, we are authorised, by his account, to believe that the country is very well calculated for that pursuit in all its important branches. A description of a country inn in Nova Scotia, cannot fail to excite curiosity. We heartily join the Captain in his recommendation at the end of the following passage; it shows him to be at once a very judicious and good humoured sort of person.

'The inns in the towns such as Windsor, or Annapolis, are much the same as those we find in the larger villages of England. The country inns are usually detached cottages, of which the owner having originally commenced as a farmer, and looking to that occupation as his chief resource, is a very different being from his accomplished prototype in England. I know of no occasion more likely to arouse the choler of an aristocratic Englishman than his arrival at one of these inns, before he has become acquainted with the character of the country. The last crack of the whip, which, in England, places, as if by magic, a stable-boy at the head of each leader and a waiter at the door, here dies away unheeded in an echo among the woods. He looks round with surprise—surmises that he may have mistaken the house—descends to inquire. By this time, a countryman makes his appearance from the field, announces that the host will "be here after fixing the next load," and coolly begins to unharness. *Milord Anglais* may walk in if he pleases,—for though there is no one to invite, there is no one to forbid his entrance: a neat little parlour will then receive him; perhaps even the "mistress" will be sufficiently on the alert to perform the office of introduction in person. Woe betide him if any symptoms of dissatisfaction or *hauteur* express themselves! If he has the address to conceal his impatience,—to open the heart of the good lady by a few civil inquiries,—all will be well; his wishes will be attended to with all the ability in her power; but if the costume of Boniface from the hay-field shock his sensibility; if his pride take offence at the *nonchalance* and the familiar style of conversation opened by his host in the shape of question and answer,—adieu to his expectations of attention and speedy refreshment; he must submit to the convenience of both master and mistress, for they will not put themselves out of the way for him. This may present no very favourable picture, when contrasted with the corresponding establishments at home; yet I confess myself a great admirer of these little inns. There is a style of simplicity—of primitiveness about them, which has not yet yielded to the calculating habits of commoner intercourse. A few fair words aptly employed, will ensure an attention and good-will far beyond those of more splendid establishments, if we estimate each by its motives. Their cleanliness would match that of a Dutch housekeeper; and if the larder be not so well supplied, nor the cookery so *piquant* as that of our friend Wright at Dover, the best that the farm, the poultry-yard, and dairy afford, seasoned with the best exertions and modest ex-

cuses of a pretty hostess, may at least be graciously accepted as a reasonable compensation. Let me recommend you, should any accident occasion your visiting these countries, to cull a few hints from what you have just read. Do not take offence at a style or a few customs that may be different from those to which you have been used. Leave a blank leaf in your album to be filled with personal sketches, illustrating the attributes of good-nature, and you will enjoy in Nova Scotia the day's excursion and the night's rest, with a certainty equal to that of which my matronly hostess has just made her appearance to assure me.'—pp. 248—250.

A line of route northwards from Halifax brought the Captain into collision with many objects which he was not prepared to expect, in the district which he had ventured to explore. The amiable society of Clare cannot be passed over.

'The settlement of Clare, of which the Roman Catholic chapel is the *nucleus*, extends for about thirty miles along the shores of Saint Mary's Bay. The population is almost entirely Acadian-French, and deserves particular mention not only from its origin, but for the distinct and peculiarly interesting features it displays. The number of families comprising the pastor's immediate flock is about three hundred and thirty, giving a total of nearly two thousand five hundred souls; about thirty families also reside in the township of Digby; and at Tusket, below the town of Yarmouth, are nearly two hundred families more; the whole being included in the cure of the Abbé Segoigne. Perhaps it is to a sojourn in the out-quarters of Ireland that I owe, in common with many others, the uncharitable feeling which leads us to associate a Roman Catholic priest with imaginary phantoms of dark-scowling mortals wrapt up in bigotry and black garments, or intent on the means of retaining in slavish ignorance, and moulding into a handle of political anarchy, the quick perceptions and high-wrought passions of a warm-hearted peasantry. How pure, how redeeming an architype in the reverse of this image is the worthy Curé of Montaigan! Born and educated in France, M. Segoigne emigrated from that country when revolutionary suspicion threatened the lives of all whose virtues were inimical to the views of the ruling democrats, and for the last thirty years has devoted his attention exclusively to the welfare of these children of Acadia. Buried in this retreat from all the thoughts and habits of the polished world, he yet retains the urbanity of the old French school; or rather, I apprehend, possesses that natural excellence of disposition which gives to urbanity its intrinsic value. He is at once the priest, the lawyer, and the judge of his people; he has seen most of them rise up to manhood around him, or accompany his own decline in the vale of years: the unvarying steadiness of his conduct has gained equally their affection and respect: to him, therefore, it is that they apply in their mutual difficulties; from him they look for judgment to decide their little matters of dispute. Eleven years ago, a case between two Acadians belonging to this settlement came on for trial before the Supreme Court. From some informality, the cause was nonsuited: it was not again brought forward; and since that time there is no instance of a law-suit from Montaigan appearing on the records of the judicial circuit. The Abbé complains much of the indifference his parishioners manifest on the subject of education: with the exception of two or three young men who are under his own instruc-

tion, the rising generation of this settlement are wholly uneducated: his exertions to establish schools among them under the system framed by the legislature, have been attended with no effect: the parents are not willing to contribute the necessary quota, and consequently no schoolmasters can be appointed. Probably this apathy may be attributable to the same source as that which renders these people so peculiar in the picture compared with those around them. A feeling of isolated existence and separate interests, in the first instance, has been softened down into sacred reverence for the habits of their fathers. Possessed of few ideas beyond those relating to their own immediate wants, they know not that active, perhaps I should say, that restless spirit of enterprise which ever urges forward to the acquirement of more: they are satisfied with their condition as it is: a competence sufficient for their simple mode of life is easily obtained; and beyond this they do not care to make any farther exertion. In practical traits of social morality, they shine pre-eminent. Their community is in some respects like that of a large family. Should one of their members be left a widow without any immediate protector or means of support, her neighbours unite their labours in tilling her land, securing the crops, and cutting her winter-fuel. Instances of a second marriage are rare among them. Children who may become orphans are always taken into the families of their relations or friends, who make no distinction between them and their own offspring.'—pp. 256—260.

Near Tusket during the same route, Captain Moorsom had an opportunity of contemplating a very beautiful spectacle, a grove of maple trees.

'Near Tusket we pass through a fine grove of large maple-trees, not crowded together and shooting up like lathy saplings, but spread over the sward, and presenting a fair breadth of timber. The trunks appear to have been mutilated on all sides by the axe, which at first sight inclined me to exclaim with indignation against the Gothic barbarians of the vicinity. These trees are of the description called rock or sugar-maple, and in the back-settlements are of great value in furnishing a luxury which the young settlers would otherwise be unable to procure. In the early part of spring, when the night frosts are succeeded by a powerful sun, the maple is tapped by making an incision through the bark, near the bottom of the trunk. A branch, hollowed in order to act like a spout, is fixed in the opening, and the sap soon trickles down and is received into rude troughs hewn out of a log, and placed under the spout. Boiling the juice thus collected is the only farther process required. A rock-maple, of good average size and quality, will produce, during a favourable season, about three or four pounds of sugar. The cakes into which the liquid is usually moulded are exactly like a large lump of brown soap, for which I have for more than once mistaken them. In Cape Breton, great pains are taken in making this sugar; and loaf-sugar refined in Halifax, from the maple, is sometimes seen on a Nova-Scotian tea-table, chiefly however as a curiosity, for the quality is greatly inferior to that from the West Indies. The country people do not manufacture it to any considerable extent; for, although it requires but little labour while the trees are close at hand, still, as these become exhausted, and the people who attend to the troughs have to go farther into the woods, the time thus occupied becomes too valuable to be

abstracted from the farm, and the sugar or molasses required by the family is purchased from the merchant.'—pp. 267, 268.

In the course of his journey, the traveller had occasion to cross several plains that were totally free from wood for miles around, occasioned by conflagrations which sometimes seize upon the forests of America, and create astonishment by the rapidity of their progress. The author says—

'A fire in the forest is no harmless joke in Nova Scotia; the immense extent of country devastated by the fire of Miramichi, in 1825, remains, and will remain for many years, a monument of the incalculable ravages that may thus be occasioned. Not far from Barrington the woods caught fire by accident a few years ago; the flames flew with rapidity in the direction of the wind across the province as far as Sissiboo, and burnt numerous buildings and much farming stock. In fifteen hours they spread from Yarmouth to Annapolis, a distance of one hundred miles, before they were exhausted on the Western shore. These fires are most frequent in the month of June, when the timber that has been cut down for clearing the land has become sufficiently dry to burn. If the season has been unattended with wet weather, the fire sometimes spreads to the standing timber, and then, woe betide those whose cottages stand on the verge of the wood to leeward of the flame, unless change of wind or a shower of rain obviate the danger! I have known Halifax enveloped for several days in a cloud of smoke, so thick that the sight was limited to less than a hundred yards, and the fire which occasioned it was then five-and-thirty miles distant. The appearance of the forest, after fire has passed through it, is the most desolate that can be imagined: the blackened trunks are left without the smallest vestige of vegetation; some leaning half fallen or lying uprooted and prostrate like large logs of charcoal. The very ground is scorched to an unnatural colour; and the appalling stillness of the scene always brings forcibly to my mind the "blasted city" of the Sultana Scheherazade.

'It is a singular fact, that the quality of the young timber which, after a brief interval, springs up through the soil, is always the converse of that which has been destroyed: thus, if soft wood previously occupied the ground, hard wood, such as beech, birch, and maple, invariably replaces it; and these in their turn are succeeded, after a conflagration, by the various pieces of fir. I do not remember to have heard any reasonable theories on this subject:—and, for myself, I pretend not to account for it.'—pp. 270—272.

Such a phenomenon as this is by no means new in the history of vegetation. Mr. Cunningham, the author of a very clever and amusing work on New South Wales, states facts of a similar nature as occurring there. In Fort Enterprize, and in the districts in the same latitude in the northern regions, it is the custom of the inhabitants to set fire to the pine forests, which continue to burn until the rainy season, when they are generally put out by the wet. The soil on which the trees stood remains waste for a considerable time, and at last mosses and lichens begin to clothe the surface. Vegetation becomes more rapid by

degrees, and at length thickets of slender aspens cover the entire soil. This circumstance would be unaccountable if we did not know that the seeds of the aspen are of a nature so very light as to be capable of being easily transported by the winds. Seeds are continually carried by birds, and by other imperceptible agents, from place to place. But if it be true, that the destruction of a *soft* wood forest is followed invariably by the sprouting out of a *hard* wood forest, we must have recourse to an additional explanation which seems to us to be quite satisfactory. It is an established law of vegetable nature, that forests consisting of a certain species of timber, do not admit trees of another species amongst them. We can easily suppose that the soil on which a natural forest of a particular description of timber is produced, contained primitively the seeds of other trees as well as the seeds of those which actually grew. The success of the two sorts is incompatible. If then the trees that have so long held dominion of the soil be destroyed, and that too at a period when they shall be so old as that no more sprouts can proceed from their stumps, in such a case we can readily believe that the latent seeds, whose germination had been so long restrained by an intolerant occupier of the soil, should, on the removal of their oppressors, be reanimated, and should spring up in all the vigour of newly acquired freedom. However, of this we are at all events certain, that as grass will not grow on the soil of dense forests, so the seeds of trees will not germinate in those pastures called steppes, where the grass grows to such an enormous height.

Captain Moorsom pursued his route over a very considerable part of the province, marking with an acute and intelligent eye, the state of manners and customs as he went along. The condition of society in a particular country, is very often indicated by the state of its houses of entertainment, and under that impression we shall quote one more description of an inn, premising that it is situated in the eastern extremity of the province, where civilization does not appear to have been as rapid in its growth as in that part of the country where we had before accompanied the Captain to his inn :—

'Hearing that a Judge of the Supreme Court, then on the circuit, had made a certain inn his halting-place for a night, I pushed on thither, anticipating the undefinable pleasures of a "snuggery." Twilight, which in this climate lasts but a few minutes, closed as I approached the spot; and were such a thing as romance known in America, I should have been tempted to indulge in the romantic. The house, a cottage of one story, lay in a hollow shaded by deep foliage; the path leading to the door wound round the back, which exhibited little signs of habitation; out of twelve window-panes, five at least being broken. Hardly was the aspect within more inviting; for, though no stiletto met the eye,—unless a nondescript sort of rapier, probably betokening the dignity held by mine host in the provincial bands, might pass for such; still, the unshaven visage and

rough figure of the said dignitary marked him equally well adapted for bravo or back-woodsman. In the open chimney-nook sat an old beldame humming a nursery requiem, interrupted by exclamations of impatience at the impracticability of quieting the clamour of a half-naked infant on her lap; while a younger female with face and head half-European, half-Indian, and clothed apparently in nothing but a loose gown, without any under garments, strode round the hearth busied in broiling salt mackarel as a "relish" to potatoes. The dormitory was not more inviting; each sash was minus a pane; and although the light-robed damsel of the mackarel considerately crammed her husband's hat into one aperture, remarking that it would "serve to keep out the wind," through the other rushed a stream of cold air that greatly endangered the candle. The sheets of a truck-bed in one corner disclosed a tale probably of murder, certainly of woe; and quickly did there arise before my terrified imagination the manes of whole hosts of those nightly enemies to human repose, conjuring up their still living progeny to avenge their own untimely fate. However, though I certainly was only *supposed* to sleep here, and this not from any play of imagination, but owing to *bonâ fide* facts, I arose next morning at least unmurdered, and half an hour's ride up the beautiful vale of Guysboro', glittering in all the dewy loveliness of the rising sun, entirely effaced whatever unpleasing reflections might have arisen from the style of its "entertainment." '—pp. 336—338.

We must now take leave of the Captain, having to thank him for a very amusing and highly instructive volume, on a subject which, but for himself, we should have pronounced one of the most unpromising that a writer, at liberty to choose, would select. We rather hope, than believe that there are many officers in our regiments endowed with similar tastes and talents to his, and a similar inclination to make them available to the public. A measure, suggested by the King, for collecting the annals of every regiment in the service, will call into play the minds of our instructed military men, and thus an impulse will be given to the employment of talent, which may be useful beyond the mere objects for which that impulse is given.

ART. II.—*The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society, delineated. Published with the Sanction of the Council, under the superintendence of the Secretary and Vice-Secretary of the Society. Quadrupeds.* Vol. I. 8vo. London: Sharpe. 1830.

WHEN we heard it first announced that the world was to be favoured with a descriptive account of the Menagerie and Museum of the Zoological Society, and that, too, by a familiar of this truly admirable association, we prepared ourselves, we own, for one of the most agreeable intellectual treats that the genius or attainments of modern times could provide. We felt that our present knowledge of zoology was all of the bookish kind; that the writers in it with which we are best acquainted, were only retailers of the same facts, and we longed for such new lights on the great subject, as we

humbly supposed a very unusual opportunity for observation would have been the means of affording. It is, we thought to ourselves, an officer of the Society that is to do the work—he has access at all moments to the menagerie; there is no time, no season, for suspending his observations, or, if there be, he can catechise the keepers, and commission them to direct their attention to whatever matters, in the course of their attendance, he pleases; in short, he has the most unlimited power of rendering the ample and various community of animals belonging to the Society, subservient to the establishment of sound principles in a science, where, we fear, such principles are very much wanted.

But, we confess, we are not able to describe the bitter mortification we endured upon the perusal of the present volume. It is our duty to explain the grounds of our disappointment. We find in the preface with which the work opens, a statement of the motives which led to this publication. Of that preface, generally, it is, perhaps, enough to say that, as an official retrospect of the foundation and progress of the Zoological Society, it is chargeable with an unpardonable omission, in never even alluding to the name or benefactions of Sir Stamford Raffles. But that is not of so much consequence. The motives, we repeat, which have led to this publication, are stated in the preface; and to avoid every possibility of misrepresentation, we shall give them in the editor's words.

'It cannot be a matter of surprise that under such circumstances there should have arisen in the public mind a taste for zoological pursuits, and a desire for correct zoological information. To promote that taste and to gratify that wholesome desire, are the objects of the present publication.—One great aim of the Society is to diffuse as widely as possible a practical acquaintance with living animals, in order to eradicate those vulgar prejudices which have in too many instances usurped the place of truth, and to substitute just ideas, drawn from actual observation, instead of false deductions from distorted facts,* or wild speculations built upon erroneous foundations. By the same views has the editor of the following pages been guided. Popular works on Zoology have too long been left to the mercy of writers little, if at all, conversant with the science of which they pro-

* We could very much wish that gentlemen who undertake to write upon scientific subjects, would show a little more logical precision in their expressions than we too often find to be the case. The words 'false deductions from distorted facts,' could scarcely be written by one accustomed to consider the principles of reasoning. The misfortune which the writer here intends to denounce, is not that *false* deductions are drawn from distorted facts—but it is, that really legitimate deductions are drawn from what are erroneously supposed to be facts. The whole evil is that the premises are false—not that the deductions are false. The more logical the deductions from premises that are false, the greater the error; and it is the characteristic operation of insane minds to reason rightly from wrong premises. The man who makes a wrong inference from false assertions, may be nearer the truth than he who makes a right one from such.

fessed to treat; and the natural consequence has been the growth and repetition of errors of the grossest kind. But the altered temper of the times, connected with the extensive support given to a popular Society for the cultivation of Zoology, appeared to afford a peculiarly favourable opportunity for attempting to counteract this baneful practice, and the editor felt himself in some degree called upon by the office which he held to undertake the task.

'The first requisite for the attainment of the end proposed was obviously an extensive circulation; and this could only be secured by the use of the common forms of our language, in place of those technical expressions which render most scientific works unintelligible to the general reader.—Such expressions the editor has studiously endeavoured to avoid; and in the few instances in which he has been compelled, for the sake of perspicuity, to have recourse to them, he has either added an explanation of their meaning, or so modelled the context as to render explanation unnecessary to any person of even moderate education. By thus addressing his language to the world at large, instead of confining it by the use of technicalities to the limited circle of professed zoologists, he trusts that he has to a certain extent enlarged the boundaries of the science without detracting from its real importance; for it has been his endeavour throughout the work to employ English terms as definite in their meaning and as precise in their limitation, as those which are usually considered exclusively zoological.'—pp. vi. vii.

If it be the strong disposition of the Zoological Society to eradicate ignorance and prejudice, with respect to the structure and habits of animals; and if it be the anxious desire, as, no doubt, it is the duty, of an officer of that Society, to minister to the policy of those from whom he derives his powers, then we are authorised to conclude, that the seats of the darkest ignorance, and the places where baneful prejudices most abound, would be the chosen resorts to which the missionaries of true knowledge would eagerly direct their footsteps. The editor acknowledges that the first requisite for the attainment of the end proposed, by the publication of his work, was an extensive circulation. Altogether agreeing in the principle, we strongly dissent from him as to the means of carrying that principle into effect. He claims credit for having set aside the trammels of technical language, and for having modified his expressions to the popular understanding. We do not withhold from him the praise which he merits. But it is not enough that knowledge is simplified, and made level with the minds of partially educated persons,—it must also be cheap; and here is the fundamental, and, we fear, fatal error of this literary expedition into the realms of ignorance and error. Truth is not always that charming object, that, to be loved and adopted, she needs but to be seen. Very unfortunately, her visage is any thing but attractive in the eyes of mankind in general. The diffusion of just knowledge has always been attended with difficulty, and it has ever been the aim of good and wise men to diminish the obstacles to its universal reception. How absurd in a professed friend of knowledge

to increase those checks instead of removing them, yet this is exactly what the editor of this book has done. The price of one guinea which he has set upon his book,—that book being but, perhaps, a small division of a general work, the expence of which will be equal in proportion,—is enough to cut off nearly the whole community for which the volume is expressly prepared. How strange it is that a man who takes the trouble to reduce hard language into popular phrases, should never dream of making a similar concession to the pecuniary circumstances of the persons for whom he writes: as if they who are but moderately educated,—they who are most overwhelmed with prejudices on matters of science, were not exactly the individuals to whom pounds and shillings were a very serious object. A guinea for a book about apes and white-nosed monkies! A guinea for such a commodity from the man in middle life, who earned it at the peril of his health;—one and twenty shillings from the artisan, the produce of as many score drops of sweat wrung from his brow! A guinea, we can tell the editor, is many a man's fortune, who stands very much in need of having his mind relieved from errors and prejudices in physiology. So much money is a treasure capable of purchasing pleasures even more transcendant than those which the naturalist can teach us to enjoy. It will make a man a governor of a charity, or an asylum; it will place in his hands the power to succour and console his afflicted fellow creatures; many and many a noble spirit pining in a dungeon, would a guinea restore to liberty and renewed life; many a wayward wanderer from the right path would so much money set up in credit and integrity; what a palace would it not secure to the houseless; what a patrimony would it not be to the orphan! Well it is for those who have money to buy these various luxuries; but those shall not be blamed surely, who, having the power of making only one purchase, resolve to obtain the greatest amount of value for their little capital.

Looking at the plan of the editor, therefore, we regard it as preposterous in the extreme, and we think we may confidently anticipate that the "requisite" which he purposes to supply in the present volume, is this moment as much a desideratum as it was before he took a pen in his hand. What would be thought of the Society, were they to receive no visitors at the gardens except those who should be transported there in their own carriages, and yet to proclaim at the same time that the interior was beautifully adapted to the convenience of pedestrians? Change names and things, and this is the ridiculous feat which the editor has accomplished. A terrible disorder, he exclaims, is epidemic; he holds the specific, but has the conscience to ask a ruinous price for it from those who stand in need of its virtues.

We have hitherto conceded that the work was really all that it pretended to be, a repository of information destined to recover zoological science from the tender mercies of popular writers, but little, if at

all conversant with the science which they had presumed to treat; and that it would eradicate vulgar prejudices, which had, in too many instances, usurped the place of truth, &c., &c.

Why, the renowned knight of La Mancha himself, issuing forth in full panoply, with vizor drawn and lance couched, never converted half so many innocent windmills and harmless caravans into mortal enemies, as the modest Vice-Secretary of the Zoological Society.

Now, we are very much disposed to inquire what 'vulgar prejudice,' what 'baneful practice,' it is that the editor has encountered and triumphed over, in the present volume? We have already expressed the mortification we felt at finding that the splendid opportunity for observation, afforded by the zoological collection in the Regent's Park, and in Bruton Street, proved so utterly barren in the hands of one of the officers of the establishment to which the collection belongs. That opportunity seems to have availed but little towards augmenting the stores of true knowledge; so that, in plain truth, the means of eradicating error and removing prejudice, as to zoological matters, are just in the same amount, and the same state of efficiency, as they were before the present editor offered to illuminate the world. We think we are justified to the letter, in saying, that there is not a single authentic fact, relating to any zoological specimen in this work, and which is opposed to any received notion or popular prejudice, that is not to be found in other publications, long anterior to the date of the present one. If the author had stated facts, or appealed to his own experience, or to that of others who have superintended the menagerie, in confirmation of principles already but imperfectly established, he would have been doing a service to science; but even this is far from being generally the case.

We acknowledge that the personal description of the animals is very correct. We have tested some of those descriptions with our own eyes, and we are therefore witnesses to their accuracy. But then that is the principal or only merit of the work. It deserves all the credit of being a faithful catalogue, and no more. Hence the four-fifths of the contents of the book are derived openly from former writers. We are regaled with the history of the Arctic bear in a state of nature, but not a word have we of his habits in the Zoological Gardens. We are told, perhaps, that he is mild and docile, and so forth; but there the information ends, and even that scanty portion is added at the end of each chapter, as if it was deemed to be nothing more than a little piece of superfluity which might as well be left out as retained.

The time that has elapsed since the formation of the Society, surely has afforded the very amplest opportunity for making observations on the collection. Many of the specimens have died; some have been killed, and altogether we do not conceive it possible that a diligent and acute observer of the animals for such a length

of time, could have seen nothing in their habits which would be interesting and instructive. We expected, at least, that some light would be thrown by observation on many of those disputed points, upon which conflicting testimony has held the learned world so long in suspense. But nothing of the sort is to be met with in these pages. We cannot find throughout the elaborate volume before us, any trace whatever of an experiment having been tried upon any of the animals. We do not see that their conduct has been narrowly watched, that the effects of the revolutions of the seasons upon them has been marked, or indeed, that any effort has been made to draw them into situations in which it would be possible for them by their actions to set at rest several controverted points touching their instincts or faculties. Let us illustrate our meaning. Of all the animals whose powers have been exaggerated, and with respect to whom more 'vulgar prejudices exist,' there is none which has been more unjustly misrepresented than the Beaver. This quadruped has been for a considerable time an inhabitant of the Zoological Gardens. In speaking of the beaver, does the author of this work draw a single fact or illustration from the animals which he may have, or ought to have, observed? Not one. Everything about the beaver, in his book, is drawn from established works, works which have long been familiar to the public. Again, what do we learn of the Polar bear, except what we have already at our fingers' ends? And upon this very matter of the bear, we think we have some right to find fault with the editor, for not having dealt so fairly as he might with the moderately educated, and those whose vulgar prejudices require to be eradicated. We should like to know upon what authority it is that he takes it as a settled point, that the bear emerges from his state of hybernation in a lean and exhausted condition. We have very strong authority for the contrary opinion. We have the accounts of Scandinavian naturalists, and we have the testimony of North American hunters, all of whom tell us that the bear comes forth from his retreat in spring, in a condition which is utterly inconsistent with the notion that he had fed during the winter on the redundant fat with which he had commenced the season of lethargy. But we do not complain that the editor of this work has expressed a confident opinion upon the question at issue; we are only disappointed that the bears of the Zoological Gardens have not been so managed, as to furnish a fact or a hint that would make for one side or the other of the argument. This surely might have been done. Is it merely for show that the animals are kept? Then better send them to Bartholomew fair, where the sight of them will be duly appreciated. But if they are retained for higher purposes, if they are destined to act as an undeniable criterion of the principles of physiological science, why is so little use made of a long and familiar acquaintance with them?

We hear of naturalists sallying forth into the woods, and in-

curring innumerable perils, to get a sight of some interesting specimen, and to be informed of its habits and manners. One of the most delightful books in our language on natural history, is the record of observations made under circumstances when accident only gave the opportunity of snatching them. It is therefore with no little astonishment we find that, with such unbounded means of adding to our stores of zoological information, no adequate advantage has been derived from them, and that every thing worth reading in this book, might have been as well written by a person who had never seen the Menagerie.

We have already observed, that several of the animals of the Society's collection have died. We should certainly say, that an account of the diseases of the defunct animals, and of the progress and termination of these diseases, would have been extremely appropriate in a work like that before us. We have heard that the monkies especially have been the victims of strumous disorders; it is matter of interest and use to ascertain the fact. Now let us be understood to say what we really mean. We do not want the autopsy of every animal that dies in the menagerie to be trumpeted forth in all its pathological details to the world. But we wish that some general account of the death of each of these creatures should be furnished to the public: that the symptoms and history of its complaint—if a complaint was apparent—should be stated, and that solely with the view of challenging the judgment of the reasoning classes upon the best mode of treating animals of the same species in future in this climate; to say nothing of the higher uses which such information would serve. The recent history both of plants and animals, goes very far to justify the opinion that every sort of animal, as well as every sort of vegetable, may be acclimated in every given latitude. However this be, it is at all events certain, that what are called exotics in the animal or vegetable world, are dependent for the length of their existence in this climate, very much on the management to which they are subjected.

If there be any instance which could be quoted as an exception to the general character which we have given of the descriptions contained in this book, it is the chapter on the Chinchilla, of which we have the following particulars:—

'Although a native of the alpine valleys of Chili, and consequently subjected in its own country to the effects of a low temperature of the atmosphere, against which its thick coat affords an admirable protection, it was thought necessary to keep it during the winter in a moderately warm room, and a piece of flannel was even introduced into its sleeping apartment for its greater comfort. But this indulgence was most pertinaciously rejected, and as often as the flannel was replaced, so often was it dragged by the little animal into the outer compartment of its cage, where it amused itself with pulling it about, rolling it up and shaking it with its feet and teeth. In other respects it exhibits but little playfulness, and gives few

signs of activity, seldom disturbing its usual quietude by any sudden or extraordinary gambols, but occasionally displaying strong symptoms of alarm when startled by any unusual occurrence. It is, in fact, a remarkably tranquil and peaceable animal, unless when its timidity gets the better of its gentleness.

'A second individual of this interesting species has lately been added to the collection by the kindness of Lady Knighton, in whose possession it had remained for twelve months previously to her presenting it to the Society. This specimen is larger in its size and rougher in its fur than the one above described; its colour is also less uniformly gray, deriving a somewhat mottled appearance from the numerous small blackish spots which are scattered over the back and sides. It is possible that this may be the Peruvian variety, mentioned in the extract from Schmidtmeyer's Travels, as furnishing a less delicate and valuable fur than the Chilian animal. It is equally good tempered and mild in its disposition; and, probably in consequence of having been domiciliated in a private house instead of having been exhibited in a public collection, is much more tame and playful. In its late abode it was frequently suffered to run about the room, when it would show off its agility by leaping to the height of the table. Its food consisted principally of dry herbage, such as hay and clover, on which it appears to have thriven greatly. That of the Society's original specimen has hitherto been chiefly grain of various kinds, and succulent roots.

'When the new comer was first introduced into Bruton Street, it was placed in the same cage with the other specimen; but the latter appeared by no means disposed to submit to the presence of the intruder. A ferocious kind of scuffling fight immediately ensued between them, and the latter would unquestionably have fallen a victim, had it not been rescued from its impending fate. Since that time they have inhabited separate cages, placed side by side; and although the open wires would admit of some little familiarity taking place between them, no advances have as yet been made on either side. Such an isolated fact can, of course, have little weight in opposition to the testimony of Molina, that the Chinchilla is fond of company. It is nevertheless a remarkable circumstance, and deserves to be mentioned in illustration of the habits of these animals.'—pp. 10—12.

Speaking of a leopard in the Society's collection, about which we may observe that there is, personally, a very extraordinary absence of information, the editor enters into a description of the peculiarities, moral as well as physical, that are common to the whole feline group.

'The dentary system of the animals of this group consist of six small and nearly equal incisors in each jaw, disposed in an almost straight line in front of the mouth; of two canines bounding the series of incisors, those of the upper jaw of great length, strong, conical, sharp-pointed, slightly incurved, passing, as in all carnivorous beasts, when the mouth is closed, behind those of the lower, which scarcely differ from them in form, but are somewhat inferior in size and power; and of cheek-teeth, which require a more particular description. These are four in number in the upper jaw, and generally three in the lower; the two anterior in both series

are smaller than the third, and furnished each with a single, somewhat conical, pointed, central process; the third in the lower forms two, and in the upper three, sharp-pointed lobes, with an additional internal tubercle in the latter; and the fourth, which is peculiar to the upper jaw and is placed within the posterior margin of the third, offers nothing more than a small transverse tubercle. The series is not absolutely uninterrupted, a vacancy being left between the two somewhat larger lateral incisors of the upper jaw and the canines for the reception of the canines of the lower jaw, and the cheek-teeth being seldom placed in close apposition with each other or with the canines. The slightest inspection of these organs, and more especially of the canine and of the larger cheek-teeth (the latter of which may be denominated lacerators, a term equivalent to the French designation of *carnassiers*), is sufficient to prove that nothing can be better adapted to the purpose of tearing asunder the large masses of flesh which are swallowed by these animals without being subjected to the process of mastication, which their structure and the nature of the food renders at once unnecessary and impracticable.

'To assist in the laceration of their food, the tongues of the Cats are armed, especially towards the hinder part, with numerous close-set bristly or rather prickly papillæ, the points of which are directed backwards; and their palates offer a series of transverse ridges covered with rough and projecting tubercles. The opening of the mouth is of great extent in proportion to the size of the animals; a fact which is frequently illustrated in a striking manner in travelling exhibitions, the keepers of which are in the habit of thrusting their heads into the Lions' mouths, to the no small amusement of some, and the almost equal terror of others, among the gaping spectators. The muscles which move the lower jaw are also of great bulk, and the point on which they immediately act is brought so far forwards, in consequence of the breadth and shortness of the muzzle, as to give them the highest degree of attainable force.

'The claws of all the genuine species of Felis are of considerable length, much curved, with sharp cutting edges and finely pointed extremities. The edge and point of these destructive organs is preserved unimpaired by a particular provision, which enables them to be entirely withdrawn within sheaths appropriated for the purpose, enclosed within folds of the skin which covers the extremity of the toes. These are five in number on the four feet and four on the hind; and are remarkably short and obtuse. Their under surface is furnished with several distinct callous tubercles, on which the animal rests in progression, no other part of the feet being applied to the ground. The Cats are consequently truly and typically digitigrade; they possess no sole, and the part which corresponds with the heels of the majority of quadrupeds occupies in them a conspicuous station on the posterior part of their limbs, considerably above the tubercles at the base of the toes on which alone they tread. Their legs are short and muscular; and their joints rounded, supple, and in the highest degree flexible.

'In the general outline of their form the Cats exhibit a remarkable uniformity. They are all distinguished by the elongated, but not particularly slender, make of their bodies, which are much flattened on the sides; by their short thick necks, taking for the most part a nearly horizontal direction; and by the broad and rounded form of their heads, which are usually

much larger in proportion in the males than in the females. Their hair is close, soft, generally smooth, and often beautifully sleek. Its colour is rarely uniform; the far greater number of the species having a tendency to assume a striped or spotted livery, which frequently exhibits such rich and varied markings as to render their furs extremely valuable. The tips of the ears in some of the species, and the extremity of the tail in others, are surmounted by pencils or tufts of longer and differently coloured hairs; but these are wanting in the majority. Their moustaches are generally of great length, and composed of numerous bristles, which appear to be of considerable use to these animals, the sense of feeling being concentrated in them, or rather in the nerves which communicate with them, in a remarkable degree. The removal of these appendages is consequently observed to produce, for a time at least, no little embarrassment. The tails of the different species vary greatly in proportionate length; they are, however, always cylindrical, and covered uniformly with hair of the same kind as that which invests the body.

'In intellectual character these animals occupy a very inferior station; and fortunate it is that such is the case. Were it not for that degradation in their mental faculties, which renders them incapable of employing their physical powers in concert with each other, what ravages would they not be enabled to commit? What could resist their prodigious and destructive force, if that force were accompanied by the sagacity of the dog or even of the wolf? But it has been wisely provided that in the same proportion as these beasts advance in the accumulation of corporeal means of destruction, they should recede in those intellectual qualifications which might otherwise be made the means of devastating the creation, while they are the less necessary for their individual preservation.

'Conscious of their own undisputed superiority which secures them against the attacks of other animals, they never associate together in troops, but each with his female partner occupies a solitary den, which is usually concealed in the depths of the forest. Hence, when pressed by hunger, they issue forth in search of their prey, which they rarely attack with open force; but stealing on with noiseless tread, or stationing themselves in ambush in such situations as appear suitable to their purpose, watch with indefatigable patience the approach of their victim. Their motions are peculiarly characteristic of their habits and mode of life. Incapable of long-continued speed, their usual gait is slow, cautious, and stealthy, with their posterior limbs bent beneath them, and their ears distended to catch the most trifling noise. Guided by these organs, the internal structure of which is highly developed, they trace the sound of footsteps at an almost incredible distance, and direct themselves towards their prey with unerring certainty. In this quest the sense of smell, which they possess in a very low degree, affords them but little assistance; their sight, however, is good, and serves them equally well both by day and night, their extremely dilatable pupils adapting themselves with admirable precision to various intensities of light. To this object the frequently elongated form of their pupils, the generally yellow colour of the internal or choroid coat of their eyes, and the extent of their nictitating membranes must also essentially contribute.

'No sooner is the object of their pursuit within reach of their attack, than suddenly bursting forth from their lurking place, or changing their slow and stealthy pace for a furious and overwhelming bound, they dart with

the velocity of lightning upon their terrified victim. The great strength and extreme flexibility of their fore paws enable them at once to dash him to the earth, and to seize him with an irresistible grasp. They then proceed to rend him in pieces by the united efforts of their teeth and claws, and gorge themselves upon his lacerated flesh. It is only when fearful of being disturbed in their operations that they carry off the body from the spot where it has fallen; and even in such cases they never transfer it to their dens, but seek out some solitary place in which to glut their ravenous cravings. When satiated they quit the carcase, to which they never return, and retire to their dens to sleep off the effects of their gluttonous meal; not again to awake until their renovated appetite stimulates to a repetition of the murderous scene. Even their amours are accompanied with a degree of savage barbarity; and the female is not unfrequently called upon to protect their mutual offspring from the ravenous jaws of her male companion.

'Next to their ferocity, the leading feature in the moral character of all the Cats is suspicion. It is this which imparts, even to the largest and most powerful of the group, an air of wiliness and malignity, but ill assorting with their gigantic size and immense muscular power. Of this feeling they can never be entirely divested; it is sufficiently remarkable even in the domesticated race; but becomes still more obvious in those which are kept in a state of confinement, and which, however well they may appear reconciled to their condition, and how much soever they may seem attached to their keepers, are startled by the slightest unusual occurrence, and become restless, uneasy, and mistrustful, whenever any change, however trifling, takes place in the objects by which they are surrounded.'—pp. 88—93.

This is on the whole an admirable description, and no one can read it without lamenting that the powers which it displays were not employed in observations on the living animals themselves, and not on the second-hand descriptions of others. Again, we have a very lengthened account of the Natural History of Bears of all sorts; but as to that interesting pair with which the young generation of this metropolis is so well acquainted, we mean the inhabitants of the pit, in the gardens, the only notice we have of them individually is, that they illustrate the differences between old and young bears, and that one was presented by Lord Hertford and the other by Mr. Edgell. We have to pass over a considerable portion of the book, before we arrive at any further anecdotes that have the appearance of being supplied by observations in the gardens. The following passage respecting the Slow-paced Lemur, though seemingly the result of what has occurred in the gardens, yet really states nothing which other naturalists have not already mentioned.

'The habits of this singular creature are perfectly nocturnal. It sleeps throughout the whole of the day, unless when disturbed, either rolled up on the floor of its cage, or more commonly suspended by its paws from the bars, with its body drawn together and its head folded in upon the breast. Towards evening it rouses itself by degrees, and remains watchful during the night. Its first care on awaking is to make itself clean by licking its fur like a cat; and its next to satisfy its appetite. Its natural food appears

to consist of a mixture of animal and vegetable substances. The latter, especially the sweeter fruits, and sopped bread sprinkled with sugar, have usually formed the principal part of the diet of those with whose history we have been made acquainted; but the smaller animals, whether mice, birds, or insects, appear to be more peculiarly acceptable. In its motions it is excessively slow and languid. When on the ground its posture is constrained and unnatural, and it rather drags itself along than walks. On a tree, or in mounting the bars of its cage, it seems more at its ease, but still moves with slow and cautious regularity. Grasping a branch or a bar in the first place tightly with one of its fore paws, it gradually fixes the other, and then advances its binder hands with equal slowness and precision, never quitting its hold with the one until it has ascertained the firmness of its grasp with the other.

'In consequence, as we may imagine, of this want of activity, the Slow-paced Lemur is peculiarly susceptible of cold, to guard it from which, its thick fur, so unusual in the animals of a tropical climate, is beautifully adapted. Generally speaking, it is a timid and even a gentle animal, rarely offering offence unless when provoked or hastily disturbed from its slumbers. On such occasions it will bite with considerable fierceness. But in cold weather its anger is much more easily roused, and it evinces an excessive degree of irritability. Notwithstanding its apparent slothfulness it is easily disturbed, more especially by any unusual sound, the complicated structure of its large open organs of hearing rendering them peculiarly susceptible. It seems to become after a time in some degree familiar with those by whom it is fed and protected, and allows them to stroke it on the head and throat, appearing to take a pleasure in their caresses.

'In feeding it commonly seizes its food with both hands, and then consigns it to one, sitting upright on its haunches and generally suspended by its hinder paws, to eat it. When a small live animal is placed within its reach, it relaxes its hold with its fore paws, and seizing its victim with more rapidity than might be expected from its ordinary habits, destroys it with much dexterity, and soon deposits the carcase in its stomach, devouring the bones as well as the flesh, but rejecting the feathers of birds which it previously plucks off. It is probable that in a state of nature it lives almost wholly upon the trees, prowling abroad at night, and preying upon sleeping birds, insects, and mice, which it approaches unawares and seizes before they are sufficiently roused to notice its proximity; they would otherwise readily make their escape from an animal so tardy in its motions. When it fails in procuring these, it may have recourse to fruits, on which alone it thrives very well in captivity.

'Its nocturnal and unobtrusive habits may probably account in some degree for the rarity of its appearance. It seems, however, to be widely spread, having been found in Bengal and other parts of the Peninsula of Hindoostan, and in Ceylon, Penang, and Java.'—pp. 143, 144.

The account of the Thibet dog is drawn entirely from other sources, and so little allusion is made to the existence of one, that we are left altogether in doubt, as to whether or not there be a Thibet dog in the Society's collection. Then the beaver in the gardens is treated with similar neglect; the whole chapter on the habits of that animal being, as we before observed, derived from

Hearne and Cartwright. Indeed we are provoked at the indifference with which the individuals in the collection are regarded. They are barely named, and sometimes do not even receive the compliment of a notice; and whilst we are almost dying with interest to know how they feed, and how they live, the editor flies off into a general description of their tribe or group, or into a controversy about the identity of the naturalist to whom the merit of its first description is due. The only other passage which at all approaches to the character of that plan and execution, which ought to have altogether guided the editor in preparing this work, is to be found in the account of the Pine Marten.

'The individuals figured in our cut were sent from Russia to the late Marchioness of Londonderry, as specimens of the true Sable. From this animal, as described by Pallas, they were at once distinguished by the well defined yellow patch spreading over their chest and throat, and by the length of their tail, which considerably exceeded that of their hinder legs. Their colour during the winter was, with the exception of the throat and the margins of the ears (which were likewise yellow), of a deep chesnut, with somewhat of a blackish tinge, and their hair extremely long and fine. The fore legs of one of them were crossed in front towards the upper part by a yellowish stripe. In summer they assumed a much lighter tinge, and their hair became so much shorter as to give them the appearance of being scarcely more than half their former bulk. The extremities of their toes, which had been well protected by lengthened wool throughout the cold weather, were also stripped of their covering and the claws completely exposed. In manners they were lively, active, and good humoured; they slept much during the day, but frequently indulged in whirling themselves, half climbing and half leaping, round the inside of their cage with such rapidity as almost to elude the sight.

'The Museum in Bruton-street contains five more specimens of the group, besides those which obviously belong to distinct species from the animals under consideration. Two of these, both British, may fairly be referred to the Beech Marten in its winter and summer dress. The former has the long hairs of a fulvous brown, few in number, and interspersed in a dense cinereous fur; those of the tail and legs are blackish brown; the toes are slightly hairy beneath, but the claws project considerably. The sides of the head are paler, and the throat and chest dirty white, with no intermixture of yellow or brown. In the other the hairs of the body are very short; the fur is much less dense; the general colour is of a paler brown, extending to the legs and tail which are but little darker; the soles are less hairy; and the top of the head is of the same dirty white colour with the chest and throat. There are also two British specimens of what appears to be the Pine Marten. Neither of them seems to be in its full winter dress; but both are approaching towards it, and in different degrees. They are both darker than the darkest of the former; and there is consequently less difference between the colour of the body and that of the legs and tail. The latter, however, become insensibly deeper and at length nearly black towards their extremities. The upper part and sides of the head are nearly of the same colour with the body; the ears are pale yellow, especially round their margins; the throat and chest marked with a broad well defined patch of yellow with somewhat of an orange tinge; the

under part of the toes moderately hairy; but the claws nevertheless distinctly visible. In the fifth specimen, which was brought from the northern parts of America, the general colour is nearly the same with that of the individuals last mentioned; but its tail is considerably shorter, a circumstance which we can scarcely regard as otherwise than accidental in the present instance. The sides of the head are somewhat paler; and the throat, instead of a broad patch of white or yellow, exhibits only a kind of mottled appearance, formed by the intermixture of lighter and darker coloured spots of irregular shape and unequal size. This latter has generally been regarded as true Sable, and it must be owned that in some of its characters it approaches to Pallas' description; but if it be in reality any thing more than a variety of the Pine Marten, we should rather feel disposed to refer it to the race of Sables mentioned by that author as peculiar to America, and distinguished from those of Asia by their chesnut colour and the inferior quality of their fur. The Pine Martens are, however, known to vary greatly in the markings of their throat in the fur countries of America, where they are so abundant that upwards of a hundred thousand skins are annually collected.

'Such are the specimens of Martens contained in the Society's Museum. Other individuals exhibiting similar variations in their colouring and markings have been observed by us in various collections; but it would be useless to multiply descriptions leading to no conclusive result. If the Beech and Pine Martens of our own country be distinct, it is probable that the last described animal may also belong to a different species from either. We do not, however, hesitate to declare our opinion that the true Sable of Pallas is still a stranger to our collections; and we have good reason, in the silence of authors respecting it, for believing that it is equally unknown to the zoologists of the continent. It is certainly not a little singular that an animal so highly valued and so anxiously sought after, should be still a desideratum to the scientific world; but it is perhaps no less so, that the opinion which has been so lightly adopted with respect to such well known animals as the indigenous Martens, should never yet have been put to the test of direct experiment.'—pp. 237—240.

The reader, we are sure, will agree with us in thinking that if the same minute attention which is paid to the exterior description of the Martens, were only extended to that of their habits, the interest of the chapter would be very considerably enhanced. We fear that intense devotion to the mere scientific branches of any study, will unfit a man for being a pleasing and interesting guide to all the enjoyments, which that study is capable of yielding, to persons who have neither time nor powers to dive into its profundiites, or survey its nooks and corners. We fear, likewise, that the adventurers upon this newly-discovered ocean of experiment, zoology, are really not sufficiently apprised of the dangerous and subtle character of that spirit which always besets such navigators, and which, in most instances, is sure to prevail over them. We mean that proneness to generalize and construct principles upon the slightest scantling of a foundation. In the name of common sense, why are we not content to gather facts for the present? Enough of work is to be found for all hands in collecting those facts, in assaying them by the medium of a severe and inflexible

ordeal; and giving the stamp to those alone which deserve to be so marked. The result would then be, that instead of having to alter, every month, the terms of admission, by which this animal or the other is to be enrolled amongst the *Plantigrades* or the *Rodentia*, we should have experience governing principles, and not principles empirically set up without the authority of sufficient experience.

We have now fairly and candidly stated our opinion of the plan of diffusing sound information, which the Zoological Society has thus partly put into execution; and we have been the more decided in our condemnation of that plan, in order that it may the more forcibly warn those who have its management in their hands, that it is absolutely necessary to make some change, whilst yet there is opportunity for doing so. It has been thrown in the face of what are called the higher orders, that in every arrangement to which they are parties, connected with the convenience of the public, they think only of themselves. This reproach, if made against the Zoological Society, will not, we are sorry to say, be altogether without its pretence, if they continue, as they do, to make up books only for drawing-rooms, at a price which excludes them from the possession of all who are beyond the affluent ranks of society.

Again, we should like to know the meaning of that farce, of requiring that every non-subscriber shall obtain an order of admission from a subscriber, before he can enjoy the pleasure of a promenade within the gardens. This is high life below stairs with a vengeance. It is an exhibition of the weapons of assault, by those who know the consequencess of using them. These gardens are opened for public improvement, or they are not. If they be private property, and destined to be exclusively at the service of private individuals, why do the writers of the Society claim credit for the public benefit which they have conferred? But if, as we really believe, the Society has at heart the improvement and legitimate recreation of the bulk of the population of their country, then should they be utterly above putting in the way of visiters such vexatious obstructions, (vexatious and repulsive, absolutely, on account of their very insignificance,) as now wait upon every stranger desirous of seeing the collection.

We have partaken too often and too largely of the pleasures of the Society's menagerie, to harbour, for a moment, one wish or intention that was inconsistent with its highest prosperity. But our friendship is not so blind as to allow us to eulogize its follies, and cover its errors with admiration. We have no fancy to partake of the penalty which the poet awards to the infatuated lover, who adored, as a fresh beauty, the carbuncle on his mistress's nose.

It is only justice to state, that the work is crowded with engravings of animals, all executed in the most improved style of art; that the number of animals, described in this volume, amounts to sixty-four; and that an index is supplied, in which they are arranged according to the system of Cuvier.

ART. III.—*Supplement to the Life of Major General Sir T. Munro, &c.* By the Rev. G. R. Gleig. Vol. III. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

WE are told by the editor, that this third volume, consisting entirely of the correspondence of Sir T. Munro, was arranged in consequence of the very favourable manner in which the preceding volumes had been received. He observes that the scanty portions of the letters of his hero, which he had suffered to see the light through the medium of the first publication, were regulated by that discretion and experience which had taught him how little comparative interest the public at present felt for books connected with Indian affairs. We confess that the volume before us carries to our mind a strong conviction that the discretion which had dictated the original selection was an exceedingly sound one, and we only regret that it should have yielded, in this instance, to what in the nature of things can be more than a conditional promise of public encouragement. Perhaps the reading community will be better disposed, after this experiment, to rely upon the editorial discrimination of Mr. Gleig.

The correspondence which is here arranged embraces nearly the whole interval of the adult life of Sir Thomas Munro. The first is dated March, 1779, and gives a very brief account of the manner in which he spent his time whilst residing in London, before his voyage to India. We can discover neither in this, nor in most of the other letters which fill the first quarter of the volume, any fresh illustration of the character of this very excellent man; the cheerfulness, manly sensibility, and affection for his family, which are here pourtrayed by his own pencil, have been already before the public in still more vivid colours, in the letters which were incorporated with his biography in the former volumes. With some very few exceptions, the great bulk of the correspondence in this supplement is engrossed with matters entirely of a public nature. It relates to the progress of the war carried on at different points of Hindostan, during Sir Thomas Munro's official residence in that country; and, however important the contents may be to those who are in search of materials for acquiring a knowledge of the true history of modern India, they certainly offer very little that is interesting, or perhaps very agreeable to the general reader.

The first of the exceptions to which we have alluded, is the following letter addressed by Munro to his sister, which is in so very lively and humorous a strain, as to be capable, in our opinion, of "being the cause of humour in others."

'TO HIS SISTER.

'[Giving an account of the arrival of her miniature.—The date is wanting.]

'You fell into the hands of James George Graham of Madras; James can tell you who he is: and he marched you off for the Baramahl without

giving me any notice of your approach. I happened to call at Kishangury a few days after your arrival. There was a meeting of the officers to read some papers respecting the arrangements of the army, and you were introduced. You were handed to me—I looked at you carelessly, as coldly as if I never had seen you. I thought you were one of Graham's female cousins whom he had just returned from visiting, and I declared that it was highly improper that the gravity of our deliberations should be interrupted by women. I had just seized you to force you into your dark retreat, when the secret was discovered. You may easily guess that I granted you a reprieve, and surveyed you with more enquiring eyes, and with very different feelings; but still I could find no traces of the countenance which I once so well knew. I could perceive no marks of age to account for this change; but time, without making you old, has worked such a total revolution either on your looks or my memory, that you are now a perfect stranger to me. I cannot think that the fault is mine, for in general I remember long and distinctly both what I read and what I see. It must be you who have thrown off your old face and disguised yourself with a new one. I suspect, however, that the painter has assisted, for there was a Lieutenant Noble, from Greenock, present, who declares that he has often seen you and recollects you perfectly, yet he did not know your picture. The consolation to be derived from all this is, that we cannot meet after a separation of twenty years exactly as we parted. I have not been idle in that time, as you shall see when I return to expose my sun-dried beauty.

'(Here again several lines are lost.)

'I have myself so vulgar a taste, that I see more beauty in a plain dress than in one tricked out with the most elegant pattern that ever fashionable painter feigned. This unhappy depravity of taste has been occasioned, perhaps, by my having been so long accustomed to view the Brahmin women, who are in this country, both the first in rank and in personal charms, almost always arrayed in nothing but single pieces of dark blue cotton cloth, which they throw on with a decent art and a careless grace, which in Europe, I am afraid, is only to be found in the drapery of Antiques. The few solitary English ladies that I meet with only serve to strengthen my prejudices. I met with one the other day all bedizened and huddled into a new habit, different from any thing I had ever seen before. On asking her what name it went by, she was surprised that I did not know the *à la Grecque*. It looked for all the world like a large petticoat thrown over her shoulders, and drawn together close under her arms. I could not help smiling to think how Ganganelli, and the Abbé Winkelman, and the King of Naples, would have stared had they dug such a Greek as this out of Herculaneum. The fashions of the gentlemen are probably as fantastical as those of the ladies, though, from having them continually before my eyes, the absurdity of them does not strike me so much. We have black and white hats, thunder and lightning coats, stockings of seven colours, and tamboured waistcoats bedaubed with flowers, and more tawdry finery than ever was exhibited on old tapestry. I have heard some military geniuses deplore very feelingly the neglect into which three-cocked hats had fallen. They have been accustomed when they were young to see some strutting warlike phantom or other with a hat of this kind, and they can never afterwards look upon it without being filled with ideas of slaugh-

ter and devastation. They think that in it consists half the discipline of armies, and that the fate of nations depends as much upon the cock of the hat as of the musket. I see so many turbans and handkerchiefs every day, and so seldom any hats but round ones, that I have lost all taste for the sublime, and think a three-cornered hat as absurd a piece of head dress as a tiara. I wonder that the women among all their changes of fashions never thought of trying it. If I were sure that any one of the nine muses had ever worn one, I would advise Mrs. Grant to do the same, but I suspect she is like Professor M——, too much degenerated from her ancestors to try it. I think she had no right to accuse the long-descended Celtic bard of effeminacy, when she herself has forgotten the simplicity of her ancestors, and does not hesitate to drink tea and ride about the country in worsted stockings. I do not find that Malvina had a single pair, or even Agandecca, who lived farther north, and had a better excuse for such an indulgence. What these two ladies drank at the feast of shells, if they drank at all, I don't know, It might have been whiskey, but certainly was not tea. If the muses must drink, as most poets tell us, it is perhaps as well that they should drink tea as any thing else: but it is no where said that they must wear worsted stockings. This unhappy corruption of manners would be inexcusable in an ordinary woman, but poetry covers a multitude of sins, and Mrs. Grant has a lyre which Ossian would have laid aside his harp to hear, and to which it is impossible to listen without forgetting all her offences against the customs of her forefathers, the bare-legged bards of other times. The Professor, though not born a Poet, seems to have taken some trouble to make himself one, and if he has, like most modern Sophs, been unsuccessful in conjuring up any sprite of his own, he has at least no common merit in having called forth the muse of Mrs. Grant with

'"Poetic transports of the maddening mind,
And winged words that waft the soul to heaven."

'In her journal she has used the privilege, which superior geniuses often do, of writing carelessly. I lose much of the interest of the piece from not being acquainted with any of the characters she describes. Her ladies are all from the Grandison school—so full of smiles and gaiety, and wit and sense, and so charming and divine—that I am almost as happy as she is herself, when escaping from George's-square, to get into the open fields, and follow her through Bedley's ancient Grove, "by Carron's streams or banks of Forth." There is so much of inspiration in her poetry, on seeing the Perthshire Hills and Allan Water, that I am much out of humour in being forced away in such a hurry to drink port at the inn: but she, however, makes ample amends at Killikranky; and again, where we

'"Hear young voices sounding on the mountain gale."

'The whole is so animated, that it makes me more impatient than ever I was before to see the scenes which she describes. And were I not afraid of being taken for a Nassau, or some other foreigner, on all of whom Mrs. G. looks so indignant from her misty mountains, I would mount the yellow horse, and pay her a visit. She has the same faults that all modern poets have, and that you give us a specimen of in your Celestial Spark—she is continually running after the ancients. A man cannot look into an ode, or sonnet, or any thing else, but he is instantly thrown over "Lethe's

Wharf," or plunged into Cocytus. The hills and the glens of the Highlands are as wild as any of the old poetical regions; or, if they are too vulgar from being so well known, yet still we have other scenes of real nature—the wilds of America and Africa, the Andes, with all its rushing streams, and the frozen seas in the Polar regions, with their dismal islands, never trod by human foot—sublimer subjects of poetry than all the fictions of Greece and Rome. In Burns's best poems there is no mythology. I don't care how many Scandinavians we have, but I am almost sick of Jupiter and Neptune.—Your affectionate Brother,

'THOMAS MUNRO.'—pp. 82—86.

There is a portion of the correspondence relating to the campaigns in India, which our readers will, we are sure, agree with us in thinking, derives no little interest from the circumstance of Colonel Wellesley having been engaged in it. The letters writen by the latter are few and brief, and refer generally to merely incidental points of discussion between him and Munro; but the reader will not fail to perceive, even in those hasty effusions, marked traces of the firm and determined spirit which afterwards, by a series of splendid military victories, raised this country to the highest pitch of glory. We should, in fairness, say that the italics are our own.

'From Colonel Wellesley to Major Munro.

'Seringapatam, March 2nd.

'DEAR MUNRO—Since Colonel Close's return to Seringapatam, I have had some conversation with him respecting the thieves in Soonda; it has appeared to him and to me that the only mode by which you can expect to get rid of them, *is to hunt them out*. In the province of Bridnore we employed some of the Rajah's cavalry; with the support of our infantry, some thieves were caught; some of them were hanged, and some severely punished in different ways, the consequence has been, that lately that country has not been visited by them, and most probably a similar operation in Soonda would have a similar effect. I have spoken to Purniah on the subject, and I find that he can assist with about two hundred and fifty or three hundred horsemen without inconvenience; these divided into two or three small parties, supported by our infantry, would give a proper *shekar;* and I strongly advise you not to let the Mahratta boundary stop you in the pursuit of your game, when you will once have started it. Two or three fair hunts, *and cutting up about half a dozen*, will most probably induce the thieves to prefer some other country to Soonda as the scene of their operations. Let me hear from you upon this subject, and, if you approve of the plan, I will make all the arrangements for putting it into execution.'—pp. 116, 117.

In a subsequent letter, we find the following passage from the same officer:—

'Soonda appears a favourite place of yours, and it is extraordinary that you should not have provided for it some way or other, and that you should not allow your Amildars to assist the paymasters in procuring provisions for the forts which are to be kept. I think that, upon the whole, we are not in the most thriving condition in this country; Poligars, Nairs, and

Moptas in arms on all sides of us; an army full of disaffection and discontent, amounting to Lord knows what, on the northern frontier, which increases as it advances, like a snow-ball in snow. To oppose this we have nothing that ought to be taken from the necessary garrisons, and the corps we have in them are incomplete in men, and without officers. If we go to war in earnest, however, (and if we take the field at all it ought to be in earnest,) I will collect every thing that can be brought together, from all sides, and we ought not to quit the field as long as there is a discontented or unsubdued Poligar in the country.'—p. 118.

On another occasion, Colonel Wellesley writes to Munro a despatch, quite equal to any specimen of graphic description which a conquering hero, either of England or Russia, has ever indited:—

'Colonel Montresor has been very successful in Bulum; *has beat, burnt, plundered, and destroyed, in all parts of the country.* But I am still of opinion, that nothing has been done which can tend effectually to put an end to the rebellion in Bulum, and that the near approach of the rains renders it impossible to do that, which alone, in my opinion, will ever get the better of Kistnapah Naig.'—pp. 120, 121.

The following is a specimen of a similar nature. The Colonel was at this time pursuing his operations against Dhoondee.

'Camp at Soodnetty, Aug. 1st, 1800.

'Dear Munro,—I have received your letters of the 22nd and 23rd; I have sent orders to the commanding officers at Hullihall and at Nuggar, to furnish ammunition, in moderate quantities, on the requisition of your Amildars; in any quantities you please, on your own. Don't press Hullihall too much, as I know they are not very well supplied there. Take what you please from Nuggar. *I have taken and destroyed Doondiah's baggage and six guns, and driven into the Malpurba, (where they were drowned,) about five thousand people: I stormed Dummell on the 26th July.* Doondiah's followers are quitting him apace, as they do not think the amusement very gratifying at the present moment. The war, therefore, is nearly at an end; and another blow, which I am meditating upon him and his Bunjarries, in the Kentoor country, will most probably bring it to a close. I must halt here to-morrow, to refresh a little, having marched every day since the 22nd July; and on the 30th, the day on which I took his baggage, I marched twenty-six miles; which, let me tell you, is no small affair in this country.

'My troops are in high health and spirits, and their *pockets full of money, the produce of plunder.* I still think, however, that a store of rice at Hullihall will do us no harm, and if I should not want it, the expence incurred will not signify.'—pp. 136, 137.

We may observe, in passing, that a vast alteration in the moral feeling of mankind must have taken place, since the period when these letters were written. They exhibit the marks of a spirit of barbarous indifference, we do not hesitate to say, to the common feelings of humanity—a spirit, let us say, which the practice of war in the times alluded to was always able to infuse into the very mildest and best natures. What a horrible boast to have driven

five thousand people into a river, where they were drowned, and yet it was only in consistency with the ordinary course of war, for generals to do such things, and to think that thereby they did the State service. A dreadful episode in the history of British conquest, is our connection with India.

We beg to remind the reader that the Mahratta war was concluded very fortunately for the British army, chiefly through the energy and skill of Colonel Wellesley. Sir Thomas Munro marked the progress of his friend's victorious career by successive letters of congratulation, in which personal eulogy was by no means spared. It may serve as matter for instructive reflection, with reference to the more complicated operations of the human mind, to point out the very marked distinction which occurs in the tone of Sir Thomas Munro respecting the Mahratta war, when he writes to the Colonel himself, and when he writes to a more confidential correspondent. The reader shall judge how far this suggested distinction is founded.

On the 22d September, 1800, Sir T. Munro writes to Colonel Wellesley, on receiving an account of the complete victory which the latter had obtained in his operations against Dhoondee.

'DEAR COLONEL,—I am so rejoiced to hear of the decisive and glorious manner in which you have terminated the career of the King of the World, that I can hardly sit still to write; I lose half the pleasure of it by being alone in a tent at a distance from all my countrymen. On such an occasion one ought to be in a crowd, to see how every one looks and talks. I did not suspect when I left you in the Tappore pass two years ago, that you were so soon after to be charging along the Kistna and Toombudra, murdering and drowning Assophs and Nabobs, and killing the King of the World himself. You have given us a very proper afterpiece to the death of the Sultan. A campaign of two months finished his empire, and one of the same duration has put an end to the earthly grandeur, at least, of the Sovereign of the two Worlds. Had you and your regicide army been out of the way, Dhoondheah would undoubtedly have become an independent and powerful prince, and the founder of a new dynasty of cruel and treacherous sultans, but Heaven had otherwise ordained, and we must submit.' —pp. 149, 150.

Again, in 1803, when Colonel Wellesley, then newly promoted to the rank of General, achieved the brilliant victory over Scindia, Munro writes:—.

'Raydroog, 14th Oct. 1803.

'DEAR GENERAL,—I have seen several accounts of your late glorious victory over the combined armies of Scindia and the Berarman, but none of them so full as to give me any thing like a correct idea of it; I can, however, see dimly through the smoke of the Mahratta guns (for yours, it is said, were silenced), that a gallanter action has not been fought for many years in any part of the world. When not only the disparity of numbers, but also of real military force, is considered, it is beyond all comparison a more brilliant and arduous exploit than that of Aboukir. The detaching

of Stevenson was so dangerous a measure, that I am almost tempted to think that you did it with a view of sharing the glory with the smallest possible numbers. The object of his movement was probably to turn the enemy's flank, or to cut them off from the Ajunta pass; but these ends would have been attained with as much certainty and more security by keeping him with you. As a reserve, he would have supported your attack, secured it against any disaster, and when it succeeded, he would have been at hand to follow the enemy vigorously.'—p. 177.

Three more short extracts from Munro's letters to General Wellesley, will suffice for our purpose:—

'Cawderabad, 28th November, 1803.

'DEAR GENERAL,—I have received your letter of the 1st instant, and have read with great pleasure and interest your clear and satisfactory account of the battle of Assaye. You say you wish to have my opinion on your side; if it can be of any use to you, you have it on your side, not only in that battle, but in the conduct of the campaign: the merit of this last is exclusively your own. The success of every battle must always be shared, in some degree, by the most skilful general, with his troops.'—p. 182.

'Rachotti, 6th February, 1804.

'DEAR GENERAL,—I hear from all quarters that peace has been made with Scindia; I congratulate you on the conclusion of your brilliant and decisive campaign: I believe that no person, however sanguine, expected to have seen so speedy and fortunate a termination of the war.'—p. 185.

'Muddanpilly, 20th February, 1804.

'DEAR GENERAL,—I read yesterday, for the first time, with great satisfaction, your treaty with Scindia; your successes made me sanguine, but it exceeds greatly my expectations, and contains every thing that could be wished: more territory can hardly be desirable until we have consolidated our power in what we now possess.'—p. 187.

The reader will see in these extracts, how strongly disposed the writer is to place to his correspondent's credit, the chief merit of the success of the war. Recollecting this circumstance, let him now advert to the language of Sir Thomas Munro, addressed about the same time to other correspondents, respecting the same events. The letter, from which the following passage is quoted, was written to Colonel Read, who was at the time in England, and who appears to have been an intimate friend of Munro's.

'I shall not enter into any details of the late war with the Mahrattas, for not having been myself in the field, I could give you no information that you will not find in the newspapers. I never entertained any doubt that our success would be great, but I did not expect that it would have been so rapid, for I could not have believed that the enemy would have shown so little exertion as they did. Our constant succession of victories is chiefly to be attributed to the Bengal and Madras armies having had a much greater body of regular cavalry than in any former war, and to the conduct of Generals Lake and Wellesley in availing themselves of this cir-

cumstance to make the campaign entirely offensive, to give the enemy no respite, and to push all their advantages to the utmost; but other causes also contributed greatly to favour our operations. The Mahrattas in general were much weakened by their long dissensions, and Scindia in particular had suffered heavy losses in his war with Holkar. The introduction of a great body of regular infantry, with a vast train of artillery, had made his armies unwieldy, and in order to keep up the foot, the cavalry were neglected. They were deficient in number and quality, and as they were considered as only a secondary corps to the infantry, they had lost all their spirit of enterprise. They gave very little support to their infantry in the different battles that were fought, and they attempted nothing alone. They fell in during the campaign with several convoys, and though the escorts were but inconsiderable, they did not cut off one of them. I have heard much said of the excellence of Scindia's battalions, and of the danger to which our power in this country would have been exposed, had he been permitted to go on much longer augmenting them. But my own opinion is the very reverse of this, for I think that he could have had no chance of success, except from his cavalry; and that as he must have reduced them in proportion as he increased his infantry, every addition to that part of his army would only have tended to weaken his real force. Had he been satisfied with Peons instead of battalions, and with a few long field-pieces instead of a cumbersome train of artillery, and had he applied the funds consumed by his infantry to the equipment of his cavalry, his army might not have been so able to meet us in battle, but it would have been much better calculated than it was to have carried on a protracted, harassing, and doubtful war. His infantry was regular enough, but it wanted steadiness, in which it must always be greatly inferior to ours, from the want of a national spirit among its officers, and of the support and animating example of European regiments. At the battle of Assaye, the severest that took place in the course of the war, I do not recollect, among all our killed and wounded officers, one that suffered from a musket-ball or a bayonet, a convincing proof that the Mahratta infantry made very little serious opposition. Its discipline, its arms, and uniform clothing, I regard merely as the means of dressing it out for the sacrifice. Its numerous artillery prevents it from escaping by rapid marches; it is forced to fight, deserted by its cavalry, and slaughtered with very little loss on our side. Scindia, by abandoning the old system of Mahratta warfare, and placing his chief dependence on disciplined infantry, facilitated the conquest of the states of Polligars and Rajahs, whose forts and jungles might have secured them against his horse; but he at the same time disabled himself from maintaining a contest with us, for he reduced the war to a war of battles and sieges, instead of one of marches and convoys. As long as his battalions are not under French influence, by being commanded by officers of that nation, it is more our interest that we should keep them up, than that he should disband them and raise horse.'—pp. 191—193.

Now, without entering into a critical comparison of the *two* views here presented of the Mahratta war by the same person, we may ask any plain dealing man, if a victory obtained under the circumstances described in the last extract,—the superiority of the British cavalry, and the weakness of the enemy induced by pro-

tracted dissensions, and by Scindia's war with Holkar,—if such a victory can, with sincerity, be signalized by the same person, as a more brilliant and arduous exploit than the victory of Aboukir? Nor can the reader avoid being struck with the contrast between the expressions in the two letters, with respect to the battle of Assaye. 'The merit of this is all your own,' writes Munro to General Wellesley. 'At the battle of Assaye,' observes the same writer to Colonel Read, 'I do not observe that our killed or wounded suffered from a musket ball or bayonet; a convincing proof that the Mahratta infantry made *very little serious opposition.*' The infantry, it must be remembered, was already described as being the only efficient force of the enemy. In a letter on the same subject to his father, Sir Thomas Munro is still more explicit; and, from the account he gives of the weakness of the Mahratta troops, and the vast superiority of their opponents, we can only conclude that the British General, who failed to be successful on such an occasion, would deserve a court-martial. In a little matter, sometimes, the deepest feelings will be betrayed. We have already seen how highly Sir Thomas Munro had panegyrized the treaty, which General Wellesley had dictated to Scindia. The treaty certainly was arranged on a most ingenious principle, with a view to the security of what we had acquired, as well as to the facility of gaining future conquests. In the letter to his father, Sir Thomas, for the first and only time, ventures to deny the merit of this treaty to the General. He says—

'We get the provinces of Delhi and Agrat, and all Scindia's possessions to the Northward of Jeypoor, Jondipoor, and Gohud, a part of Guzerat, Ahmednugger, in the Deccan, and Cuttack, which connects the northern Circars with Bengal. General Wellesley dictated the terms; but he *probably received some assistance in the details from John Malcolm*, who has since concluded a subsidiary treaty with Scindia.'—p. 202.

But let us turn from the considerations to which this view of Munro's character gives rise, and advert to those traits of natural virtue, which will be ever sufficient to redeem his memory from the consequences of any faults, if faults they be, which he may have committed. We quote the following letters as indicative of that genuine amiability of mind which, through every vicissitude of his life, seems to have characterized Munro. We select those that most abound with details of manners and customs in Hindostan.

'To his Sister.

'Darramporam, 30th December, 1815.

'I left Madras in October, after a residence of a year, which is longer than I have been in any one place these five-and-twenty years. My wife accompanied me, and made a better traveller than I expected.

'I am employed at present with the Collector of Coimbitore, in investigating the abuses which were committed under his predecessor. This has

already employed us above two months, and another will be required to finish our work, when I must return to Madras.

'Our time passes pleasantly enough. We live chiefly in tents, stay at a place ten days or a fortnight, and then go to another forty or fifty miles distant. Our journeys are generally about fifteen miles a day, and at this season of the year the weather is fine and the country beautiful. Travelling days are always pleasant to me, and I do not care if I were to travel all the time I continue in India, but I fear I shall be obliged to stay chiefly at Madras. I wish myself home again, for I like to be either completely idle and my own master, or to have an employment that is important and interesting. There is no situation likely to fall to me in the country that I care about. There is but one I think of any consequence, and even that one in a few years would be indifferent to me. I shall, therefore, most probably, be leaving this country in less than two years; and I suppose, from having so long led a rambling life, I shall never be able to settle quietly anywhere.

'I have this moment had a long visit from a Swami. This is a kind of religious Brahmin you have perhaps hardly ever heard of, for I do not remember meeting with any account of them in books on India. The officiating priests of Pagodas, whom Europeans in general suppose to be at the head of the ecclesiastical establishment, are on the contrary an inferior class of Brahmins, who are regarded merely as servants of the Pagodas, and have no influence among the people; but the Swamis possess an influence not inferior to that of the Pope and his bishops and cardinals in the darkest ages. There are two principal ones, whose authority is acknowledged all over India; there are also several whose jurisdiction is limited to particular sects of Hindoos. The two principal have many subordinate Swamis, like cardinals and bishops, who in their respective districts settle all points of religion and cast. They have villages and sometimes whole districts allotted for their maintenance. All Hindoos treat not only the principal but their inferior Swamis with the highest respect; the greatest princes go out to meet them, and bow down before them. The Swamis do not marry like the Pagoda Brahmins, but must lead a life of celibacy and temperance, or rather abstinence. They have no nephews and nieces like the Swamis of Europe. Their abstinence is real, their diet is more simple than that of a peasant. They travel in state with elephants, palanquins, drums, and standards, but they amass no wealth. Whatever they receive they distribute as fast as they get it, and on the whole they are to the full as respectable as their brethren in Europe,'—pp. 212, 213.

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'To Sir Graham Moore, K.C.B.

'Madras, 25th Aug. 1824.

'My dear Graham,—I am not sure whether I ever answered your letter of the 30th July from Zante, but I am sure that I have thought often of doing so; and if I have, this will be a second edition, but no matter if it were a third, for it is pleasant to write and think of auld lang syne. I never think of you without looking back half a century, when we were in Glasgow, and went to school in fear and trembling to meet Bald———*

* * * * * I have had my share of a warm

climate. I am now writing with the thermometer at ninety-two, and it is seldom below ninety in the day-time, from April till October. I don't mind the heat much, but my wife feels it, and probably the more from having brought me another son last year. She has a strong dislike to many good Christian names of his ancestors, and has therefore called him Campbell. I thought that one Highland name was quite enough in a family, and that two Highland surnames without a Christian name, such as Peter or Daniel, could not be canny. I hope that I shall one day have the pleasure of introducing him to your son John.

'I see with delight that the Greeks are still on the whole successful. The very gaining of time is gaining an advantage. The longer the contest continues, the more confidence they will have in themselves, and the better qualified they will be to enjoy and preserve independence. You have now, I suppose, taken up your final abode in your own country, after all your toils and wanderings, quite satisfied with what you have done and what you have seen. I, however, have no right to rest, and I must go and see a little of the world like other people. It is, to be sure, rather late, but there is no help for it; it is one of the evils that attend our long employment in India. I shall, therefore, I imagine, soon after I get home, leave it again, in order to visit the Continent, and, if not too dangerous, Greece. I suppose that I must take a Domine to direct me, but on this point there will be time enough to consult you.

'I was quite rejoiced to hear of the *cruel* disposition that old Carrick had made in keeping a part of his large fortune from David Buchannan, and giving it to your brother. I should not be at all surprised to meet him in Conduit-street on my arrival, for he has, I fear, been too long about town to have any relish for a country life. I am not sure that even with you, one of the chief enjoyments of your rural abode is not that of going to town and meeting an old shipmate occasionally. We are not much accustomed to quiet in India, and we have, therefore, gone to war with the King of Ava. His subjects, the Burmans, are much inferior as soldiers to the natives of India, and are a very miserable enemy; but there are many difficulties from natural causes in the invasion of Ava; the rains last nearly half the year, during which time military operations are nearly impracticable. The cattle, &c., for an army, cannot be transported by sea, and by land there are no roads, and the distance is great, and through mountainous and desolate passes. These difficulties will all, however, be overcome; they require nothing but arrangement and perseverance. I am sorry that I shall not be here to see the close of the war, for not expecting any rupture, I wrote last year to be relieved, and my successor will probably be here in January. Yours, affectionately,

'THOMAS MUNRO.'—422—424.

Scattered through this volume, and especially in one long document, which is drawn up with care and impartiality, will be found much valuable information, and many excellent suggestions respecting the course of our future policy towards India.

ART. IV.—*The Philosophy of Sleep.* By Robert Macnish, Author of the Anatomy of Drunkenness. 1 vol. 8vo. Glasgow: W. R. McPhin. 1830.

WE read the very singular treatise of this author on the Anatomy of Drunkenness with so much pleasure, that we eagerly turned to the present volume, anticipating no less satisfaction in its perusal. The subject, however, though of universal interest, does not admit of being treated in the same way as that on which Mr. Macnish has already proved so successful. Much less is known, and we fear, can be known, respecting the philosophy of sleep, than about that of intoxication. Hence, instead of a sure and well defined basis for reasoning which we have in one case, we can only proceed in the other instance on a foundation conditionally constructed, and liable to totter every moment from beneath our feet.

Mr. Macnish discusses the philosophy of sleep like a good and true phrenologist as he is. He says,

'Sleep exists in two states—in the complete and incomplete. In the former, the sensorial power of the brain, medulla oblongata, and medulla spinalis is suspended, while that of the sympathetic nerve undergoes no suspension. In other words, the functions of voluntary motion of the senses and of the mind are in abeyance, while those essential to life, go on as usual. To produce such a suspension in the above faculties, their sensorial energy must be exhausted; it no longer flows to them, as in the waking state, and a temporary cessation in their wonted actions is the inevitable consequence. The only powers not arrested, are the involuntary ones, such as circulation, secretion, absorption, respiration, and digestion. Towards them the sensorial power is for ever directed from the cradle to the grave; and when it ceases to animate them, death ensues. Such is the case in complete sleep, but where it is incomplete, as in dreaming, only certain of the mental functions are arrested, while others continue to act as usual. In this latter state, also, the organs of sense and volition, though generally, are not necessarily suspended, as may be seen in night-mare, and many cases of sleep-talking and somnambulism.

'The third of the above conditions, or that which supposes a suspension in the powers of the mind, has been denied by some philosophers, especially the Cartesians, who imagine that the mental faculties are never for a moment inactive, but pursue incessantly, whether we be asleep or awake, their career of thought. This doctrine, however, although maintained by some of our best metaphysical writers, is exceedingly unsatisfactory: it receives no countenance from our own consciousness, and seems unsusceptible of proof of any kind.

'There ought to be no difficulty in admitting that the mental powers may cease to act in sleep, for the same thing undoubtedly happens in various other conditions. It is impossible to conceive any mental operation taking place during many cases of catalepsy, or an apoplectic attack. In such instances, as well as in the lethargy attendant upon persons recovered from drowning, hanging, or suffocation from noxious vapours,

there cannot be a question that the functions of the mind are, for the time being, at an end. This, it is true, does not prove that the same circumstance occurs in sleep, but it shows that there is nothing impossible in these faculties being suspended for a season; and as we have no evidence that they continue to operate during perfect sleep, we are bound to believe that at this time they really are suspended.'—pp. 12—14.

He illustrates this theory in the following manner:

'A heavy meal, especially if the stomach is at the same time weak, is apt to induce sleep. In ordinary circumstances, the sensorial power residing within this viscus is sufficient to carry on its functions, but when an excess of food is thrown upon it, it is then unequal to furnish, from its own resources, the necessary powers of digestion. In such a case it draws upon the whole body—upon the chest, the limbs, &c. These parts supply it with the sensorial power of which it is deficient; and by their aid it is able to perform that which, by its own unassisted means, it never could have accomplished. But mark the consequences of this accommodation! The granters of the draft suffer by their own generosity; and by enabling the stomach to get out of difficulty, they get into it themselves. The extremities become cold, the respiration heavy and stertorous, and the brain torpid. In consequence of the state of the latter organ, sleep ensues. It had parted with that portion of sensorial energy which kept it active and awake; and by supplying another viscus with the means of getting on, is thrown itself into a state of temporary weakness and oblivion.

'When, therefore, the sensorial power which keeps our faculties in activity is exhausted, we naturally fall asleep. As the exhaustion of this power, however, is a gradual process, so is that of slumber. We glide insensibly into it, as from life into death; and while the mind remains poised, as it were, between sleep and the opposite condition, it is pervaded by a strange confusion which almost amounts to mild delirium; the ideas dissolve their connection from it one by one; those which remain longest behind are faint, visionary, and indistinct; and its own essence becomes so vague and diluted, that it melts away into the nothingness of slumber, as the morning vapours are blended with the surrounding air by the solar heat. Previous to the accession of sleep, a feeling of universal lassitude prevails. This sensation heralds in the phenomena of slumber, and exhibits itself in yawning, heaviness of the eyes, indifference to surrounding objects, and all the characteristics of fatigue. If the person be seated, his head nods and droops; and, in all cases, the muscles become relaxed, and the limbs thrown into that state most favourable for complete muscular inaction. The lying position is, consequently, that best adapted for sleep, and the one which is intuitively adopted for the purpose. The organs of the senses do not relapse into simultaneous repose; but suspend their respective functions gradually and successively;—sight, taste, smell, hearing, and touch, parting with sensation in the order in which they here stand, and gliding insensibly away. In the same manner, the muscles do not become simultaneously relaxed—those of the limbs giving way first, then those of the neck, and lastly the muscles of the spine. Nor do the external senses, on awaking, recover all at once their usual vigour. We, for some seconds, neither hear, nor see, nor smell, nor taste, nor touch, with our usual acute-

ness. Ordinary sights dazzle our eyes; ordinary sounds confuse our ears; ordinary odours, tastes, and sensations, our nose, our tongue, and our touch. They awake successively, one after its fellow, and not in the same instant.' pp. 20—22.

In his chapter on dreaming, the author developes his meaning in a more ample and defined manner.

'Dreaming, therefore, is a state of partial slumber, in which certain parts of the brain are asleep, or deprived of their sensorial power, while others continue awake, or possess their accustomed proportion; and whatever produces dreams has the effect of exhausting this power in one set of faculties, while it leaves it untouched in others. Dreaming, then, takes place when the repose is broken; and consists of a series of thoughts or feelings called into existence by certain powers of the mind, while the other mental powers which control these thoughts or feelings, are inactive. This theory is the only one capable of affording a satisfactory explanation of all the phenomena of dreams. It embraces every difficult point, and is so accordant with nature, that there is every reason to suppose it founded on truth. Many other doctrines have been started by philosophers, but I am not aware of any which can lay claim even to plausibility.'—pp. 50, 51.

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'When dreams take place, it is evident that the *whole* mind is no longer in a state of inaction. Some one or other of its functions is going on, and evolving its peculiar trains of thought. If a person's memory, for example, be active, he will then recall, with more or less vividness, former scenes or impressions; if his imagination be strongly excited, images of splendour or gloom may appear before his mental eye. These impressions, at the same time, will often possess a character of exaggeration, which would never have belonged to them, had the judgment been awake to control the fancy in its extravagant flights. The latter, at this period, is more active than ever, for it is a rule of nature, that diminished activity of one organ, or organs, strengthens that of others; thus, the blind acquire increased acuteness of hearing, and the deaf of sight.

'In dreaming, the voluntary powers are generally, but not necessarily suspended: we have a striking proof of this in somnambulism, which is a modification of dreaming. Dreams cannot take place in complete repose, for all the mental faculties are then dormant, and for a short period the person exists in a state of the most perfect oblivion. When, however, one faculty, or more than one, bursts asunder the bonds which enthralled it, while its fellows continue chained in sleep, then visions ensue, and the imagination dwells in that wide empire which separates the waking state from that of perfect sleep. It is the unequal distribution of sensorial energy which gives rise to those visionary phenomena. One faculty exerts itself vividly, without being under the controul of the others. The imagination is at work, while the judgment is asleep; and thereby indulges in the maddest and most extravagant thoughts, free from the salutary check of the latter more sedate and judicious faculty.'—pp. 52, 53.

Dr. Mason Good, is, we believe, the person to whom in justice we ought to ascribe this theory; but our author, we think, was

bound to save us the trouble of speculating on that point, for certainly he does not assert, or even insinuate, that the theory is his own. By whomsoever it has been promulgated, we can but say that it is only a vague guess to establish what nature has not furnished the means of establishing. The whole theory is founded upon that radical error of the phrenologists, when they suppose that an examination of structure will afford the only means of ascertaining the phenomena of mind. We will not pursue the arguments against the principle of this theory—it will be sufficient to shew that the theory is inconsistent with itself. Mr. Macnish tells us in each of the passages just quoted, that it is the exhaustion of its sensorial power that produces the temporary torpor of an organ; and so uniform is this law, that when the stomach draws upon the neighbouring organs for some of their sensorial power, to enable it to discharge an unusual quantity of duty which it is suddenly required to perform, the effect of the transfer is, amongst other things, to make the brain torpid, in which state sleep ensues. In plain language, Mr. Macnish says that a full meal induces sleep, by taking from the brain its sensorial energy. Now what is the consequence, but that the larger the meal the more complete the sleep; for we have to remember, that Mr. Macnish had already said, that in the case of complete sleep, the sensorial power of the brain is suspended. Fill up the stomach then Olympus high, and you gain the most refreshing, healthful, and delightful of all conditions—"complete sleep." But as if Mr. Macnish intended that his book should furnish a full and detailed answer to itself, he tells us in other places, that poets and novel writers were in the habit of supping on indigestible meats—on food which made considerable requisitions on the stomach for sensorial power. What was their object in doing so? Was it to put the brain in a state of torpor, by suspending its sensorial power, and securing the delights of a complete sleep? No such thing; but it was actually to set the brain a-going—to give its 'sensorial power' a sort of holiday-time, to riot in the absence of all constituted authorities. He further, at p. 9, informs us, that 'we think by the brain.' Surely, if we think by the brain, the torpidity of the brain must be the extinction of thought; and following up this notion, the author actually says, that in complete sleep the functions of the mind are in abeyance. Now this abeyance, we repeat, is, according to him, produced by the removal of its sensorial energy from the brain: but the removal of this sensorial energy is effected by overloading the stomach,—*ergo*, overloading the stomach is an infallible method of producing the most perfect sleep—*quod est absurdum*.

Mr. Macnish with great justice ridicules the notion that dreams have ever been destined as vehicles of prophecy, with respect to events that are to happen. We are all of us aware that there are

coincidences between dreams and events, that strike the mind by their number and close connection. We do not know a better way of showing that these coincidences have really no mutual relation, than by recalling the fact, that the supposed prophetic instrumentality of dreams has been put into execution very often with respect to accidents the most trivial, and which it is impossible can have the slightest influence on the life or fortunes of the dreamer. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, in which a dream has been in any manner fulfilled, the subject-matter of it is of this trifling nature; and we cannot suppose, surely, that if a dream was destined to be a medium of supernatural revelation, it should almost constantly, when it is employed in that exalted capacity, foretell no greater event than the visit of a long absent acquaintance, or a letter from one's grandmother.

However there are, as we have said, coincidences within the experience of almost every circle, which afford a much more solid ground for the popular superstition about dreams, than exists for most other delusions of the lower classes. Mr. Macnish gives a few cases of this sort.

'*Case.*—Miss R——, a young lady, a native of Ross-shire, was deeply in love with an officer who accompanied Sir John Moore in the Peninsular War. The constant danger to which he was exposed, had an evident effect upon her spirits. She became pale and melancholy in perpetually brooding over his fortunes, and, in spite of all that reason could do, felt a certain conviction that when she last parted with her lover, she had parted with him for ever. In vain was every scheme tried to dispel from her mind the awful idea; in vain were all the sights which opulence could command, unfolded before her eyes. In the midst of pomp and gaiety, when music and laughter floated around her, she walked as a pensive phantom, over whose head some dreadful and mysterious influence hung. She was brought by her affectionate parents to Edinburgh, and introduced into all the mirth of that gay metropolis, but nothing could restore her, or banish from her mind the insupportable pang which invested it. The song and the dance may dissipate the feebler sorrows of the heart, but in a woe so deeply rooted as hers, their syren influence was tried in vain: they only aggravated her distress, and made the bitterness of despair more poignant. In a surprisingly short period, her graceful form declined into all the appalling characteristics of a fatal illness; and she seemed rapidly hastening to the grave, when a dream confirmed the horrors she had long anticipated, and gave the finishing stroke to her sorrows. One night, after falling asleep, she imagined she saw her lover, pale, bloody, and wounded in the breast, enter her apartment. He drew aside the curtains of the bed, and with a look of the utmost mildness, informed her that he had been slain in battle, desiring her, at the same time, to comfort herself, and not take his death too seriously to heart. It is needless to say what influence this vision had upon a mind so replete with woe. It withered it entirely, and the unfortunate girl died a few days thereafter, but not without desiring her parents to note down the day of the month on which it happened, and see if it would be confirmed, as she confidently declared it would. Her anticipation was

correct, for accounts were shortly afterwards received that the young man was slain at the battle of Corunna, which was fought on the very day of the night of which his mistress had beheld the vision.

* * * * *

'The following events, which occurred to myself, in August, 1821, are almost equally remarkable, and are imputable to the same fortuitous cause.

'I was then in the county of Caithness, when I dreamed that a near relation of my own, residing in Glasgow, had suddenly died; and immediately thereafter awoke in a state of inconceivable terror, similar to that produced by a paroxysm of night-mare. The same day, happening to be writing home, I mentioned the circumstance in a half-jesting, half-earnest way. To tell the truth, I was afraid to be serious, lest I should be laughed at for putting any faith in dreams. However, in the interval between writing and receiving an answer, I remained in a state of most unpleasant suspense. I felt a presentiment that something dreadful had happened, or would happen; and although I could not help blaming myself for a childish weakness in so feeling, I was unable to get rid of the painful idea which had taken such rooted possession of my mind. Three days after sending away the letter, what was my astonishment when I received one written the day subsequent to mine, and stating that the relative of whom I had dreamed, had been struck with a fatal shock of palsy the day before—viz. the very day on the morning of which I had beheld the appearance in my dream! My friends received my letter two days after sending their own away, and were naturally astonished at the circumstance. I may state that my relation was in perfect health before the fatal event took place. It came upon him like a thunderbolt, at a period when no one could have the slightest anticipation of danger.'—pp. 106—109.

Mr. Macnish has graphically described the horrors of night-mare.

'The modifications which night-mare assumes are infinite; but one passion is never absent—that of utter and incomprehensible dread. Sometimes the sufferer is buried beneath overwhelming rocks, which crush him on all sides, but still leave him with a miserable consciousness of his situation. Sometimes he is involved in the coils of a horrid, slimy monster, whose eyes have the phosphorescent glare of the sepulchre, and whose breath is poisonous as the marsh of Lerna. Everything horrible, disgusting, or terrific in the physical or moral world, is brought before him in fearful array; he is hissed at by serpents, tortured by demons, stunned by the hollow voices and cold touch of apparitions. A mighty stone is laid upon his breast, and crushes him to the ground in helpless agony: mad bulls and tigers pursue his palsied footsteps: the unearthly shrieks and gibberish of hags, witches, and fiends float around him. In whatever situation he may be placed, he feels superlatively wretched: he is Ixion working for ages at his wheel: he is Sisyphus rolling his eternal stone: he is stretched upon the iron bed of Procrustes: he is prostrated by inevitable destiny beneath the approaching wheels of the car of Juggernaut. At one moment he may have the consciousness of a malignant demon being at his side: then, to shun the sight of so appalling an object, he will close his eyes, but still the fearful being makes its presence known; for its icy breath is felt diffusing itself over his visage, and he knows that he is face to face

with a fiend. Then, if he look up, he beholds horrid eyes glaring upon him, and an aspect of hell grinning at him with even more than hellish malice. Or, he may have the idea of a monstrous hag squatted upon his breast—mute, motionless, and malignant; an incarnation of the evil spirit—whose intolerable weight crushes the breath out of his body, and whose fixed, deadly, incessant stare petrifies him with horror, and makes his very existence insufferable.

'In every instance, there is a sense of oppression and helplessness; and the extent to which these are carried, varies according to the violence of the paroxysm. The individual never feels himself a free agent; on the contrary, he is spell-bound by some enchantment, and remains an unresisting victim for malice to work its will upon. He can neither breathe, nor walk, nor run with his wonted facility. If pursued by any imminent danger, he can hardly drag one limb after another; if engaged in combat, his blows are utterly ineffective; if involved in the fangs of any animal, or in the grasp of an enemy, extrication is impossible. He struggles, he pants, he toils, but it is all in vain: his muscles are rebels to the will, and refuse to obey its calls. In no case is there a sense of complete freedom: the benumbing stupor never departs from him; and his whole being is locked up in one mighty spasm. Sometimes he is forcing himself through an aperture too small for the reception of his body, and is there arrested and tortured by the pangs of suffocation produced by the pressure to which he is exposed; or he loses his way in a narrow labyrinth, and gets involved in its contracted and inextricable mazes; or he is entombed alive in a sepulchre, beside the mouldering dead. There is, in most cases, an intense reality in all that he sees, or hears, or feels. The aspects of the hideous phantoms which harass his imagination are bold and defined; the sounds which greet his ear appallingly distinct; and when any dimness or confusion of imagery does prevail, it is of the most fearful kind, leaving nothing but dreary and miserable impressions behind it.'—pp. 125—128.

The case of Mr. Waller, as related by himself,* is as good a practical instance of the force of the illusion under which the victim to night-mare labours, as we have on record.

'*Case of Mr. Waller.*—"In the month of February, 1814, I was living in the same house with a young gentleman, the son of a peer of the United Kingdom, who was at that time under my care, in a very alarming state of health; and who had been, for several days, in a state of violent delirium. The close attention which his case required from me, together with a degree of personal attachment to him, had rendered me extremely anxious about him; and as my usual hours of sleep suffered a great degree of interruption from the attendance given to him, I was, from that cause alone, rendered more than usually liable to the attacks of night-mare, which consequently intruded itself every night upon my slumbers. The young gentleman in question, from the violence of his delirium, was with great difficulty kept in bed; and had once or twice eluded the vigilance of his attendants, and jumped out of bed; an accident of which I was every moment dreading a repetition. I awoke from my sleep one morning about

* Waller's Treatise.

four o'clock, at least it appears to me that I awoke, and heard distinctly the voices of this young gentleman, who seemed to be coming hastily up the stairs leading to my apartment, calling me by name in the manner he was accustomed to do in his delirium: and immediately after, I saw him standing by my bed-side, holding the curtains open, expressing all that wildness in his looks which accompanies violent delirium. At the same moment, I heard the voices of his two attendants coming up stairs in search of him, who likewise came into the room and took him away. During all this time, I was attempting to speak, but could not articulate. I thought, however, that I succeeded in attempting to get out of bed, and assisting his attendants in removing him out of the room: after which, I returned to bed, and instantly fell asleep. When I waited on my patient in the morning, I was not a little surprised to find that he was asleep; and was utterly confounded on being told that he had been so all night; and as this was the first sleep he had enjoyed for three or four days, the attendants were very minute in detailing the whole particulars of it. Athough this account appeared inconsistent with what I conceived I had seen, and with what I concluded they knew as well as myself, I did not for some time perceive the error into which I had been led, till I observed that some of my questions and remarks were not intelligible; then I began to suspect the true source of the error, which I should never have discovered, had not experience rendered those hallucinations familiar to me. But the whole of this transaction had so much consistency and probability in it, that I might, under different circumstances, have remained for ever ignorant of having been imposed on, in this instance, by my senses.'—pp. 134—136.

Mr. Macnish's chapter on Somnambulism, leaves untouched the phenomena which have been recorded as the result of animal magnetism. He has also with good sense abstained from considering the philosophy of this disease—for such we consider it—and has supplied the place of speculation with what is much more worthy of his judgment, as it will be more useful to his readers,—we mean, instructions for the employment of precautions in families where any of the members are Somnambulists.

'When a person is addicted to this affection, great care should be taken to have the door and windows of his sleeping apartment secured, so as to prevent the possibility of his egress, as he sometimes forces his way through the panes of glass: this should be put out of his power, by having the shutters closed, and bolted in such a way that they cannot be opened without the aid of a key or screw, or some such instrument, which should never be left in the room where he sleeps, but carried away, while the door is secured on the outside: this will effectually protect him from injury. Some have recommended that a tub of water should be put by the bed-side, that, on getting out, he might slip into it, and be awakened by the cold: but this, from the suddenness of its operation, might be attended with bad consequences in very nervous and delicate subjects. Whenever it can be managed, it will be prudent for another person to sleep along with him in the same bed. In all cases, care should be taken not to arouse him suddenly. This ought to be done as gently as possible; and when he can be conducted to bed without being awakened at all, it will be still better. Should he be perceived

in any dangerous situation, as on the house-top, or the brink of a precipice, the utmost caution is requisite, for, if we call loudly upon him, his dread, on recovering, at finding himself in such a predicament, may actually occasion him to fall, where, if he had been left to himself, he would have escaped without injury.

'To prevent a recurrence of somnambulism, we must remove, if possible, the cause which gave rise to it. Thus, if it proceed from a disordered state of the stomach, or biliary system, we must have recourse to the various medicines used in such cases; and the individual should take abundance of exercise, avoid late hours, or too much study, and invigorate the system by every means in his power. Should the affection arise from plethora, he must be blooded, and live low; should hysteria produce it, then antispasmodics, such as valerian, ammonia, asafœtida, and opium may be necessary. In a word, whatever disease can be pointed out as directly or indirectly concerned in its production, requires to be obviated in the first instance, and its own departure will necessarily follow.

'But, unfortunately, we can often refer sleep-walking to no complaint whatever. In this case, all that can be done is to carry the individual as safely as possible through the paroxysm, and prevent him from injury by the means we have mentioned. In many instances, the affection will wear spontaneously away; in others, it will continue in spite of every remedy. I believe, in all cases, that the digestive organs should be particularly attended to, as by them, more than by any other cause, are the phenomena of sleep influenced in all their modifications.'—pp. 165—167.

Mr. Macnish must not take our animadversions on his theory in bad part. The truth is, that his book is an extremely clever, instructive, and amusing one; it is upon a subject which admits of a great variety of matter, interesting and important to every member of the human race. But that subject is not susceptible of full explanation, at least at present: therefore we can accept nothing but facts and observations:—theories being unseasonable, if not very injurious, in such a case. We are surprised to find how quietly Mr. Macnish, a man of science, and an active inquirer, sits in the chains of a school, where there is really so little that is rational or plausible to delude the most ordinary understanding. Is not the development of the phrenological system, as it appears occasionally in the pages of this volume, sufficient to expose its absurdity? For instance, we are told by Mr. Macnish, that our impressions when we dream, partake of a character of exaggeration, which would never have belonged to them had the judgment *been awake* (!) to control the fancy in its extravagant flights!—Now the judgment and fancy, we must believe, are powers appropriated to different parts of the brain; and by this theory we are called on to believe that the leaden god has (with very unjustifiable partiality, we think) touched with his wand the organ of judgment, whilst fancy is suffered to revel away during the night! But then there is, fortunately, an easy way of putting a quietus upon even the libertine flights of fancy herself. A hearty meal will soon make the sturdy stomach cry out to the neighbours for help. The chest

and liver make sacrifices in the first place, the brain is inclined to follow the example in case further aid is required, so that we have only again to recommend that a double portion of supper may be taken by those who find the fancy troublesome in their sleep; since it is laid down by the phrenologists, that such a quantity of sensorial energy may be withdrawn by this stratagem from the brain, as will effectually bring the said fancy to a state of reasonable tranquillity.

In spite of all this absurdity, Mr. Macnish has given us a very excellent book, and some very useful practical instructions; and indeed is upon every point but that fatal one of phrenology, rational, agreeable, and useful.

ART. V.—*A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature, in a Chronological Arrangement of Authors and their Works, from the invention of alphabetical characters, to the year of our Lord* 1445. Vol. I. Part I. by Adam Clarke, LL. D., F.A.S., &c. Part II. by J. B. B. Clarke, M. A., &c. 8vo. pp. 502. London: J. S. Clarke. 1830.

DR. Adam Clarke is doubtless well known to many of our readers as a biblical scholar and critic of a very high rank. His commentary on the Old and New Testaments, and his edition of the Psalms, with notes, are looked upon as works of great value. Much of the first part of the volume now before us was published in a separate form about twenty years ago; it has been since remoulded, extended, and in every sense improved, and it now appears for the first time in connection with the second part, which is written by the Doctor's son, and brings down the history of sacred literature to the year 394, A. D. The promise in the title page shews that a wide field still remains to be cultivated. We hope that the industry and learning of the father may be equally apparent in his assistant. To judge from what he has already done we think they will be so. One caution, however, we would take leave to offer to the consideration of the Rev. J. B. B. Clarke. He should remember that a work of this kind is meant for every description of Christians; that it does not offer a fair opportunity for the vindication or attack of particular tenets in matters of faith; and that the more diligently he avoids controversial points, the more extensive will be the benefits resulting from his labours.

The design of this work is one of great and permanent utility; when completed it will be interesting not only to the divine, but also to the general reader. Many may find amusement in tracing the history of literature from its best authenticated birth down to the period when the miraculous art of printing was discovered. Though not much addicted to theological studies, we have derived, in a critical point of view, a great deal of pleasure, and, we hope, some instruction from these pages. Dupin's Bibliotheque des

Auteurs Ecclesiastiques would indeed have informed us of as much of the history of those writers as can any where be found; but Dr. Clarke's method of treating the subject in chronological order has this great advantage, that after reading his details we easily fix in our minds the progress of sacred literature from its commencement, to the period at which his labours terminate. Thus we are able to perceive an uninterrupted succession of revelations, from the tablets which were inscribed with the decalogue by the finger of GOD, down to the apocalypse; that is to say, from nearly fifteen hundred years before Christ, to the end of the first century of the Christian era. And when the work shall be completed, we shall be enabled distinctly to trace sacred literature from the latter period down to the time of the Reformation. As a matter of literature alone, such a critical history as this must furnish many materials for pleasant intellectual occupation.

But the utility of Dr. Clarke's design goes higher than this. The unbroken character of the series proves, beyond all possibility of quibble, the antiquity of the Scriptures; shews that they are no modern invention or forgery; that they were productions of various persons, written at different times and in different places; and that such as they were in their original state, they still continue to be.

Upon that portion of this volume which treats of the literature of the Scriptures, we deem it unnecessary to make any observation. It is executed in a very clear and concise manner; the various editions are enumerated, and some disputed points fairly stated. The author gives up the celebrated text in St. John, of the "Three heavenly witnesses." A firm believer in the doctrine, he nevertheless is of opinion, that the passage in question is an interpolation. It is due to him to say, that he states strong reasons for the conclusion at which he has arrived, though it differs from that of so many other learned critics.

To the writings of the Fathers, who immediately followed the Apostles, the author has devoted the most laborious attention. He gives not only an epitome of their lives, drawn from the most authentic sources, but also an account of their works, with an analysis of each, so that we have in a few pages the substance of many ponderous folios, written in different languages. It can hardly fail to be agreeable to any man of mind, to be able to see at a glance the nature of the subjects, upon which such writers as Tertullian and Origen, Lactantius, Eusebius and Cyprian, employed their pens in the earliest ages of the church.

Foremost among this sacred band was Barnabas, (A. D. 71,) who was a Levite of the country of Cyprus. After the resurrection he sold his goods, and laid them at the feet of the Apostles. To him is attributed an epistle, first published by Archbishop Usher, which contains, intermixed with allegory and fable, various moral instructions, and recommends the Christian doctrine for its simplicity, in opposition to the rites and ceremonies of the Jews.

Clement, who was Pope, or Bishop of Rome, about the year 91 or 93, wrote an epistle in the name of the whole church of Rome to the Corinthians, in order to allay some dissensions which had taken place among them relative to their spiritual governors. To this father are also attributed three or four other works, the principal of which are the Acts of St. Peter, and the Apostolical Constitutions. Hermas, (A. D. 100), who is generally allowed to be the same that St. Paul saluted, was the author of a work called "Pastor, or the Shepherd," the chief object of which is to explain and enforce the spirit and practice of Christianity. This work was greatly admired by the Christians of the primitive ages. But the most celebrated of the early or Apostolical fathers was Ignatius, (A. D. 107,) who, born in Syria, and educated under the Apostles John and Peter, became bishop of Antioch about the year 67. He wrote seven epistles in vindication of the doctrine which he professed, and for which he died a martyr. Polycarp, one of the disciples of St. John, and Bishop of Smyrna, author of several epistles, of which only one is extant, closes the list of the five Apostolical fathers, 'whose writings,' says Dr. Clarke, 'for their deep piety, simplicity, and divine unction, form a proper connecting link between those of the Evangelists and Apostles; and those of the primitive fathers!' 'As all classes of Protestants,' he adds, 'have agreed to annex those writings called Apocryphal to the Old Testament, is it not strange that the Apostolical fathers should not be added to the new? They are certainly far more authentic, and of much more intrinsic worth!'

The succession of the primitive fathers begins with Papias, (A. D. 116,) and boasts of many illustrious names, of none more distinguished than that of Justin Martyr. He was at an early period of his life initiated in all the lore of the Greek schools of philosophy. He was by turns a Stoic, a Peripatetic, a Pythagorean, and a Platonist. He finally became acquainted with the Christian religion, which he justly considered as the "only certain and useful philosophy." His exhortation to the Greeks is looked upon as a very valuable work. In it he forcibly points out the inconsistencies of the Greek philosophers and poets, who were unable to form correct notions of God and truth, unless by the assistance of the Jewish writings, to which he proves that both Homer and Plato were under great obligations. His two apologies for the Christians contain much curious information. His dialogue with Trypho is a masterly defence of the Christian religion. 'The merit of this author,' says Dr. Clarke, 'is peculiar, since it consists in the intrinsic excellence of the matter of his works, wherein there is neither eloquence of language nor brilliancy of thought, but he abounds in sound, solid sense, the produce of a well cultivated and acute mind!'

Tatian (A. D. 172,) is usually left out of the catalogue of the primitive fathers, on account of the heresies into which he fell

towards the close of his life. He was a very eloquent writer, and notwithstanding his errors, it is to be regretted that we only possess his oration to the Greeks. One of his peculiar notions was, that 'all spirits were created in a state of immortality, by being united to the infinite spirit; that they were separated from this spirit by sin; that there are now two kinds of spirits, the one termed soul, the other the Holy Ghost, the image and likeness of God; that soul cannot be immortal without union with the holy spirit; but partaking of the nature of flesh while living without God, dies with the body!'

Irenæus, Athenagoras, and Theophilus, three eminent writers, flourished about the same period (A. D. 178—181). They were, however, all eclipsed by Clemens Alexandrinus, (A. D. 194,) whose works are hardly known to the English reader. Not satisfied with instructing his people in their spiritual duties, he gave them the most useful precepts for the regulation of their appetites. He was particularly vehement against luxury and gluttony; cites the opinion of a Delian physician, who maintained that the variety of aliments was one grand cause of disease; recommends only one meal a day, or at the utmost two, a breakfast of dry bread, and a supper of milk, cheese, honey, or olives. Wine, he says, should always be used with water; and, upon the authority of Artorius, he advises that "no more drink should be taken with food than what is sufficient to moisten it, in order to assist digestion." This is exactly the Abernethian code of health. From his precepts as to domestic ornaments, the use of music, conversation, entertainments, matrimony, dress, baths, exercises, we may derive an intimate knowledge of the prevailing manners of his time. The following analysis of the eleventh chapter of his "Preceptor," (Book 11), will gratify the curious reader.

'He resumes the subject of dress: speaks as before against dyed and party-coloured garments, and strongly recommends white. Women may wear gold rings as a badge of their domestic life; but to men, rings are forbidden, unless on the lower joint of the little finger, and the engraving on them should be either a dove, a fish, a ship under sail, a lyre, or an anchor; but all images of idols, and utensils which contribute to sin or intemperance, should be avoided. The hair and the beard should be kept a decent length, but the latter is by no mean to be closely shaven. This Clement considers as an abomination. Against plaiting the hair, he makes strong objections; and shows that women who practise this, besides enduring other inconveniences, dare scarcely go to sleep, for fear they should disturb the order and adjustment of these plaits, &c. He gives many directions concerning decent behaviour; speaks against games of chance—against theatrical entertainments—directs men and women when they go to church for public worship to walk in a modest manner, be decently clothed, meditate on the way, observe strict silence, that their hearts may be the better disposed to pray. The women should be veiled, and recommends to their imitation the example of the wife of Æneas, who was so modest, according to report, (φασι) for he quotes no authority, "that

when Troy was taken she refused to take of her veil, and even kept it on when flying from the flames!" He concludes this chapter with directions concerning salutations in the church, and particularly in reference to the kiss of charity, which was then in common use.'—pp. 120, 121.

The most valuable of Clement's works is that which he called his Stromata, a sort of miscellany, in which he treats of philosophy, faith, and repentance, the heresy of those who opposed marriage, martyrdom, true Christianity, and a great variety of other subjects. He describes the books of this work by a simile, as not "resembling a well planted and correctly arranged garden, where every plant and shrub is placed in the most proper manner to please and delight the eye, but rather a thick and shady mountain, in which the cypress and plane tree, the laurel and ivy, the apple, the olive and the fig, are indiscriminately mingled together; and from which materials may be taken by the experienced husbandman, to make a beautiful grove, or a pleasant and delightful garden." Dr. Clarke seems to have been charmed with the productions of this father, and observes, in a tone worthy of purer times than these,—"No English translation has yet been given of any part of St. Clement's works, which is much to be regretted, as none of the Greek fathers merit the attention of the British public better. A translation of his Preceptor would be particularly useful; but this is more to be desired than expected, for ancient worth is often sacrificed and neglected in order to encourage modern sentimentalism and puerility: therefore the solid and learned lessons of the Alexandrian Catechist would not be relished in these days of splendid pictures, and of small performances."

The name of Tertullian, (A. D. 200,) is familiar to most of our readers. His writings abound in various learning, and evince in style, as well as in brilliancy of thought, the mind of a master. His works have been translated into English, but the most important of them unfaithfully. There was scarcely a point of religious belief disputed by the heretics of his time, which he did not triumphantly vindicate against them. A commentator, who styles him as "apud Latinos nostrorum omnium facilè princeps," says that no man was more learned than Tertullian, no man better versed in sacred or profane knowledge; by a wonderful capacity of mind he made himself perfectly acquainted with the doctrines of all the philosophical sects, and with the whole course of their discipline and studies. His words were sentences, his arguments victories. His volumes directed against the blasphemies of the heretics, were so many thunderbolts. Hæreticorum ille blasphemias multis ac magnis voluminum suorum molibus, velut quibusdam fulminibus evertit. He was born at Carthage about the year 160. His father is supposed to have been a proconsular centurion; but whether he was brought up to Christianity, or converted to it, is a point upon which the commentators are divided. He was educated for the bar, but does not appear to have followed

the profession. The period of his death is variously stated; some maintain that it occurred about the year 220, whereas others protract his life to 225. His Apology for the Christians has always been held in the highest esteem. He was remarkably hostile to second marriages. The happiness of the first union, when sanctioned by Christianity, he speaks of in the most ennobling terms. "The Church makes the treaty; the offering confirms it; the sacerdotal benediction is the seal of it, and angels carry it before the throne of God, who ratifies it." It is unnecessary for us to enter into the question of Tertullian's lapse into the doctrines of the Montanists. Considering him in a literary point of view alone, he must be admitted by all parties to have been the most distinguished writer of his age. Dr. Clarke, however, justly remarks that he is occasionally very difficult to be understood. He affected, like Tacitus, brevity of expression, and an unusual construction of sentences. He was fond of using words in meanings not generally accepted.

'Though he is frequently declamatory, yet the ruggedness of his temper and severity of his disposition, appear constantly in his writings. His impetuosity continually hurrying him from point to point, makes him very obscure, and prevents all possibility of ornament in his style: he contains more miscellaneous information, and this arrayed in more energetic language, than most or perhaps any of the Fathers. His words are diamonds, and diamonds too of the first water, which have no more polish than is sufficient to shew their excellent quality, and how capable they were of receiving additional splendour from the caustic intellect of their excellent author.'—pp. 143, 144.

Dr. Clarke gives the names of from twenty to thirty Christian writers who flourished in the second century, but whose works have been all lost, or reduced to a few inconsiderable fragments. During this period are also supposed to have been written "The Acts of Paul and Theckla," the "Sibylline Oracles," and the "Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs," all of which are allowed to be forgeries.

The most eminent of the fathers of the third century was Origen, born at Alexandria, in Egypt, in the year 185. For some time, he followed the occupation of a grammarian, but yielding to his ardour for theological studies, he sold his library, containing the works of the heathen philosophers and poets, to a person who paid him four oboli a day, and on this miserable pittance he subsisted for several years, sleeping on the bare floor, and going almost wholly naked. His talents, however, became so conspicuous, that the Bishops of Cæsarea and Jerusalem ordained him a presbyter. He was a very luminous and able writer, though not free from the charge of heresy. He made a copy of the Scriptures, in eight columns, consisting of the Hebrew and Greek texts, and the versions of Aquila, Symmachus the Septuagint, and three others. He also made a copy in four columns; but both these works have

been lost, with the exception of a few fragments. The most valuable of his compositions which are still extant, is his treatise against Celsus, in which he exposes the falsehood of the Epicurean philosophy, and establishes the truth of Christianity. Origen has been censured, and not unjustly, for his allegorical mode of interpreting the Scriptures. Some of his notions were very peculiar, such as that prayer was to be addressed to the Father alone, and not to the Son, or Holy Ghost; that the stars are animated, and that all things were to experience a final restitution; so that even the demons were ultimately to be saved! The greater part of Origen's works have been lost. The panegyrical oration upon him by Gregory Thaumaturgus, is considered by Dupin as one of the finest pieces of rhetoric in all antiquity.

Cyprian, also an African, originally a heathen, and not converted to Christianity until his fiftieth year, was a highly distinguished father of this age. Upon his change, he sold all his property, which was considerable, and gave the produce to the poor. His works, which are numerous, possess great merit. Dr. Clarke says of him, 'that he is one of the most valuable of the Latin fathers; he was full of zeal, and yet no enthusiast; his judgment was strong, and his eloquence answered to its strength; he could please with profit, and rebuke without offence; in his strongest reprobation there is evident kindness, and in his denouncing perdition to sinners, it is clear that his only object is to lead them to heaven; his style is pleasing to the ear, and persuasive to the mind; it seldom sins against purity of diction, and is full, manly, and chastely ornamental.' Dr. Clarke cites a passage from Cyprian upon the subject of the Eucharist, which it is perfectly plain he does not understand. This is not the place for such a controversy, or we might easily point out his error. The interpretation and expressions with which it is accompanied, are certainly not consistent with the design set forth in his preface, of producing a work for the assistance of Christian students of every denomination.

Although none of the works of Pamphilus, Presbyter of Cæsarea, remain, the details given of his great services to the Church will be read with interest.

'This eminent presbyter was a most intimate friend of Eusebius, the ecclesiastical historian. He was one of the most learned and pious men of his time, and spent his life in acts of the most disinterested benevolence. He always kept several copies of the Sacred Writings by him, (some of which were transcribed with the greatest accuracy, by his own hand,) which he lent out to persons who had a desire to read them, whether men or women; and many copies he also gave away. He erected a library at Cæsarea, which, according to Isidore of Seville, contained 30,000 volumes. This collection seems to have been made merely for the good of the Church, and to lend out to religiously disposed people. St. Jerom particularly mentions his collecting books for the purpose of lending them to be read; and this is, if I mistake not, the first notice we have of a CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

On such an eminently holy and useful man, the rage of persecution, when once excited, was sure to alight;—he was apprehended and brought before the governor Urbanus, who, having tried his knowledge by different questions of rhetoric, philosophy, and polite literature, told him he must sacrifice to the gods. When the holy man refused to obey his orders, he commanded him to be cruelly tortured, after which he was cast into prison, where he lay for nearly two years, and was then slain. He copied many of Origen's works with his own hand, and in conjunction with his friend Eusebius, wrote an apology for this great man, in six books. In the Seguerian or Coislinian Library, published by Montfaucon, a work attributed to Pamphilus, called Contents of the Acts of the Apostles, is inserted, with a Latin translation, from a MS. written in the ninth century.

'On a review of the character of this great man, Dr. Lardner speaks in the following terms: "Where can such a man as this be found in the heathen world? How rare were such examples under the Mosaic institution, of men who employed their whole time in improving their own minds and serving others, without noise and ostentation, and without worldly views, and at last quietly resigned their lives, rather than disown the principles by which they had been hitherto conducted and supported!"

'The Acts of the Passion of Pamphilus, published by Fabricius, is considered, by Dr. Lardner, as a spurious work. Except the piece published by Montfaucon, mentioned above, all the genuine writings of this pious and learned man are lost. Through respect to him, Eusebius took the surname, Pamphilus.'—pp. 208, 209.

The works of Lactantius, who flourished about 306, form a store-house of very curious matter. He, too, was probably an African. He devoted much of his time to the refutation of the heathen philosophy. We learn from him that Xenophanes held that the moon was twenty-two times larger than the earth, and that it was inhabited by human beings. From the ridicule with which he treats the notions that the earth was globular, that it was sustained by a centre of gravity, and that there were antipodes, it appears that these doctrines are not so modern as some critics suppose. The prophecies of Lactantius concerning the end of the world, and the signs of its approach, are as whimsical as those of which we have frequently heard since his time. His conjectures concerning the millenium are equally imaginative. He says it is to take place after the judgment, when 'the empire of Christ shall be established, the new city founded, and the righteous shall triumph with Christ a thousand years. Then all darkness shall be taken away, the moon shall resemble the sun in splendor, and the light and brightness of the sun shall be sevenfold. The earth shall spontaneously produce the most excellent fruits and grain; the rocks shall sweat honey; the rivulets run with wine, and the rivers with milk. Impiety and error shall fail; the beasts shall not devour each other; lions and calves shall stand at the same stall; the wolf shall not injure the sheep; dogs shall not hunt for prey; eagles and hawks shall not hurt any of the feathered race; and the infant shall play with serpents and receive no harm.' After

the conclusion of the millenium, the demons, who had been hitherto bound, are to be loosed; and the nations, which had been hitherto in subjection to the righteous, are to rise and besiege the holy city; but they are to be consumed by fire from heaven. Then the earth is to be renewed, and men are to be transformed into angels as white as snow, and the final separation is to take place between the just and the unjust! Amidst all this fanciful interpretation of Scripture and wildness of theory, Lactantius nevertheless abounds in learning, and gives many curious particulars not to be met with elsewhere.

When we mention the name of Eusebius, it is scarcely necessary to add that he was one of the most enlightened and laborious writers of antiquity. He flourished about the year 320. He was probably born at Cæsarea, of which see he was bishop. His works are so numerous that, if they were all extant, they would require the leisure of a whole life to read them. His Ecclesiastical History, in ten books, is the most precious monument of the primitive church which has reached us. It 'marks the succession of the bishops, in the chief cities of the world, from the commencement of Christianity to his own times; speaks of all the ecclesiastical writers and their works; the different heresies which prevailed in the church; the controversies which arose concerning doctrine and discipline; the persecutions which raged, and the martyrs who suffered. It is peculiarly valuable for the numerous large and interesting extracts made from different works, many of which no longer exist.'

The rise and diffusion of the Arian heresy gave birth to the famous council which was held at Nice, in Bithynia, in the year 325. The Nicene creed is so called not because it was formed, but because the belief it contains was assented to, by this council. The heresy of Arius afforded abundant employment to the ecclesiastical writers of the fourth century. They had a Proteus to contend with, for, if the Abbè Fleury may be believed, the Arians adopted not less than sixteen different creeds in the course of about thirty years! Their most celebrated opponent was Athanasius, born at Alexandria about the year 296. He is the author of many excellent works, and is supposed to have framed the creed which usually goes under his name. Dr. Clarke seems to wish, with Tillotson, that the English church were well rid of it.

Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem; Hilary, Bishop of Poictiers; Epiphanius, Bishop of Salamis, in the island of Cyprus; and Basil, Bishop of Cæsarea, all rank high among the lights of the fourth century. Their works may still be consulted with profit, by those who would thoroughly understand the errors of the various sects who disturbed the uniformity of the church at this early period. With the history of Basil, the labours of Dr. Adam Clarke terminate in this volume. The subject is taken up by his son with Gregory Nazianzen, who was born about the year 330, in Cap-

padocia. The nature and style of his works are well known. He is justly said 'to have borne away the palm of eloquence from all the writers of his time for purity of diction, sublimity of expression, elegance of style, variety of metaphor, and the propriety and correctness of his comparisons. His eloquence has been so greatly respected that he has been denominated the Christian Isocrates.' The author gives a clear and able analysis of some of the most striking of his discourses, which are full of the most interesting matter.

The works of Ephræm Syrus are little, if at all, known in this country. He flourished about the year 370. He early embraced the monastic life, and was much famed for his theological learning. He feigned himself mad in order to prevent himself from being made a Bishop. He would never take a higher ecclesiastical rank than that of Deacon. An edition of his works, in six volumes folio, was published at Rome, in 1737. The collection is highly prized by the divines.

Gregory, Bishop of Nyssa (371); Ambrose, Bishop of Milan (374); and St. Jerom (392), to whom we are indebted for the *Vulgate*, give to the close of the fourth century the brilliancy of their revered and distingushed names. The author has supplied some interesting particulars of their lives, and a careful summary of their most remarkable works. We trust that he will receive sufficient encouragement to pursue his labours. We know of no compilation that has been a greater desideratum than one of this description. We shall anxiously expect the remaining volumes.

ART. VI.- *Musical Memoirs: comprising an account of the general state of Music in England, from the first Commemoration of Handel, in* 1784, *to the year* 1830, *interspersed with numerous Anecdotes, &c.* By W. T. Parke, forty years principal Oboist to the Theatre Royal Covent Garden. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

TAKE a very old duodecimo of jests—the Budget of Wit; the Court of Momus; the drolleries of the late Mr. Joseph Miller will do; eviscerate the volume, leaving however, the brains, if any, where you found them. To these materials add about the same quantity of odds and ends concerning great men, and great events of the last half century, plenty of which may be collected from stray numbers of the Annual Register, or an old file of Sunday papers. Triturate and mix well, so as to separate completely the particles of both ingredients respectively from each other. Now you have formed the substantial part of a modern memoir, but you are not yet to consider your labour at an end. You are forthwith to seek out some veteran of the town: an exhausted player—or a dried-up musician is exactly the thing. The older the better: the less known, the more he has to tell: and if you can hit upon one who answers to this description, no money should be spared in getting him to father the embryo bantling which you have so

ingeniously manufactured. The rest is straight forward and easy. Player or musician, he must be an extraordinary creature indeed, if he do not, with the transfer of his ample stock of reminiscences, give you up the custody of all that he possesses of principle, and honour, and conscience, and such incumbrances, so that you shall have no inconvenience whatever to dread from the virtue of the man. If he has been a helpless orphan in infancy, it is probable that he was indebted to the generosity of some distant kinsman, or kind hearted neighbour, for being able to get on in life: and in that case he will not object to turn his benefactor's character, his habits, and all belonging to him, inside out for the amusement of the vulgar. See also if he has been an agreeable companion; for then you may calculate that he has experienced a great deal of hospitality, and the deuce is in it if amongst his hosts at different periods, he cannot remember two or three with humped backs or saucy wives; half a dozen who did not know how to behave themselves at table; or some one or two that stingily stuffed their guests with coarse fare before the delicacies were announced, on which they themselves were determined to feed. Men in whose memories such a happy conjunction of scenes is to be found, are rarely met with even in the green room; but at all events let the reputed author of your work be a London libertine. This is a *sine qua non* in an autobiography now-a-days. No matter how stale your anecdotes about lords and cabinet ministers; you may even do such an absurdity as to put a witty saying into the mouth of a member of parliament; but a plentiful seasoning of demireps and gentlemen thieves, will carry more indifferent matters than these down the throats of the reading multitude. We do not say that your book will live—but if it sell, you will very naturally be indifferent to its destined mortality, and with your booksellers' bank draft in your pocket, you may laugh at the fools who lose their time in pursuing the soap bubbles of reputation.

Such is the most approved receipt of modern times for composing, a "Memoir of one's-self," it has the recommendation of being sanctioned by considerable experience, it has been tried and put to the test, on a large as well as a small scale, and it has been triumphant on all occasions. So sovereign a process has it proved, that we are confidently told that a series of interesting autobiographies are at the present moment on the anvil, by a select member of scene shifters of the patent theatres, which is to be followed up by various confessions of candle snuffers, bill stickers, and box openers, &c. &c.

And no wonder when one of the antient fixtures of the orchestra of Covent Garden Theatre is turned into a narrator of the events of his life! Memoirs of an Oboist! Mercy on us, what a sound in the literary world! What man, what hero, after this will write his life? No, never shall the children of genius, wit and eloquence, again descend into the slough of autobiography. Future Gibbons,

and Humes, and Walpoles, will rather leave their names a prey to the malice of history, than consign them to certain shame, by a degrading companionship. In England the day of pleasing, instructive, and valuable autobiography is over, at least until the current of our literature shall have resumed its natural channel. Experienced as we unfortunately are in the abuses with which that literature is nigh overwhelmed, we really could not divine the motive that could induce an oboist of our day to launch all at once into the character of an author. We were fully aware that gold and intreaty could do much, but we were not prepared, we confess, for so stupendous a proof of their influence as is embodied in these volumes. With respect to the reputed author of the work, we desire to speak with the forbearance that ought to be shown to imbecility; poor man, we remember him in our youth, a most respectable member of the musical corps at Vauxhall Gardens, cutting an infinitely more natural and agreeable figure then, we can assure him, in puffing his oboe, than now in being puffed as an author. What on earth had he to record, that could interest or prove instructive to any human being? Is it really the case, that this work had its origin in the notion, that the curiosity of mankind would be stimulated to look for the result of an attempt to perform a given task, with the least possible amount of the qualifications which its execution required?

"Musical Memoirs," quoth the author or his deputy,—"An account of the general state of music in England," &c. Yes, indeed, with the help of poor Dr. Burney and the newspapers, Mr. Parke has been enabled to give sketches of some eminent performers, the dates of some musical festivals and grand concerts, and the days in each year most scrupulously, on which that well known resort of fashion, Vauxhall Gardens, was opened. But as to anything else in the shape of Musical Memoirs in this work, we can see nothing of the sort.

The first name that strikes us in an early page of these volumes, is that of Sheridan, whose memory is now paying the penalty which he incurred during his life, for the familiarity which he permitted to exist between him and the most vulgar of mankind. If this unfortunate son of genius had foreseen the consequences of that facility of approach which marked his character, we surely may hope, that he would have entertained a higher notion than he did of the value of personal dignity. But setting aside all this, what does the reader suppose is the anecdote recorded of Sheridan?

'The day after the representation of "The School for Scandal," a noble friend of Sheridan's called at his house to congratulate him on his success; and during the conversation observed that the whole phalanx of authors had been present, at the head of whom was Cumberland. "Pray," said Sheridan, "did Cumberland laugh at my comedy?"—"O no!" replied his friend, he was uncommonly grave."—"That's very ungrateful on his part," rejoined Sheridan, "for I laughed all through his tragedy.'"—vol. i. p. 9.

Mr. Parke, we are sure, firmly believes that this paragraph was never in print before. Another connected with the same personage, is equally striking and novel. Speaking of a Sunday evening musical party, Mr. Parke says the amusement of the evening was conundrums.

'At length Mr. Sheridan in his turn gave the following: "Why is a pig looking out of a garret window like a dish of green peas?" This coming from Sheridan excited great attention, every one setting their wits to work to discover the similitude, when, having racked their brains to no purpose for some time, they at length unanimously gave it up. "What!" said Sheridan, "can't any of you tell why a pig looking out of a garret window is like a dish of green peas?"—"No, no!" being the reply, he, enjoying the perplexity he had thrown them into, good-humouredly rejoined, "Faith, nor I neither.'"—vol. i. p. 14.

Out of the many very tasteful, elegant and witty anecdotes with which this work abounds, we take the following samples.

'Walking with James Hook the composer, and his first wife, to view the British Museum, we were accosted by a female beggar, one of the most miserable in appearance imaginable. The poor creature, who solicited alms, had neither shoe nor stocking on, and her dress consisted literally of "shreds and patches," while she amused herself, during the whole of her solicitation, with a practice well known north of the Tweed, that of scratching her thigh. The applicant being disgusting as well as wretched, Hook, who was never at a loss for a pun, in order to get rid of her, (which was no easy think,) wrapt some money in a piece of paper, and keeping at a respectful distance, dropped it into her hand, saying at the same time,—"There, good woman, is sixpence for you; but I must say, you are a very *feel-thigh* (filthy) woman."

'The following whimsical circumstance occurred whilst I remained at Windsor: Mr. Bumgarten being a great eater, Messrs. Waterhouse, Shield, Blake, and myself, in order to form some idea of the quantity he consumed at a meal, proposed in sport, during a morning walk, that we should all be weighed, which being agreed to, and the apparatus at hand, was soon accomplished; and memoranda were made of the different weights. After dinner during another walk, purposely brought about, we were all weighed again, when it appeared that Mr. Baumgarten was eight pounds heavier after than before dinner!'—vol. i. p. 122.

'On another occasion, Dignum, the well-known singer, who had been unwell, and whose peculiar attachment to his brother was such that he scarcely ever spoke of matters relating to himself without including him, being asked by Charles Bannister how he was, replied, in his silly manner, "I am not much better, no more is my brother."—"What is the matter with you?" said Bannister.—"Oh!" said Dignum, "the doctor thinks I am consumptive, and so is my brother."—"Well," said Bannister, "but what does he advise you to take?"—"He says I must take asses' milk, and so must my brother."—"Oh!" said Bannister, "if you are to take asses' milk, I'd advise you to suck one another.'"—vol. i. pp. 176, 177.

'In the early part of September, being engaged for the grand music meeting at Canterbury, I set out in a post-chaise with Mr. Cramer, and his son Mr. F. Cramer, for that city, where we arrived in the evening. The next morning we received an invitation from Colonel Egerton, (afterwards Earl of Bridgewater,) who was stationed there with his regiment, to pass

the week with him and his accomplished lady. This invitation we accepted, and were highly gratified with their unaffected hospitality and refined manners. At this meeting Signora Storace and Miss Poole were at the head of the vocalists. Cramer led the band, Mr. F. Cramer the second violins, I played the principal oboe and concertos, and Dr. Arnold presided at the organ. At the rehearsal of the first performance, Mr. Hyde, the trumpet-player, not having arrived, recourse was had to one belonging to a regiment quartered there. Cramer, who was always careful that the wind instruments should be well in tune, mildly said to that person, "Your trumpet is too sharp."—"Is it?" said he, "then I'll soon make it flat enough." He then put in too long a crook, which making it much too flat, and Cramer pointing it out to him, the trumpeter impatiently replied, "Oh, never mind, I shall be in tune with some of them." The performances went off with the greatest *éclat*, and were attended by all the leading persons of that and the adjoining counties.'—vol. i. pp. 179, 180.

Speaking of a singer who has performed a song with éclat, Mr. Parke observes:

'This last word brings to my recollection my late valued and respected friend, Counsellor Howarth, who said to me, whilst supping with him, taking up the limb of a lobster, "If ever you feel anxious when going to play a concerto, take one of these in your pocket, and you will be sure to come off with *a claw*,"—*éclat*.'—vol. i. p. 220.

Of Mr. Parke's power of description, we have a specimen in the following graphic account of the city of Limerick, to which it seems he had paid a professional visit.

'Limerick is a large and populous city, having an old and new town: the latter is very handsome. It has a noble bridge over the river Shannon; and its climate is so remarkably damp, that scarcely a day passes without showers of rain descending, which the natives say are the tears which Saint Patrick sheds for the sins of the people. The women of Limerick, like our Lancashire witches, are proverbially handsome. Limerick is also famous for strong whisky, fine salmon, and mealy turkies! I was present at the Limerick races, where I beheld a gratifying, though perhaps a rude scene. The course, which is in an extensive valley, exhibited a long range of booths for the accommodation of the visitors, in a tent-like style, embellished with painted signs of various figures, as a boot, a pig, a gridiron, &c., reminding one of Tenier's celebrated Dutch fair; while the scene was beautifully diversified by the surrounding eminences, being adorned with the wives and daughters of the farmers of the country, whose naturally good countenances were considerably heightened by their universal costume of blue and scarlet cloaks, and white starched cocked-up caps, in the distance resembling a profusion of sweet comfits regularly disposed on a dessert cake.'—vol. i. pp. 229, 230.

Speaking of a gentleman whose name he does not scruple to mention at length, he opens the history of his domestic circumstances without hesitation. Parke was employed to give the gentleman instructions on the flute, and the opportunities which his visits afforded him are thus used:

'I had for some time till lately been in the habit of giving instructions on the German flute to Mr. Sperling, a gentleman who had retired from

business with a handsome fortune, and who, though a widower of sixty years of age, had had the courage to take for a second wife a buxom young widow of thirty. They lived tolerably well together for a time, notwithstanding the disparity of their ages. Their harmony was, however, at length interrupted by the clatter of the lady's tongue, which was incessantly exerted to induce her spouse to make his will, not only in her favour, but in her presence also. The good man being desirous to avoid, as Congreve says, "that eternal rotation of tongue which never gave even an echo fair play," was induced to comply with her desire, and taking her with him to his solicitor, bequeathed to her his whole fortune. The lady, in consequence, was for a short period in good humour and full of spirits; but, alas! through the instability of human affairs, she at length assumed an increased tone of violence and independence; and in the climax of one of her curtain lectures, observed to her husband, that as she was now provided for, he might die as soon as he pleased. This expression, making a powerful impression on the mind of Mr. S——, he, as soon as breakfast was ended the following morning, repaired to his attorney's, whom he informed, that he had come for the purpose of making his will. "What!" said the lawyer, greatly surprised, "have you forgotten that you made your will six months ago?"—"That was my wife's will," replied the client, "and now I am come to make my own." He then cancelled the former testament, and by a new one divided the bulk of his property (nine hundred a-year) among his relations, and to his kind rib, he assigned an annuity of two hundred pounds.'—vol. i. pp. 257—259.

We cannot resist the pleasure of quoting the following entirely original, and undoubtedly novel jeu dè esprit;

'"While the Earl of Sandwich was at the head of the Admiralty, being on a visit to a noble friend near Worcester, the mayor and corporation of that city invited him to meet the county members, &c., at the Town Hall at dinner, which invitation his lordship accepted. As soon as Lord Sandwich had arrived, the mayor ordered the dinner to be placed on the table; in doing which, one of the cooks, on entering the door of the hall, (which had a rising step,) stumbled, and let the contents of his dish, a fine neat's tongue, fall on the floor. The mayor was greatly disturbed by this accident, and Lord Sandwich said to him, with much good humour, "Oh, never mind, Mr. Mayor, it's only a *lapsus linguæ*."'—vol. i. pp. 288, 289.

The mention of Margaret Nicholson, elicits the following magnificent reflection from the above player.

'It would appear extraordinary that this benificent monarch should have attacks made on his life, had it not been proved that they were uniformly the acts of lunatics, from whose indiscriminate violence he was miraculously preserved by Providence *enveloping him in his impervious and invisible mantle.*'—pp. 314, 315.

'Impervious,' we solemnly believe, as Mr. Parke's own cranium, and invisible as his wit. The theme naturally brings our author to the name of Hatfield, who turns out to have been a military trumpeter,—a character which Mr. Parke thinks it necessary to define for the service of civic society.

'As the character of a military trumpeter is not much understood in civic

society, I will briefly describe it. He is commonly a man of irregular habits, shut out from all society except that of his comrades and his horse, suffering (from the smallness of his pay) many privations; and being without a thought for to-morrow, will seize his enjoyments wherever he can find them. If the necessary gratification afforded by eating be put into the balance with that of drinking, his predilection to the latter will turn the scale, whereby he can accommodate himself to the liquid staple of any nation on which the chance of war may throw him.'—vol. i. p. 318.

If this be the real character of a military trumpeter, we can only say that the world is infested by many a military trumpeter in disguise; and until we find a real trumpeter possessed of the requisite stock of impudence to induce him to publish his own memoirs, we shall by no means consider him the most contemptible character in society.

The following anecdote of Dr. Walcot, once but no longer celebrated as Peter Pindar, is so very probable, that we do not hesitate to give full credit to it.

'The before-mentioned Dr. Walcot, whom I well knew, and who in his writings styled himself *Peter Pindar*, was an eccentric character, and had many whimsical sayings. He used to call a blacksmith, the humble servant of a horse's leg, and spruce-beer, deal-board broth. If he saw any one eat heartily, he would say, "that man is fit to eat for a wager tripe out of a pail with a butcher's bull-dog and beat him:" and in speaking of pictures, (of which he was very fond) he would observe, "I never give for one more than the value of its frame, and then I am sure not to be taken in." When G———, the publisher, made a proposition to the doctor to purchase the copy-right of his works, he, by letter, offered him an annuity, *durante vita*, of two hundred pounds. The doctor, however, having been informed that G——— was very anxious to have them, asked three hundred. This was replied to by G——— appointing a day on which he would call on the doctor to talk the matter over with him. When the appointed day arrived, the doctor received him in complete dishabille, even to his nightcap; and, from having purposely abstained from shaving himself for three or four days, together with his complexion being naturally cadaverous, his appearance was unhealthy and forlorn: added to which, he assumed a hollow, sepulchral cough, such as would exhilarate a rich man's heir, and excite the commiseration of a sheriff's officer! It appeared, however, that G—— —— had determined not to make any advance on the two hundred pounds *per annum* already offered, till the doctor displaying a violent fit of coughing, (which the former thinking mended his chance,) he was induced to offer to make it two hundred and fifty pounds. This the doctor peremptorily refusing, and being apparently seized with another attack that nearly suffocated him, G——— thinking it impossible that he could last long, agreed to make the annuity three hundred. This annuity was some time afterwards reduced to two hundred pounds, under the following circumstances: Doctor Walcot having, in several of his poems, unwarrantably and unjustly made his late and revered majesty George the Third the subject of them, Mr. Pitt, the minister, at length most properly passed a bill through both houses of parliament to restrain such licentious conduct in future; for where is the difference between wounding the body

and the mind? The publisher, therefore, considering that the restraint thereby imposed would militate against his profits, by abridging the sale of the works, filed a bill in Chancery against the doctor. When the doctor was informed of G———'s proceedings in Chancery against him, he said to the friend who had made the communication, "Poor man, I pity him! for though I should live these twenty years, it is not likely to come to a hearing!"—"Aye," said his friend; "but suppose the master of the rolls was to give a decree in G———'s favour, what would you do then?"—"Why," replied the doctor, "I would appeal to the chancellor against the decree; and if he confirmed it, I would postpone it to the next century, by lodging an appeal to the House of Lords." However, as "miracles will never cease," it so happened, that in a comparatively short time G——— obtained a decree in his favour, by which the annuity was reduced to the last-named sum, two hundred pounds; and as the funds of the doctor were not sufficient to defeat the ends of justice in accordance with his threatened procrastination, he was compelled to submit. This decision incensed the doctor so highly, that he vowed he would have his revenge on G———, which he eventually accomplished, by living nearly twenty years afterwards.' —vol. i. pp. 344—347.

The next two extracts which we make are of a character with one other already cited. We allude to the impudent exposure of a family scene which Parke accidentally witnessed. The subject of the first of the subsequent quotations is Mr. Braham, the justly celebrated vocalist, and for what reason we cannot divine, except it be his merit and well-earned success, he appears to be an object of very ill-concealed hostlity to this writer. He says:—

'Braham, who was not engaged at the opera, or either of the winter theatres, did not by this speculation make his coffers overflow; an object which he prudently seizes every occasion to effect. That ruling passion, gain, which so particularly sways persons of his persuasion, is so strongly implanted in their natures, that it may sometimes be discovered in their children, even while infants, as the following relation will show:—A gentleman, who was in the habit of visiting at the house of that admired singer, informed me (as an admirable trait in a child then only five years old) that he one day asked Braham's little boy to sing him a song, which the infant said he would do if he paid him for it. "Well, my little dear," said the gentleman, "how much do you ask for one?"—"Sixpence," replied the child. "Oh," said the other, "can't you sing me one for less?"—"No," said the urchin, "I can't take less for one; but I'll sing you three for a shilling!'—vol. ii. p. 50.

A more unfeeling, unjust, and mendacious paragraph than this was never instigated by malice. The crime of Braham in the eyes of the Oboist is, that he always acted in conformity with the feelings of a gentleman. He had too much good taste—he had too honorable an ambition to cry "hail, fellow, well met," with Parke and his comrades, at the "Brown Bear," or the "Finish;" and it is because he despised the luxuries of gin and cigars, that his name is to be befouled, and his innocent family dragged before the public gaze! If there be a member of the dramatic corps who has con-

ducted himself with more uniform dignity and good sense than another, within our memory, it is Braham, who, of all living performers, would be the most entitled (if a title can ever be obtained for such a thing) to assume consequence, and put up for a personage of importance. But true merit has no need of the aid of pretension—it shines by its own lustre: it could only lose by imitating the airs, and mimicking the strut of obscure mediocrity. Mr. Braham however does not monopolize the enmity of our musical memorialist, as will be seen in the following passage:—

'Incledon, the celebrated vocalist, was a singular compound of contrarieties, amongst which frugality and extravagance were conspicuous. Mr. Shield the composer, Incledon, and I, lived for many years a good deal together. On one occasion, Shield and myself dined with Incledon at his house at Brompton in the month of February. When I had arrived there, Incledon said to me, "Bill, do you like ducks?" Conceiving, from the snow lying on the ground, that he meant wild ones, I replied, "Yes, I like a good wild duck very well."—"Damn wild ducks!" said he, "I mean tame ducks, my boy:" adding, "I bought a couple in town, which we shall have for dinner, for which I gave eighteen shillings!" Soon afterwards a letter arrived, announcing that Mr. Raymond, the stage-manager of Drury Lane Theatre, who was to have been of the party, could not come; in consequence of which, I presume, only one duck was placed on the dinner-table, with some roast beef, &c. When Mrs. Incledon (who as well as her husband, was fond of good living) had carved the duck, like a good wife, she helped her husband to the breast part and one of the wings, taking at the same time the other wing to herself, reserving for Shield and me the two legs and the back. Shield, who looked a little awkward at this specimen of selfishness and ill-manners, at first refused the limb offered to him, and as I had declined taking the other, there appeared to be but a poor prospect of the legs walking off, till Shield relented and took one, and Incledon the other, so that they were speedily out of sight.'—vol. ii. pp. 56, 57.

We do not know any terms in our language in which we could safely express the abhorrence we feel for the caitiff, who dares thus to sport with the privacies of domestic life. What! is it come to this, that we cannot invite a professional buffoon to our table to humour our company, without the apprehension that the fellow will caricature our entertainment in his memoirs? Are we so changed indeed in England, as that we cannot admit a teacher of music into our house, to keep an over-animated little boy out of harm's way, unless at the risk of his looking under chairs, prying into closets, and putting his ear to key-holes, to purvey for the scandalous chronicle, which he has determined to give to the world?

Private character is not the exclusive prey of such persons as Parke. He calumniates by wholesale. Perhaps there never was a case of more audacious and insolent abuse of the liberty of the press, than that which is exhibited in the annexed passage on the Methodists of England.

'It is not difficult to account for the vast increase of that sect of dis-

senters, who seem to promise hereafter to outnumber the members of the Church of England. The proselytes they make would appear surprising, did we not know by what means they were effected. Their leading preachers and others who follow their example, go into the houses of the poorer sort of persons, and when they are sick, or are suffering under privations during an inclement season, present to them tickets for bread, meat, and coals, which they take to the different tradesmen who are thereby authorised to supply them. They have schools, where boys and girls are not only instructed gratis, but are annually clothed, and at a proper season are apprenticed with a respectable fee; and so devoted are they to their tenets, that even the ladies, young and beautiful, go about from house to house, to distribute bounties and to collect subscriptions, as low as two-pence, for Bibles, &c., which are delivered to those who subscribe at half the usual price. Is it then matter of wonder that they should make so many converts, their charities, and their cant being addressed to the labouring poor and their children, who are so greatly benefited by their benevolence, that they would consider themselves wanting in gratitude were they not to embrace their mode of worship? I have however known instances where some churchmen of infamous character have, by hypocritically affecting to fall into their opinions, been loaded with favours; and the blind zeal of these sectarians has carried them so far, that when even made acquainted with their enormities, they have offered excuses for them, in consequence of their having apparently abandoned the established church, by occasionally presenting themselves at the methodistical chapel. If the views of these sectarians, as many assert, are directed by hypocrisy or ostentation, or any other feeling not of a criminal natnre, we should not, while we admire the effect, be too nice in scrutinising the cause. I have thus far digressed because I have lately had opportunities of witnessing their efforts; and while I observe the great extension of that sect, I lament that it is not checked by counter liberalities on the part of the members of the established church, who, wrapt in their dignified security, may, from the thinness of their congregations, find hereafter that the large sums of money which have been expended in erecting new churches might have been applied to more beneficial purposes.'—vol. ii. pp. 205—207.

We have no personal interest in defending the religious community here alluded to, from the charges so unblushingly brought against it. But we confess our Christian patience is sadly put to it, when we see a trumpery fiddler from Vauxhall abandoning the suitable occupation of chiming jigs for cyprians, and turning public accuser of a large and important class of society! The spectacle is truly a laughable one even in our day.

Having now given the reader as fair specimens as we could select of the various merits of this precious work, we think he will sympathise in the astonishment with which we confess we are filled, that so contemptible a series of mean and common-place trash could have ever, by the instrumentality of men of even ordinary cunning, been allowed to see the light. The wretched mind which constructed such a fabric as this, is more perhaps to be pitied than blamed. Necessity is sometimes deaf to the dictates of feeling—too often to those of virtue. To the vision of old age, also, the

different shades of right and wrong appear but too frequently blended together. Many excuses, therefore, may be pleaded in extenuation of a book written in the dotage of an intellect which perhaps was never remarkable for its vigour. The work is but a sample of those publications which a new and corrupt system has established in our literature—a system that has substituted for the nutritious aliment by which the minds of our forefathers were strengthened, a deleterious regimen, spiced too abundantly for the palate to be wholesome for the constitution. Buffoons and domestic traitors now cater for the instruction and recreation of the enlightened people of England!

ART. VII.—*A Narrative by John Ashburnham, of his attendance on King Charles the First, from Oxford to the Scotch army, and from Hampton Court, to the Isle of Wight: never before printed. To which is prefixed, a vindication of his character and conduct, from the misrepresentations of Lord Clarendon.* By his Lineal Descendant and present representative. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Payne and Foss, Baldwin and Cradock. 1830.

AT this the eleventh hour of the day, the Earl of Ashburnham has come forward to vindicate the memory of his ancestor, from what he calls the misrepresentations of Lord Clarendon. Why it is that his Lordship has kept his manuscripts so long concealed from the world, is a question upon which he has condescended to afford no information. Neither does it appear why he has now produced them from the place where they have so long lain concealed. We confess that we should have slept as soundly if these volumes had never met our eyes. We believe that if they had remained in the noble Earl's library, the sun would have still continued to rise and set as usual, the moon and stars to shine, the November fogs to thicken, and the winds to blow. We feel assured that the muffin-man would have gone on ringing his cheerful bell, even although John Ashburnham's ghost continued to groan beneath the weight of imputations which have been cast upon him by the Chancellor of the Stuarts.

The present Earl must be in his seventieth year. We suppose that he has preserved the vindication of his ancestor, as an occupation for his age. It was indeed an employment suited only to that period of life—a gossiping sort of work, fit for a Lord who had nothing else to do. We venture to say that, intent as his Lordship appears to have been upon his subject, nay, roused by it as he has sometimes been to a high degree of anger, there are not half a dozen persons upon the face of the globe who care one farthing about the issue of the controversy which forms the theme of his discourse. Who desires to be informed whether, nearly two centuries ago, a man familiarly named "Jack Ashburnham," and a great favourite of Charles I., was a fool or a knave; whether he

betrayed the king of his own deliberate and treasonable intention, or whether he was the dupe of more designing actors?

As if this were a question in which the whole civilized world was interested, we have here two volumes upon it. We ought rather to have said one volume, for in truth the first is nothing more or less than an apology for the second. We have in the first all that the author has thought proper to put forth in vindication of the grounds upon which, in the second, he maintains the loyalty, the consistency, and the honour of his ancestor. In the second, we have the vindication of that ancestor in his own writing, together with sundry notes and documents to the same purpose; and the result of the whole has been to make us believe that Lord Clarendon has not been guilty of a single exaggeration, or of any substantial error in the account which he gives of the conduct of this personage, during the crisis upon which was hinged the destiny of the unfortunate Charles. As connected with Clarendon's veracity, the subject is not altogether undeserving of attention.

It is well understood that the flight of the monarch to the Isle of Wight, was the regular commencement of that series of mistakes which brought him ultimately to the scaffold. Lord Clarendon has accused Ashburnham of being the king's sole adviser on this occasion, and of leading him, either by stupidity or by treachery, into a situation which ended in his ruin. It is certainly no pleasant circumstance for a noble family to have a stain of either sort upon its escutcheon, and it seems natural enough that one of his descendants and his lineal representative should wish to wipe it away. But we do not find that it is wiped away. We have the narrative of Ashburnham neither not at the moment when the facts occurred, not drawn up as a diary, while the events were still fresh and uncoloured in his mind; but framed at a subsequent period, after the Restoration, for the purpose of his defence against the charges which were circulated against him, and with a view to preserve the favour of the Court. The reader shall judge for himself what credit is to be given to a document of this description, drawn up at such a time and for such a purpose.

Before we mention Clarendon's articles of impeachment against Ashburnham, it may be as well to let the reader know who the latter was, and what station he enjoyed. He was the son of Sir John Ashburnham, by Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Thomas Beaumont, and first saw the light in the year 1603. His noble biographer says nothing of his private life. He assures us that it would neither gratify curiosity nor excite interest; an assurance to which we yield the most unqualified belief. Lord Clarendon states that he had been servant to his relative the Duke of Buckingham, though it is not clear whether he was in or out of livery. There is no manner of doubt, however, that at a very early period our hero became known to Charles, as he was one of his confidential letter carriers in the year 1627. This fact appears from letters

in the Harleian Collection, in which the king says, "I have received your letter by Jack Ashburnham."—"Since I have understood by Jack Ashburnham," and so on. The noble vindicator considers this early familiarity as the most indubitable proof of his ancestor's great abilities; it clearly shews, he says, that in the words of Lord Clarendon, the king "saw and observed men long before he received them about his person." In 1640 he became Member for Hastings. He never spoke a word during the whole time he served in Parliament. He was a constant attendant, and an active Committee man, and he had moreover a talent as well as a disposition for repeating to the king the speeches which were made on particular occasions in the House of Commons. He seems to have begun his public life as his royal master's Parliamentary spy. In 1643 he was disabled from being a Member of the House, on account of his being an adherent of the king's party. In the three following years he still served Charles in a confidential capacity, and towards the close of 1647 he attended him in his escape from Hampton Court to the Isle of Wight.

The question is, under what circumstances Ashburnham assisted Charles on this disastrous occasion. Clarendon states, that the king, from fear of being assassinated, had resolved to transport himself beyond the seas, a matter which it would not have been difficult for him to achieve, if he had been properly advised; that he fled from Hampton Court on the 11th of November (1647), attended by Sir John Berkeley, Ashburnham, and Legg, the two last being then grooms of his bedchamber. That Ashburnham alone seemed to know what was the real intention of the king; that the party having ridden towards the New Forest, in Hampshire, the king asked Ashburnham "where the ship lay?"—that the latter could give no answer, whereupon it was resolved to proceed to Tichfield, the seat of the Earl of Southampton.

Undoubtedly the interrogatory here attributed to the king, directed exclusively to Ashburnham, if it had been really uttered, would prove, without further evidence, that Ashburnham, whether exclusively informed of the king's purposes or not, was, at least, expected to be cognizant of the measures provided for his majesty's escape, if any such measures were in preparation. No ship was forthcoming. It could not have been very difficult, even in those days, to engage one at a very short notice in the neighbourhood of Southampton, or elsewhere; but, instead of measures being taken for that purpose, the king was persuaded, as we have just seen, to take up his temporary residence at Tichfield. There the question was discussed what the king should do. "In this debate," says Clarendon, "the Isle of Wight came to be mentioned (as they say) by Ashburnham." Colonel Hammond, who had married the daughter of the celebrated Hambden, and a great friend of Cromwell's, was at this time governor of the island. Clarendon justly terms it a fatal mistake, to think of committing the king to the

custody of such a man as this. Ashburnham and Berkeley told Hammond that the king had withdrawn from the army, and wished to place himself under his particular care in the Castle of Carisbrooke; but that if he could come to no satisfactory conclusion with the parliament, he hoped that he might be permitted to go where he wished. Hammond chose to treat with the king himself, and these, his confidential friends, did not object. The king, upon hearing of the turn which his affairs had taken, exclaimed, "Oh, Jack, thou hast undone me!" What was Jack's answer? He offered, says Clarendon, to kill Hammond, to which his majesty would not consent. Hammond was admitted into the king's presence, when it was again proposed to him to make the promise which had been already solicited, but in vain. "The king," says Clarendon, "believed that there was now no possible way to get from him, he having the command of the country, and could call in what help he would; and so went with him into the Isle of Wight, and was lodged at Carisbrook Castle, at first with all demonstration of respect and duty."

The charges here brought against Ashburnham, are all of a serious character; first, that being the king's sole and confidential adviser, he had not provided a ship for his escape, according to the plan that had apparently been agreed upon before-hand; secondly, that Ashburnham was the original proposer of the Isle of Wight as a place of refuge for his royal master, although he well knew that the governor, from his character and his connexions with the parliamentary party, was one of the last men in England who would assist the king in any attempt at escaping from their hands; and thirdly, that when the king reproached him for his mismanagement of the business, he offered to cut short the embarrassment in which he was involved, by assassinating Hammond. The bare proposal to perpetrate such a crime, if ever it was really made, betrays a man who was prepared for any thing, and upon whom scarcely any imputation can fall unjustly. We shall see, from his own narrative, that, as far as this point in the history of the king's flight, Clarendon has been guilty of no misrepresentation.

Of the genuineness of this document, no doubt can be entertained. A rough draught of it is still preserved in Ashburnham's own handwriting, in quarto, bound in a plain leather cover. Two copies of it, fairly written out, in folio, with vellum bindings, gilt ornaments on the sides, and gilt edging to the leaves, are also in the editor's possession, which agree with the draught. The narrative was avowedly written, and circulated privately in manuscript among Ashburnham's friends, for the purpose of vindicating his character from the reproaches to which he was subjected for the conduct of the king's flight. It has never before been published. Clarendon, however, had seen and carefully examined it, before he wrote his history of therebellion; but it appears to have made no very favourable impression upon his mind.

After a long preamble, in which, among other things, Ashburnham says that Charles had more than once entertained the notion of abdicating in favour of his son, when matters between him and the parliament had arrived at a perilous crisis; and after giving a history of the king's passage to the Scottish army, and his return to that of the parliament, the writer says that one of the first things he had to do, upon being permitted to wait upon Charles once more, was to pledge his word of honour to Colonel Whalley, who had the command of the guards about his person, that his majesty should not depart by his (Ashburnham's) contrivance out of their hands, without their privity. The king, of his own free will, entered into a similar engagement. When the differences between the king and the parliament, or rather between the king and the army under Cromwell and Ireton, who now ruled the remnant of the legislature, had become so formidable as to offer no hope of reconciliation, Ashburnham was dismissed from attendance upon his majesty, for having withdrawn the pledge which he had previously given. He said he could not answer for the king's safety, there was such a number of Scotts, and of "agitators" about the court.

'Not manie dayes after Mr. Legg came to mee from His Majestie (for Hee onlie was permitted to continue still neare Him), and told mee that His Majestie was resolv'd to escape from Hampton Court, and commanded mee to contrive it for Him: to which I did most readily submit, and promised to doe my dutie therein; but desir'd to know whether Hee intended to goe: hee reply'd His Majestie left that thought to mee. I told him that was too hard a burden for mee to undertake; but if hee would get the King's consent to impart it to Sir John Berkeley wee would offer Him our opinions next morning. Mr. Legg told mee it was His Majestie'spositive pleasure that Sir John Berkeley should not be acquainted with his escape. Yet in regard hee was sent over by the Queene, and that I was verie doubtfull of my owne judgement in so weighty a matter, and for that hee was so constantly with mee, that I could not well avoid him, I did (verie presumptuously I confess) send the King word that hee ought to have the knowledge of that business, and I would be responsible for him. The next day Mr. Legg came to know what our sense was upon His Majestie's Remoove. I did againe aske him whether the King had yet thought upon anie place to go to. Hee told us that Hee inclin'd to go beyond the seas, and for his part hee supposed Jersey a proper place for Him.'—vol. ii. pp. 101, 102.

In the mean time, Ashburnham however advised another attempt to be made, with the view of prevailing upon the Scotch commissioners, who were then at Hampton Court, to come to terms with the king, but the negotiation for that purpose was ineffectual. Charles was at that time confined to his chamber, and was frequently informed, says the narrator, that 'there was some privat practice upon his life, perticularly Mr. Ackworth inform'd his Majestie that Collonell Rainsborough was resolved to kill him, and offer'd to prove it by two witnesses.' Clarendon also states, that little billets were secretly conveyed to the king every day, informing

him of wicked designs which were entertained against his life. Legg was again sent by Charles to Ashburnham, to desire that he would propose a place for him to go to, for that he was resolved to stay no longer at Hampton Court, upon which Ashburnham suggested Sir John Oglander's house in the Isle of Wight. The narrator says that he gave this counsel upon recollecting that he had some few days before met Colonel Hammond upon the road to London, who informed him that "he was going down to his government, because he found the army resolved to break all promises with the king, and that he would have nothing to do with such perfidious actions." Here, Ashburnham thought, the king might be concealed until he could learn whether Hammond would serve him, and if so,

'that place would secure Him certainly from the feares of anie private Conspiracie, of the Agitators at Putney (the principall end of His Remoove,) there being then no Soldiers of the Armie in that Island; keepe intelligence with the Armie if by anie accident they should resume their desires of serveing Him (His flight from thence being liable to no other interpretation than to save His life); hold up the droopeing hearts of *His* owne Partie: give opportunitie to the Scotts or the Houses of Parliament, (both being then highly in opposition to the Armie) to make some further application to His Majestie, and bee more in readiness there, than in any other part of the Kingdome, to receave advantage by the Fleete, if at anie time the Sea-men should returne to their duties. But if no Conditions could be had from the Governour, His Majestie would be then close by the water-side, and might (when there should be no Argument left for His stay) take boate and dispose of His person into what part beyond the Seas Hee pleased.'—vol. ii. pp. 109, 110.

This account is at variance with that of Clarendon, who, as we have seen, states that the Isle of Wight was first mentioned in the debate which occurred at Tichfield, when it was found that there was no ship in preparation. At the same time it convicts Ashburnham, upon his own shewing, of either treachery or mismanagement, for even according to his own plan, a vessel was necessary for enabling the king to cross over to the island, and yet no such vessel was at hand. Sir John Berkeley, who also wrote his "narrative" of these transactions, says, that when the arrangements for the flight were discussed, he "thought it absolutely necessary *that* Ashburnham, *who kept the king's money*, should immediately employ his servant Dutton, who was well acquainted with the coast, to provide three or four ships in several ports, to be ready in all events," that in this proposal both Legg and Ashburnham concurred; "but nothing was done in it, *which to this day amazes me.*" Upon this point Ashburnham offers no vindication. Was it his object to keep in his own pocket the money which the engagement of the ships would have cost? Was it mismanagement and forgetfulness only, or was it treachery?

Clarendon says,—

'It never appeared afterwards that the king was maliciously betrayed to this unhappy peregrination, by the treachery and practice of those he trusted; and his majesty himself never entertained the least jealousy, or suspicion of it; yet the whole design appeared to be so weakly contrived, the not being sure of a ship, if the resolution were fixed for embarking, which was never manifest, the making choice of the Isle of Wight, and of Hammond to be trusted, since nothing fell out which was not to be reasonably foreseen and expected, and the bringing him to Tichfield, without the permission of the king, if not directly contrary to it, seemed to be all so far from a rational design, and conduct that most men did believe there was treason in the contrivance, or that his majesty entrusted those who were grossly imposed upon and deceived by his greatest enemies.'—vol. i. pp. 119, 120.

Clarendon goes on to shew that neither Legg nor Berkeley was blameable in this business, and that the whole reproach of it fell upon Ashburnham, and not undeservedly as we have just seen.

The contradictions between Berkeley and Ashburnham, in their respective narratives of the negotiation with Hammond, for the reception of the king, are numerous and striking. No further mention is made of the plan of taking the king to Sir John Oglander's. It would seem that Charles himself proposed that the intentions of the governor should be first sounded, which was accordingly done by Ashburnham and Berkeley, who went over to the island for that purpose. We shall give the reports of both these individuals, and then the commentary of Clarendon, leaving it to the reader to form his own judgment upon the matter. Ashburnham says,

'Sir John Berkeley and I went into the Isle of Wight, where being arriv'd and meeting with the Governour I desir'd Sir John Berkeley to acquaint him with the reason of our comeing to him, who then asked the Governour what hee thought was verie neare him? hee said he knew not; Sir John Berkeley reply'd, even good King Charles, who was come from Hampton Court for feare of being murder'd privatly. This was (to speak modestly) a verie unskilfull entrance into our business, nothing being to be preserv'd with greater secresy from him, than that the King was come from Hampton Court, our pretence naturally being to have return'd thither with his answeare, to the end that His Majestie might have made a judgement of Hammond's Resolution at His owne leisure, which of necessity Hee must have done, if Sir John Berkeley had not discovered that the King was so neare him. At the first the Governour seemed very much discomposed, but after some pause, desired to know what His Majestie would expect from him. I told him to preserve him in honour and safetie so as became his dutie to the Peace of the Nation, by a happie reconciliation betweene Him and the Parliament and Army; so hee desir'd wee would dine with him, and hee would thinke further of what wee had propos'd, professing to be verie willing to serve the King. By this invitation Sir John Berkeley and I got opportunity to conferr, and concluded, that in regard His Majestie was in greate danger to bee taken where Hee was, it was necessarie wee should shorten the worke with the Goveynour, by desireing his positive answeare to this question, Whither hee would deliver His Majestie to the

Parliament or Armie, in case they should desire unreasonable things from Him (such as are altogether repugnant to His Conscience and Honour) and Hee thall refuse to grant them? At which hee made some besitation, and said he would consider what satisfaction was fitt for him to give us in that point, and soone after Sir John Berkeley and hee debateing that question by themselves, hee cheerfullie profer'd this ensueing Engagement to His Majestie.

'That since it appeared His Majestie came from Hampton Court to save His life, if Hee pleased to put Himself into his hands whatever Hee could expect from a person of honour or honestie, His Majesty should have it made good by Him.

'Wherewith when Sir John Berkeley had acquainted mee, wee considered whither our accepting those Conditions for the King, were not the fulfilling of our Instructions, there being contained in the profer as much as we could hope for, His Majestie being the Judge of what was honorable and honest, especially setting still before us the sad apprehensions wee had of the King's being pursued and taken before we could get to Him (this passage being of great use if that should happen) wee both concluded in the affirmative, and told the Governour wee did approove of the profer hee had made, and would repaire to His Majesty to give Him an Accompt of it, who wee beleeved would be speedily with him. He then proposed to Sir John Berkeley that one of us should stay with him till the other did returne, wherewith Sir John Berkeley acquainted mee, and offered himself to stay, which I did not much dispute, as well because I thought that part least dangerous, (signifieing only a man's drawing his neck out of the Collar), as for that I did beleeve myself most usefull to His Majestie in case Hee had taken up anie other Resolution, well knowing all the sea coasts in that county. Whilst wee were agreeing which of us should stay, the Governour came to us and said, hee would adde thus much, that if wee would let him know where the King was, hee would go himself and deliver the same thing to his Majestie as he had done to us; but we both resolv'd not to tell him the particular place: yet I presently laid hold of his goeing to the King, and was very glad of that motion, there being no better salve (in my understanding) for the difficulty which only rested with mee, which was that His Majestie would not bee at liberty to doe anie thing else, in case he should not approove of what was tendred to Him, the Governour haveing then the knowledge of His being come from Hampton Court, and not farr from him, would certainly have sent Spies with either of us, and so have beene sure to have seized Him, if he should have taken any other Course; and by his goeing I conceived a good expedient wes offered to put into His Majestie's power to dispose of Himself anie other way, if Hee liked not to goe to the Isle of Wight upon those Conditions.'—vol. ii. pp. 113—117.

Sir John Berkeley gives a very different account of this transaction.

"The first thing we resolved was, that, since his Majesty went towards the east side of the island, that we would go on to the west, to a place called Limington, where Mr. Ashburnham told me there was a short passage over. By the way, I asked Mr. Ashburnham if he had any acquaintance with Hammond the Governor. He replied, 'not very much,' yet he had lately had some discourse with him upon the highways near King-

ston, and found him not very averse to his Majesty; but that which made him conceive the best hopes of him was, the character Mr. Denham, and the commendations my Lady Isabella Thynn gave of him.

'We came to Limington that night, but could not pass, by reason of a violent storm that blew. The next morning we got over, and had then to go eight miles to the castle of Carisbroke, where the Governour dwelt. We came thither after ten in the morning, and found the Governour was newly gone out towards Newport. When we overtook him, Mr. Ashburnham desired me to open the matter to him, which he would afterwards second himself. After I had saluted him, I took him aside, and delivered our message to him word for word. But he grew so pale, and fell into such a trembling, that I did really believe he would have fallen off his horse: which trembling continued with him at least an hour after, in which he broke out into passionate and distracted expressions, sometimes saying, "O gentlemen! you have undone me by bringing the King into the island,—if, at least, you have brought him; and, if you have not, pray let him not come: for, what between my duty to his Majesty, and my gratitude for this fresh obligation of confidence, on the one hand, and my observing my trust to the army, on the other, I shall be confounded." Other while he would talk to a quite contrary purpose. I remember, that, to settle him the better, I said, that, "God be thanked, there was no harm done; that his Majesty intended a favour to him and his posterity, in giving him an occasion to lay a great obligation upon him, and such as was very consisting with his relation to the army, who had so solemnly engaged themselves to his Majesty: but, if he thought otherwise, his Majesty would be far from imposing his person upon him." To that he replied, that then, if his Majesty should come to any mischance, what would the army and kingdom say to him, that had refused to receive him? To this I replied, that he did not refuse him, who was not come to him. He returned, that he must needs know where his Majesty was, because he knew where we were. I told him he was never the nearer for my part. He then began a little to sweeten, and to wish that his Majesty would have reposed himself absolutely upon him, because it would have been much the better for both. I then went to Mr. Ashburnham, and told him, that this Governour was not a man for our purpose, and that for my part, I would never give my consent that his Majesty should trust him. Mr. Ashburnham acknowledged that he did not like him; yet, on the other side, he much feared what would become of his Majesty, if he should be discovered before he had made his point, and made appear what his intention was; for then he would be accused of what his enemies pleased to lay upon him. I replied, that, if we returned not that night, his Majesty would be gone to sea. I perceived Mr. Ashburnham liked not that so well, and therefore took the Governour to task apart, and, after some conference, they came both to me; and the Governour said, that, since we desired it, he would say, that, because his Majesty, he believed, had made choice of him, as a person of honour and honesty, to lay this great trust upon, therefore he would not deceive his Majesty's expectation. I replied, that expression was too general, and did not come home to our instructions. He then made many discourses not much to the purpose, during which time he kept himself between Mr. Ashburnham and me; and when he found me still unsatisfied, he added, that I was harder to content than Mr. Ashburnham, and he did

believe that his Majesty would be much easier pleased than either, and thereupon concluded that I should go into the castle, and that Mr. Ashburnham should take his horse and go to the King, and tell his Majesty what he said. I embraced the motion most readily, and immediately went over the bridge into the castle, though I had the image of the gallows very perfectly before me. Mr. Ashburnham went, I believe, with a better heart to horse: but before he was gone half a flight shot, the Governour (being before the castle-gate,) called to him, and had a conference of at least a quarter of an hour with him, to what purpose I never knew until I came into Holland, where a gentleman of good worth and quality told me, that the Governour affirmed afterwards in London, and in many places, that he then offered to Mr. Ashburnham, that I should go and he should stay, as believing his Majesty to be less willing to expose him than me, but that Mr. Ashburnham absolutely refused. Whatever passed between them, I am sure they came both back to me; and the Governour putting himself between us said, that he would say that, which he was sure ought to content any reasonable man, which was, that he did believe his Majesty relied on him, as on a person of honour and honesty, and therefore he did engage himself to us to perform whatever could be expected from a person of honour and honesty. Before I could make any Mr. Ashburnham made this reply, I will ask no more. The Governor then added, let us then all go to the King, and acquaint him with it. Mr. Ashburnham answered, with all my heart. I then broke from the Governour, who held me in his hand, and went to Mr. Ashburnham, and said, what do you mean, to carry this man to the King before you know whether he will approve of this undertaking or no? undoubtedly you will surprise him. Mr. Ashburnham said nothing but, I'll warrant you; and so you shall, said I; for you know the King much better than I do, and therefore when we shall come where the King is, I assure you I will not see him before you have satisfied his Majesty concerning your proceeding, Well; he would take that upon him.'—vol. ii. p. 170—175.

The king, it will be observed, gave no instructions to Ashburnham to bring the governor into his presence; the remark, therefore, of Lord Clarendon, that "the not having a ship ready, if it were intended, was inexcusable; and the putting the king into Hammond's hands without his leave, could never be wiped out," seems to be perfectly justifiable. But the noble historian goes further.

'here were some who said, that Ashburnham resolved that the king should go to the Isle of Wight, before he left Hampton Court; and the lord Langdale often said, "that being in Mr. Ashburnham's chamber at that time, he had the curiosity, whilst the other went out of the room, to look upon a paper that lay upon the table; in which was writ, that it would be best for the king to withdraw from the army, where he was in such danger; and that the Isle of Wight would be a good retreat, where colonel Hammond commanded; who was a very honest man.' And this was some days before his majesty removed. And then it was observed, that Hammond himself left the army but two or three days before the king's remove, and went to the Isle of Wight at a season when there was was no visible occasion to draw him thither, and when the agitators in the army were at highest; and it was looked upon with the more

wonder, because Ashburnham was not afterwards called in question for being instrumental in the king's going away, but lived unquestioned long after in the sight of the parliament, and in conversation with some of the officers of the army who had most deceived him; and which was more censured than all the rest, that after the murder of the king he compounded, as was reported, at an easy rate, and lived at ease, and grew rich, for many years together without interruption.' "—vol. i. pp. 121, 122.

It must be confessed, that Berkeley's narrative at least gives countenance to that portion of this commentary which relates to the negotiations with Hammond. Even if Sir John's evidence were not so clear and positive against him, there is the stubborn fact, that without instructions, and contrary even to the object of his mission, Ashburnham consented to bring the governor to the king. What followed must be told in his own language.

'The Governour then takeing with him the Captaine of Cowes Castle, and their two servants (for I refused to stirr if they would take Soldiers with them, as Sir John Berkeley told mee hee had propos'd) wee embarqued, and were together till we came to Titchfield Towne, where I desired to go before to the Lord of Southampton's (where then I told him the King was) and acquaint His Majestie with what had passed, and with my Resolution to give him his election in disposeing His person. When I had made the whole relation to the King, Hee was pleased to say (with a very severe and reserved Countenance, the first of that kinde to mee), that notwithstanding that Engagement, Hee very beleeved the Governour would make Him a Prisoner. I presumed to tell Him (though with the saddest heart that certainly ever anie man had) that I was sure his Instructions were fully obey'd, they being to try what Conditions wee could get for Him; but since what was done did not please Him, I was happy that I had provided an Expedient; soe that if Hee would say what other course hee would steere, I would take order that the Governour should not interrupt Him; His Majestie ask'd mee how that could possibly bee, since the Governour was come with us? I answear'd, that his comeing made anie other way more practicable than if hee had stayed behind. Hee then told mee, that Hee had sent to Hampton for a Vessell, to transport Him into France, and was in good hope to bee supply'd, and that Hee expected Newes of it everie moment, but verie earnestly pressed to know how I would cleare Him of the Governour; I answeared that I was resolved and prepared to kill him and the Captaine with my owne hands.'—vol. ii. pp. 117, 118.

Sir John substantially agrees with his colleague upon this part of the transaction; a report so humiliating to Ashurnham in every point of view, whether as a man of sense, or of honour, or of common honesty, would hardly be credited, had it not come from his own hands. He adds, with all the coolness of a practised assassin, that the king having heard his proposal, took a few turns in the room, and resolved 'not to have *execution* done upon the governor!' Sir John Berkeley is a little more explicit. "What!" said the king to Ashburnham, "have you brought Hammond with you? O you have undone me; for I am by this means made fast from stirring." Ashburnham replied, "that if he mistrusted Hammond,

he would undertake to secure him." His majesty said, "I understand you well enough, but the world would not excuse me. For if I should follow that counsel, it would be said, and believed, that he (Hammond) had ventured his life for me, and that I had unworthily taken it from him. No, it is too late now to think of any thing, but going through the way you have forced upon me, and to leave the issue to God." "But," adds Sir John, "when his majesty began anew to wonder that he could make so great an oversight, Mr. Ashburnham, having no more to reply, wept bitterly." Upon this passage in his ancestor's life, we apprehend that the noble editor of these volumes will have little reason to congratulate himself or his family. As to Lord Clarendon's relation of it, we own that we can perceive no material error, for though not exactly consonant in all the particulars with the narratives of the two principal actors, yet in no essential respect does it differ from them. It throws no blame upon Ashburnham, which he does not appear to have most amply deserved.

The king having, in consequence of the situation in which he was placed, resolved to proceed to the Isle of Wight, was lodged in Carisbrook Castle, where he was at first respectfully treated by the governor. When, however, the Parliament and the army united, Hammond, 'that detestable villain,' as Ashburnham then called him, 'began to use the king with great irreverence.' Intelligence was conveyed to his Majesty that the army was bent upon his destruction, a project which, if not originated, was highly encouraged by Cromwell and Ireton. Charles determined to escape from Carisbrook, again concerted with Ashburnham for that purpose, who contrived that the Queen, who was then in France, should send over a French vessel to Southampton, to wait Ashburnham's orders. This was, we believe, the only step which the Queen ever took for effecting the safety of her husband. The bark was prepared for the King's reception, and as he had liberty to ride abroad, no obstacle to his flight now appeared to remain. 'The King with greate joy ranne to the window to see how the wind stood by the fane, and finding it perfectly faire, made all hast to draw on his bootes, and being readie to go out of his chamber, hee turn'd againe to look upon the fane, when so fatal a mischeefe did attend him, as it was changed at that instant cleane contrary, and continued so for six dayes together, so as the barque could not stirr.' The Parliamentary and the Scotch Commissioners by that time arrived at Carisbrook Castle, and Ashburnham, Berkeley, and Legg, were removed from the service of the king.

One more attempt at an escape, as unlucky as all the others, the king was induced by Ashburnham to make. The latter, it appears, after his separation from the royal presence, found means to apprise him that he would have horses at Netley Park, to carry him to a place where he had provided a ship to transport him to France. The king, he says, sent word, that—

'What I had proposed to Him concerning His escape was verie welcome, and in order thereto would have me waite for Him every night at the sea-side, till Hee discharged mee, for most assuredly Hee would doe his parte, being confident of the assistance of one about Him, and haveing discovered (upon tryall) that Hee could pass His bodie between the barrs of the window or His Chamber, because Hee found there was roome enough for His head (the rule being that where the head can pass the body may); but most unhappily Hee mistooke the way of measure, for instead of putting forth His head sidewayes, Hee did it right forward; by which Error, when all things were adjusted for His escape the second time, and that Hee thought to put in execution what Hee thought so sure, (His passage through the window) Hee stuck fast in it, and (as he was pleased to send me word) did straine so much in the attempt, as Hee was in great extremity, though with long and painefull struglings Hee got back againe, without anie certaine notice taken by anie man, but by him who waited to have served him when Hee had come downe.—vol. ii. pp. 123, 124.

After waiting, as he says, a quarter of a year upon the sea-coast with the view to assist Charles in his meditated escape, he was taken prisoner, soon after which he made, as Clarendon has already stated, his composition, and lived "unquestioned long after in the sight of the Parliament."

The Earl of Ashburnham suggests that Clarendon had violent prejudices against his ancestor, because he was a favourite with the King, and had in one instance interfered with matters appertaining more immediately to the Chancellor's office. It is unnecessary to examine very closely whether or not Clarendon was actuated by any feelings of hostility against Ashburnham, for these or for any other reasons. The narrative above, which is now first published, is sufficient in our minds to shew that Ashburnham was a man ready to do any act of baseness or criminality. He who would have murdered two gentlemen who entrusted themselves to his honour and guidance, would have stopped at nothing which offered him the prospect of advantage. Such a man as this it is whom the noble editor of these volumes boasts of, as not inferior even to Clarendon 'in point of honour and integrity!' Nay, he talks of the memory of this ancestor, of whom he ought really to be ashamed, as quite as dear and sacred to him as that of the illustrious statesman is to his descendants. When the Earl of Ashburnham is able to shew that Lord Clarendon offered in cold blood to commit murder, we may allow that the two characters ought to be placed upon a level. We conceive that nothing save that sickly pride of aristocracy, with which this country is every day becoming more and more disgusted, could induce any man in his senses to attempt the impotent vindication which these volumes contain. They will have, we apprehend, an effect quite the reverse of that which the noble Earl contemplates. They will demonstrate Clarendon's correctness in essentials, although in some minor details he may possibly have been misinformed. They will moreover shew in what

unworthy beginnings some of our most ancient nobility has had its rise, for although John Ashburnham was not raised to the peerage, his family was enabled, by his riches, acquired chiefly through the system of favouritism, to obtain that distinction at the Revolution, from the very hands of the prince who had supplanted his most loving masters. Verily the history of the origin of many of our nobles, not to speak of the lives of all of them now existing, with very few exceptions, would open a picture of human nature of the most revolting description. We trust that the task will be undertaken by some person competent to perform it, and who would fearlessly go through his labours, not with the view of propagating scandal, but of rooting out the great source from which it springs. We affirm, without fear of contradiction, that there is more of profligacy practised and produced by the three or four hundred families that form our peerage, than by all the other classes of society put together. An aristocracy of intellect or of merit we could venerate; but we have no respect for those who can talk of the "honour" and "integrity" of such a man as "Jack Ashburnham!"

ART. VIII.—1. *The Winter's Wreath for* 1831. *Thirteen Plates.* 12mo. pp. 372. London: Whittaker and Co. Liverpool: G. Smith.

2. *Friendship's Offering, a Literary Album, and Annual Remembrancer. Thirteen Plates.* 12mo. pp. 408. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

3. *Forget me not; a Christmas, New Year's, and Birth-day Present. Fifteen Plates.* 12mo. pp. 382. London: Ackermann.

4. *The Humourist, a Companion for the Christmas Fireside.* By W. H. Harrison, author of "Tales of a Physician," &c. *Embellished by Fifty Engravings, exclusive of numerous Vignettes, from designs by* T. Rowlandson. 12mo. pp. 280. London: Ackermann.

5. *Ackermann's Juvenile Forget-me-Not: a Christmas, New Year's, and Birth-day Present, for Youths of both Sexes. Eleven Plates.* 12mo. pp. 236.

6. *The Juvenile Forget-me-Not. A Christmas and New Year's Gift, or Birth-day Present, for the Year* 1831. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. *Twelve Embellishments.* 12mo. pp. 224. London: Westley & Co.

THE Annuals for 1831 already begin to make their appearance in considerable force. There are we know not how many still in preparation; we hear that altogether we are to have at least from twenty to thirty of these brilliant publications on our table before the close of the year. Whether a market is likely to be found for them all, is a question which we have no wish to determine. Enterprize, either in authors or publishers, is not to be discouraged on light grounds. They will be doubtless the best judges as to their own interests: if they succeed, they will renew their exertions another and another year; if they fail, we shall hear no more about them. They will steal away unperceived from the scene, and the world will go on just as if they had never attempted to climb the steep of fame.

So much has been said upon the intimate relation which has for some time existed between these tokens of the new year and the progress of the fine arts in this country, that it would be superfluous to dwell for a moment on that subject. We suspect, however that we have already seen the utmost length to which that relation can go. Indeed it would be difficult to imagine more perfect works of genius, than some of the plates which have appeared in our Annuals. In no part of the continent has any thing been produced which may be said to approach them in excellence. It is stated, and we believe with truth, that both German and French publishers of this class of books, in order to stand any chance of competition, have been under the necessity of sending to England for their embellishments. Thus we have a new and conspicuous proof of the impetuosity, resolution, and success, with which British talent and industry can seize upon every opportunity of improvement. It is not ten years ago since the Germans and the French surpassed us in their engravings, at least in such engravings as were inserted in their Annuals; and now they are obliged to borrow from us, or to give up the contest. This fact alone is worth a volume of dissertation.

There is at the same time in this, as in all other enterprizes which partake of a commercial character, just reason for apprehending that the thing may be, indeed that it has been already, overdone. We happened very recently to overhear two tradesmen in the humbler walk of life, discussing with great earnestness some points of political economy which came home to their own bosoms. Among other matters it was angrily asserted by one, and as vehemently confirmed by the other, that no man sets up a business and succeeds in getting a bare living by it, but another comes and sets up the same business next door to him, the consequence of which is that they endeavour to undersell each other until both are ruined. We fear that a process of this description is in progress with respect to the Annuals. If we be wrong, we shall be most happy to be convinced of it, and to surrender our apprehensions.

In a literary point of view however, we can speak with a little more confidence. It is certain, that although at least one hundred different volumes of prose and poetry have been given to the world under the denomination of Annuals within the last eight or nine years, they have not as yet produced half a dozen compositions which are worth the trouble of preservation. It may be said that literary excellence is not the main object of these works; that they seek only to amuse for a season, and have no ambition of immortality. If that be so, we have nothing further to say against them. They have, for the most part, accomplished the end of their fugitive existence, and it would be unjust to tax them with the performance of a purpose for which they never were designed. Nevertheless, if the editors of some of these productions are to be be-

lieved upon their own avowals, they have not been altogether without a glimpse of hope that their collections might live beyond the season of their birth. These aspirants are assuredly doomed to disappointment.

Whether it was the novelty of the books, or the freshness of the genius which was applied to the illustration of the earlier volumes, that gained them so large a share of public favour, we know not. To us it appears, that while in their embellishments they are either improving, or at least stationary, in their literary contents they are decidedly declining every year. In those for the forthcoming season, which we have already had the opportunity of perusing, we have found very few compositions above the rank of a low mediocrity. The Chorleys, the Howitts, the Merrits, the Jewsburys, the Bowrings, the Pringles, the Kennedys, the Motherwells, the Harrisons, the Landons, the Woodleys and the Tartts, such are the names which chiefly grace the beautifully printed pages before us! Of all this tribe of men, women, and children, who that has ever heard before would like to hear again.

What is the result? We think that we can tell. We have observed that in most circles to which our intercourse leads us, the plates of the Annuals are in the first instance carefully examined, and, with few exceptions, very justly admired. Some persons, having no better occupation, read the whole volume through, and pronounce it dreadfully tiresome; others arrive at the same conclusion without getting beyond fifty pages, and the majority taking the opinion of either class of readers for their guide, never attempt to turn a single leaf of the letter-press over another. Before they are in bloom a month, the Annuals become in consequence the most neglected of all other races.

While the dews of morning are still upon them, it is, however, to us, a pleasant duty to wander from flower to flower, like the bee, and extract the richest portions of their produce. We shall take them in the order in which they grow up beneath our eye—in other words, according as they are placed under our notice. The reader is probably aware that we never seek out these works, nor indeed any others. The publishers think that they best consult their interests by sending us the earliest copies; and we return the compliment by expressing our opinion upon them, one after another, in the line of succession in which we receive them. But here the obligation ends. The publishing world already well knows that acting in the capacity of Reviewers, we have neither friendship nor hostility to serve, and no sort of interest, save that of literature, to consult. We think that we have so fully established our character in this respect, that we shall proceed at once to our purpose.

The 'Winter's Wreath' was on this, as upon most former occasions, the earliest in the field. Of the plates we have spoken in our last number. After a second examination, we have no

hesitation in declaring that they are fully entitled to the praise which we then gave them. Of the literary compositions we cannot sing in the same strain. They are upon the whole perhaps of a better class than we have generally seen in this publication, and although it must be owned that this is no great eulogium, yet they have amongst them a few gems which throw a redeeming light around them. Foremost of these is a translation into Latin, by Archdeacon Wrangham, of Mr. Bayley's pretty song—"The Butterfly was a Gentleman." The scholar will at once admire the simplicity of the language, the sweetness of the measure, and the accuracy of the version.

'Papilius bellus homo fuit,
Famæque non optimæ;
Per aprica volavit is usque loca,
Purpurea cum veste.
Domique, ceu carcere seclusam
Dereliquit conjugem;
Ipse, cœlibis instar vagi, foras
Quamque osculans, vah! florem.

'Cicindela fuit tenuis conjux,
Prodiit quæ vix usquam;
Ea hunc deperibat unicè,
Parùm hei redamabat eam.
Neglecta diem trivit—vagum
Tunc errare virum scibat:
Accendit at lampada vesperè,
Quæ fax redeunti erat.

'Fors nocte rediens serò
Haud lampada conspicit:
Hanc viderat accipiter spretam,
Secumque rapax tulit:
—Cave ergo, papilio, si tibi
Ea venerit tempestas,
Frustrà obscurum per iter velles
Domi lampada foveras.'—*Winter's Wreath*, p. 70.

After reading these classic lines, we almost blush, on turning back a few pages, to find the following:—

'In life, from pleasant Galilee,
They followed meekly in his train;
To watch his need, to soothe his pain;
Thus did the Maries three!'—*Ib.* p. 24.

This verse forms part of a composition, written by Mr. William Howitt, for the purpose of illustrating West's noble picture of the Three Maries, which has been admirably engraved by E. Smith. In a similar strain the guards are described:—

'Like men by lightning struck, they lay,
Bewildered, *crushed, and low;*
And pondered through the sabbath day,
In half-despairing woe!'—*Ib.* p. 24.

So also one of the Maries is mentioned as having been set free

'From *fierce* and *fiendish spirits seven!*'

and of the three, Mr. Howitt sings that

'They weeping sate, *and there did tell*
Of each good deed and miracle!'

How happens it, that amongst our versifiers, almost every subject taken from the sacred writings is turned into a caricature? It is Chateaubriand, we think, who has endeavoured to convince the world that the history of Christianity yields many finer subjects for the painter, the poet, and the sculptor, than that of paganism. We agree in the theory, but so far as poetry and sculpture, at least, are concerned, we lament to observe that the well-meant eloquence of the French author has as yet produced very few disciples in practice. We might contrast with some of Mrs. Hemans' exertions in this way, her excursions into the heathen world, and learn what a much deeper poetical inspiration she has drawn from the fountain of Castaly, than from that of the Jordan. Linton may be proud of his finely imagined view of Delos, when he sees it engraved by Miller, and followed by the lines which Mrs. Hemans has bestowed upon it.

'A song was heard of old—a low, sweet song,
On the blue seas by Delos:* from that isle
The Sun-God's own domain, a gentle girl,
Gentle—yet all inspired of soul, of mien,
Lit with a life too perilously bright—
Was borne away to die. How beautiful
Seems this world to the dying!—but for *her*,
The child of beauty and of poesy,
And of soft Grecian skies—oh! who may dream
Of all that from *her* changeful eye flashed forth,
Or glanced more quiveringly through starry tears,
As on her land's rich vision, fane o'er fane
Coloured with loving light—she gazed her last,
Her young life's last, that hour! From her pale brow
And burning cheek she threw the ringlets back,
And bending forward—as the spirit swayed
The reed-like form still to the shore beloved,
Breathed the swan-music of her wild farewell
O'er dancing waves:—"Oh! linger yet," she cried;
"Oh! linger, linger on the oar,
Oh! pause upon the deep!

* 'It will be remembered, that this beautiful island was sacred to the ancient Greeks, from having been the birth-place of Apollo and Diana None were born or died there—the mothers and the dying were carried to the neighbouring islet of Rhane. Solemn expeditions, with much priestly pomp, were frequently made from Athens to enforce this ordinance, particularly to propitiate the Gods in time of public calamity. Our era refers to the celebrated lustration, at the time of the Peloponnesian war, during the plague of Athens.'

That I may gaze yet once, once more,
Where floats the golden day o'er fane and steep.
Never so brightly smiled mine own sweet shore:
—Oh! linger, linger on the parting oar!

'"I see the laurels fling back showers
Of soft light still on many a shrine;
I see the path to haunts of flowers
Through the dim olives lead its gleaming line;
I hear a sound of flutes—a swell of song—
Mine is too low to reach that joyous throng!

'"Oh! linger, linger on the oar,
Beneath my native sky!
Though breathing from the radiant shore
Voices of youth too sweetly wander by!
Mine hath no part in all their summer-mirth,
Yet back they call me to the laughing earth.

'"A fatal gift hath been thy dower,
Lord of the Lyre! to me;
With song and wreath from bower to bower,
Sisters went bounding like young Oreads free;
While I, through long, lone, voiceless hours apart,
Have lain and listened to my beating heart.

'"Now, wasted by the inborn fire,
I sink to early rest;
The ray that lit the incense-pyre,
Leaves unto death its temple in my breast.
—O sunshine, skies, rich flowers! too soon I go,
While round me thus triumphantly ye glow!

'"Bright isle! might but thine echoes keep
A tone of my farewell,
One tender accent, low and deep,
Shrined 'midst thy founts and haunted rocks to dwell!
Might my last breath send music to thy shore!
—Oh! linger, seamen, linger on the oar!"'

Winter's Wreath, pp. 49—51.

We should have thought that Mary Howitt, the sister or the wife (we know not which) of the aforesaid William, ought to have preserved for one of the Juvenile Annuals her verses beginning,

'One summer eve, seven little boys
Were playing at the ball;
Seven little boys so beautiful,
Beside a castle wall!'

When the age of conceit and euphuism returns again, as we suppose it will do one day, seeing that almost all the old fashions come forth again in succession and in renovated glory, persons, no doubt, will be found to admire Mr. W. Roscoe's poetry, of which the following song may be considered a fair specimen.

'Once the Queen of the East, at her Anthony's feast,
A pearl of high value dissolved in her wine;
But what was the glow, that its blaze could bestow,
Compared to the jewel that's mingled in mine?

'Then tell me no more, the rich prize to explore,
In the caves of the ocean, or depths of the mine;
'Tis a thought of my breast, that must ne'er be exprest,
That I drop in my goblet to sweeten my wine.'—

Winter's Wreath, p. 69.

A thought that can be dropped into a goblet is, we believe, something new. But still more novel is a thought, that being so dropped, can sweeten wine, and still be more precious than Cleopatra's pearl, and indeed all other jewels that ever saw the light!

The difference in the styles of Johnson and Burke being a subject hitherto unexplored, one perfectly new, and furnishing a fund of polite entertainment, Mr. John Merritt thought he could do no better than cheer the brow of winter, by a regular critical essay on that special theme. Three-and-twenty mortal pages of this lucubration rise before our wondering eyes, like an alpine height. But like the alpine traveller, we shall take good care not to face the precipice; we choose the more cunning road which, winding mysteriously round the base, saves us from the perils of the way. *En passant*, we regret to discover our friend, Miss Mary Ann Browne, in a faint. It seems that the works of nature now quite overpower her tender sensibilities.

'In every tree
Where the wind whispereth—in the moaning sea,
There is a mighty voice too strong for me,
It stuns my brain!'
* * * * *
'The very turning of a worm!'

Even this, the poor girl can no longer endure.

'My brain
Awakes too wildly when it hears the call
Of Nature in the storm, or rushing fall
Of waters!—*I am faint*—to life again!'

Miss M. A. Browne sets out with saying,—

'I cannot bear
To be without my kind;'—

If so, we should advise her by all means to take unto herself a husband. In her present condition, when the turning of a worm makes her faint, she really is much to be pitied. She should walk out with a decanter of water in her reticule.

We have sought in vain for something worthy of being extracted from among the prose compositions in this volume; but although there are two or three pieces not without merit, we could not conscientiously occupy our pages with any of them, particularly con-

sidering that we have before us so many other works of the same description to notice. We must, therefore, content ourselves with another of Mrs. Hemans' productions, which appears to us to breathe of the purest atmosphere of poetry. It worthily illustrates Robinson's masterly engraving, after Celesti's picture of St. Cecilia.

'How can that eye, with inspiration beaming,
Wear yet so deep a calm?—Oh, Child of Song!
Is not the Music-Land a world of dreaming,
Where forms of sad, bewildering beauty throng?

'Hath it not sounds from voices long departed?
Echoes of tones that rang in childhood's ear?
Low, haunting whispers, which the weary-hearted,
Stealing 'midst crowds away, have wept to hear?

'No, not for Thee!—*thy* Spirit, meek, yet queenly,
On its own starry height, beyond all this
Floating triumphantly, and yet serenely,
Breathes no faint under-tone through songs of bliss!

'Say, by what strain, through cloudless ether swelling,
Thou hast drawn down those wanderers from the skies?
Bright guests! even such as left of yore their dwelling,
For the deep cedar-shades of Paradise!

'What strain?—oh! not the nightingale's, when showering
Her own heart's life drops on the burning lay,
She stirs the young woods in the days of flowering,
And pours her strength, but not her grief, away!

'And not the Exile's!—when 'midst lonely billows
He wakes the Alpine notes his mother sung,
Or blends them with the sigh of alien willows,
Where, murmuring to the wind, his harp is hung.

'And not the Pilgrim's!—though his thoughts be holy,
And sweet his Ave-song, when day grows dim,
Yet, as he journeys pensively and slowly,
Something of sadness floats through that low hymn.

'But Thou—the Spirit which at eve is filling
All the hushed air and reverential sky,
Founts, leaves, and flowers with solemn rapture thrilling,
This is the soul of *thy* rich harmony!

'This bears up high those breathings of devotion
Wherein the currents of thy heart gush free;
Therefore no world of sad and vain emotion
Is the dream-haunted Music-Land for thee.'

Winter's Wreath, pp. 253, 254.

The second work on our list, 'Friendship's Offering,' partakes, this year, of the decline in literary variety and character, which we have noticed in the other annuals. In point of embellishment it will, perhaps, stand a favourable comparison with most of its

rivals. The portrait of her Majesty, engraved from Leslie's picture by Humphries, is properly placed in the front of the volume as a master-piece. It has only one fault, that it bears not the slightest resemblance to the illustrious personage for whom it is intended. 'The Last Book' is, in every respect, an inferior performance; the same may be said of 'St. Mark's Place at Venice,' (a subject, by the way, that is quite worn out in the annuals,) and of 'Mary, Queen of Scots, Going Forth to Execution.' But such blemishes as these may be fairly overlooked in a volume which can boast of that charming plate of 'Auld Robin Gray,' of the 'Halt of the Caravan,' the 'Maid of Rajasthan,' and the 'Mountain Torrent.' These are all embellishments of the highest order, and well worthy of the distinguished place which 'Friendship's Offering' has, since its second or third volume, maintained among the other publications of its kind.

Here we find, at the commencement, one of Miss Mitford's sly and merry tales, entitled 'The Cousins.'

'Towards the middle of the principal street in my native town of Cranley, stands, or did stand, for I speak of things that happened many years back, a very long-fronted, very regular, very ugly brick house, whose large gravelled court, flanked on each side by offices reaching to the street, was divided from the pavement by iron gates and palisades, and a row of Lombardy poplars, rearing their slender columns so as to veil, without shading, a mansion which evidently considered itself, and was considered by its neighbours, as holding the first rank in the place. That mansion, indisputably the best in the town, belonged, of course, to the lawyer; and that lawyer was, as may not unfrequently be found in small places, one of the most eminent solicitors in the county.

'Richard Molesworth, the individual in question, was a person obscurely born and slenderly educated, who, by dint of prudence, industry, integrity, tact, and luck, had risen through the various gradations of writing clerk, managing clerk, and junior partner, to be himself the head of a great office, and a man of no small property or slight importance. Half of Cranley belonged to him, for he had the passion for brick and mortar often observed amongst those who have accumulated large fortunes in totally different pursuits, and liked nothing better than running up rows and terraces, repairing villas, and rebuilding farm houses. The better half of Cranley called him master, to say nothing of six or seven snug farms in the neighbourhood, of the goodly estate and manor of Hinton, famous for its preserves and fisheries, or of a command of floating capital which borrowers, who came to him with good securities in their hands, found almost inexhaustible. In short, he was one of those men with whom every thing had prospered through life; and, in spite of a profession too often obnoxious to an unjust, because sweeping, prejudice, there was a pretty universal feeling amongst all who knew him, that his prosperity was deserved. A kind temper, a moderate use of power and influence, a splendid hospitality, and that judicious liberality which shows itself in small things as well as in great ones (for it is by twopenny savings that men get an ill name), served to ensure his popularity with high and low. Perhaps, even his tall, erect, portly figure, his good-humoured countenance,

cheerful voice, and frank address, contributed something to his reputation; his remarkable want of pretension or assumption of any sort certainly did, and as certainly the absence of every thing striking, clever, or original, in his conversation. That he must be a man of personal as well as of professional ability, no one tracing his progress through life could for a moment doubt; but, reversing the witty epigram on our wittiest monarch, he reserved his wisdom for his actions, and whilst all that he *did* showed the most admirable sense and judgment, he never *said* a word that rose above the level of the merest common-place, vapid, inoffensive, dull, and safe.

'So accomplished, both in what he was and what he was not, our lawyer, at the time of which we write, had been for many years the oracle of the country gentlemen, held all public offices not inconsistent with each other, which their patronage could bestow, and in the shape of stewardships, trusts, and agencies, managed half the landed estates in the county. He was even admitted into visiting intercourse, on a footing of equality very uncommon in the aristocratic circles of country society—a society which is, for the most part, quite as exclusive as that of London, though in a different way. For this he was well suited, not merely by his own unaffected manners, high animal spirits, and nicety of tact, but by the circumstances of his domestic arrangements. After having been twice married, Mr. Molesworth found himself, at nearly sixty, a second time a widower.

'His first wife had been a homely, frugal, managing woman, whose few hundred pounds and her saving habits had, at that period of his life, for they were early united, conduced in their several ways to enrich and benefit her equally thrifty but far more aspiring husband. She never had a child; and, after doing him all possible good in her lifetime, was so kind as to die just as his interest and his ambition required more liberal housekeeping and higher connexion, each of which, as he well knew, would repay its cost. For connexion accordingly he married, choosing the elegant though portionless sister of a poor baronet, by whom he had two daughters, at intervals of seven years; the eldest being just of sufficient age to succeed her mother as mistress of the family, when she had the irreparable misfortune to lose the earliest, the tenderest, and the most inestimable friend that a young woman can have. Very precious was the memory of her dear mother to Agnes Molesworth! Although six years had passed between her death and the period at which our little story begins, the affectionate daughter had never ceased to lament her loss.

'It was to his charming daughters that Mr. Molesworth's pleasant house owed its chief attraction. Conscious of his own deficient education, no pains or money had been spared in accomplishing them to the utmost height of fashion.

'The least accomplished was, however, as not unfrequently happens, by far the most striking; and many a high-born and wealthy client, disposed to put himself thoroughly at ease at his solicitor's table, and not at all shaken in his purpose by the sight of the pretty Jessy,—a short, light, airy girl, with a bright sparkling countenance, all lilies and roses, and dimples and smiles, sitting, exquisitely dressed, in an elegant morning room, with her guitar in her lap, her harp at her side, and her drawing table before her,—has suddenly felt himself awed into his best and most respectful breeding, when introduced to her retiring but self possessed elder sister, drest with an almost matronly simplicity, and evidently full, not of her own

airs and graces, but of the modest and serious courtesy which beseemed her station as the youthful mistress of the house.

'Dignity, a mild and gentle, but still a most striking dignity, was the prime characteristic of Agnes Molesworth in look and in mind. Her beauty was the beauty of sculpture, as contra-distinguished from that of painting; depending mainly on form and expression, and little on colour. There could hardly be a stronger contrast than existed between the marble purity of her finely-grained complexion, the softness of her deep grey eye, the calm composure of her exquisitely moulded features, and the rosy cheeks, the brilliant glances, and the playful animation, of Jessy. In a word, Jessy was a pretty girl, and Agnes was a beautiful woman. Of these several facts both sisters were of course perfectly aware; Jessy, because every body told her so, and she must have been deaf to have escaped the knowledge; Agnes, from some process equally certain, but less direct; for few would have ventured to take the liberty of addressing a personal compliment to one evidently too proud to find pleasure in any thing so nearly resembling flattery as praise.

'Few, excepting her looking-glass and her father, had ever told Agnes that she was handsome, and yet she was as conscious of her surpassing beauty, as Jessy of her sparkling prettiness; and, perhaps, as a mere question of appearance and becomingness, there might have been as much coquetry in the severe simplicity of attire and of manner which distinguished one sister, as in the elaborate adornment and innocent showing-off of the other. There was, however, between them exactly such a real and internal difference of taste and of character as the outward shew served to indicate. Both were true, gentle, good, and kind; but the elder was as much loftier in mind as in stature; was full of high pursuit and noble purpose; had abandoned drawing, from feeling herself dissatisfied with her own performances, as compared with the works of real artists; reserved her musical talents entirely for her domestic circle, because she put too much of soul into that delicious art to make it a mere amusement; and was only saved from becoming a poetess, by her almost exclusive devotion to the very great in poetry—to Wordsworth, to Milton, and to Shakspeare. These tastes she very wisely kept to herself; but they gave a higher and firmer tone to her character and manners; and more than one peer, when seated at Mr. Molesworth's hospitable table, has thought with himself how well his beautiful daughter would become a coronet.

'Marriage, however, seemed little in her thoughts. Once or twice, indeed, her kind father had pressed on her the brilliant establishments that had offered,—but her sweet questions, "Are you tired of me? Do you wish me away?" had always gone straight to his heart, and had put aside for the moment the ambition of his nature, even for this his favourite child.

'Of Jessy, with all her youthful attraction, he had always been less proud, perhaps less fond. Besides, her destiny he had long in his own mind considered as decided. Charles Woodford, a poor relation, brought up by his kindness, and recently returned into his family from a great office in London, was the person on whom he had long ago fixed for the husband of his youngest daughter, and for the immediate partner and eventual successor to his great and flourishing business; a choice that seemed fully justified by the excellent conduct and remarkable talents of his orphan cousin, and by the apparently good understanding and mutual affection that subsisted between the young people.

'This arrangement was the more agreeable to him, as, providing munificently for Jessy, it allowed him the privilege of making, as in lawyer-phrase he used to boast, "an elder son" of Agnes, who would, by this marriage of her youngest sister, become one of the richest heiresses of the county. He had even, in his own mind, elected her future spouse, in the person of a young baronet who had lately been much at the house, and in favour of whose expected addresses (for the proposal had not yet been made—the gentleman had gone no farther than attentions) he had determined to exert the paternal authority which had so long lain dormant.

'But in the affairs of love, as of all others, man is born to disappointment. "*L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose,*" is never truer than in the great matter of matrimony. So found poor Mr. Molesworth, who—Jessy having arrived at the age of eighteen, and Charles at two-and-twenty—offered his pretty daughter, and the lucrative partnership, to his pennyless relation, and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connection very respectfully but very firmly declined. The young man was very much distressed and agitated; "he had the highest respect for Miss Jessy; but he could not marry her—he loved another!" And then he poured forth a confidence as unexpected as it was undesired by his incensed patron, who left him in undiminished wrath and increased perplexity.

'The interview had taken place immediately after breakfast; and when the conference was ended, the provoked father sought his daughters, who, happily unconscious of all that had occurred, were amusing themselves in their splendid conservatory—a scene always as becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty. Jessy was flitting about like a butterfly amongst the fragrant orange trees and the bright geraniums; Agnes standing under a superb fuschia, that hung over a large marble basin, her form and attitude, her white dress, and the classical arrangement of her dark hair, giving her the look of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessy was prattling gaily, as she wandered about, of a concert which they had attended the evening before at the county town.

'"I hate concerts!" said the pretty little flirt. "To sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving, or of speaking to any body, or of any body's getting to us! Oh! how tiresome it is!"

'"I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide through the crowd to reach you," said Agnes, a little archly: "his presence would, perhaps, have mitigated the evil. But the barricade was too complete; he was forced to retreat, without accomplishing his object."

'"Yes, I assure you, he thought it very tiresome; he told me so when we were coming out. And then the music!" pursued Jessy; "the noise that they call music! Sir Edmund says that he likes no music except my guitar, or a flute on the water; and I like none except your playing on the organ, and singing Handel on a Sunday evening, or Charles Woodford reading Milton and bits of Hamlet."

'"Do you call that music?" asked Agnes, laughing. "And yet," continued she, "it is most truly so, with his rich Pasta-like voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you, who do not greatly love poetry for its own sake, it is doubtless a pleasure much resembling in kind that of hearing the most thrilling of melodies on the noblest of instruments. I myself have felt such a gratification in hearing that voice recite the verses of

Homer or of Sophocles in the original Greek. Charles Woolford's reading is music."

'"It is a music which you are neither of you likely to hear again," interrupted Mr. Molesworth, advancing suddenly towards them; "for he has been ungrateful, and I have discarded him."

'Agnes stood as if petrified: "Ungrateful! oh, father!"

'"You can't have discarded him, to be sure, papa," said Jessy, always good-natured; "poor Charles! what can he have done?"

'"Refused your hand, child," said the angry parent; "refused to be my partner and son-in-law, and fallen in love with another lady! What have you to say for him now?"

'"Why really, papa," replied Jessy, "I'm much more obliged to him for refusing my hand than to you for offering it. I like Charles very well for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all; so that if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there's no great harm done." And off the gipsy ran; declaring that "she must put on her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister, and expected them every minute."

'The father and his favourite daughter remained in the conservatory.

'"That heart is untouched, however," said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.

'"Untouched by Charles Woodford, undoubtedly, replied Agnes, "but has he really refused my sister?"

'"Absolutely."

'"And does he love another?"

'"He says so, and I believe him."

'"Is he loved again?"

'"That he did not say."

'"Did he tell you the name of the lady?"

'"Yes."

'"Do you know her?"

'"Yes."

'"Is she worthy of him?"

'"Most worthy."

'"Has he any hope of gaining her affections? Oh! he must! he must! What woman could refuse him?"

'"He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is above him in every way; and much as he has counteracted my wishes, it is an honourable part of Charles Woodford's conduct, that he intends to leave his affection unsuspected by its object."

'Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue, during which Agnes appeared trying to occupy herself with collecting the blossoms of a Cape jessamine, and watering a favourite geranium; but it would not do: the subject was at her heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching her motions, and the varying expression of her countenance, and resumed the conversation.

'"Father! perhaps it is hardly maidenly to avow so much, but although you have never in set words told me your intentions, I have yet seen and known, I can hardly tell how, all that your too kind partiality towards me has designed for your children. You have mistaken me, dearest father, doubly mistaken me; first, in thinking me fit to fill a splendid place in

society; next, in imagining that I desired such splendour. You meant to give Jessy and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford, and designed me and your large possessions to our wealthy and titled neighbour. And with some little change of persons these arrangements may still for the most part hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in-law and your heir, for he loves Jessy, and Jessy loves him. Charles Woodford may still be your partner and your adopted son, for nothing has chanced that need diminish your affection or his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious indeed, if she be not content with such a destiny. And let me live on with you, dear father, single and unwedded, with no thought but to contribute to your comfort, to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness! Make me not so odious to them and to myself, dear father! Let me live always with you, and for you—always your own poor Agnes!" And, blushing at the earnestness with which she had spoken, she bent her head over the marble basin, whose waters reflected the fair image, as if she had really been the Grecian statue to which, whilst he listened, her fond father's fancy had compared her. "Let me live single with you, and marry Charles to the woman whom he loves."

'"Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess who she may be?"

'"Not the slightest. I imagined from what you said, that she was a stranger to me. Have I ever seen her?"

'"You may see her—at least you may see her reflection in the water, at this very moment; for he has had the infinite presumption, the admirable good taste, to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!"

'"Father!"

'"And now, mine own sweetest! do you still wish to live single with me?"

'"Oh, father! father!"

'"Or do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?"

'"Father! dear father!"

'"Choose, my Agnes! It shall be as you command. Speak freely. Do not cling so around me, but speak!"

'"Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together? I cannot leave you. But poor Charles—surely, father, we may all live together!"

'And so it was settled; and a very few months proved that love had contrived better for Mr. Molesworth than he had done for himself. Jessy, with her prettiness, and her title, and her fopperies, was the very thing to be vain of—the very thing to visit for a day;—but Agnes, and the cousin, whose noble character and splendid talents so well deserved her, made the pride and the happiness of his home.'—pp. 1—13.

Mr. John Malcolm, though a poet of no pretension, is yet the possessor of a spirit to whose breathings we always stop to listen whenever they chance to fall upon our ear. He puts us in mind, more than any living writer, of Langhorne. There is music in his verse, and a train of feeling in his thoughts, that touches the heart. In justification of this praise, we shall transcribe his 'Evening Hours.'

'Once more a welcome to the woods,
And wandering streams that glide along
The soft and sylvan solitudes,
Now voiced with summer's song.—

'The odours wakening into birth,
The dreamy lull that fills the calm,
The dewy freshness of the earth,
And evening breathing balm.

'Lo, brightening in her smiles serene,
The landscape in the distance lies,
Soft as hope's fairy-pictured scene,
When steeped in memory's dyes.

'Sweet eve! the golden sunsets gone
Around thy dying beauty throng,
And voices from the green earth flown,
Are mingling with thy song.

'Thy hues the cloud-wove glories wear,
All gorgeous in the west they gleam,
As childhood's air-built fabrics fair,
But floating as its dream.

'And mantling vale and mountain high,
Thy lingering radiance o'er the waves,
Smiles a bright promise from the sky,
O'er half forgotten graves.

''Tis sweet to list thy far farewells,
The mystic murmurs of the wood,
The dying voice of vesper bells,
The mountain's falling flood;

'The wild birds' chorus on the moor,
The hum of home-returning bee,
The sea-fowl's wail upon the shore,
An echo of the sea;

'To sit amid the garden bowers,
And mark thy glory's lessening line;
While kindling stars and closing flowers
Attend thy calm decline;

'And with the loved one of the heart,
(Adown the path of parted years,)
To watch thy last pale splendours part,
In silence and in tears.'—pp. 34, 35.

We confess that we have no taste for tales of India manufactured by European minds. Even Lalla Rookh has failed to reconcile us to the artifice by which knowledge acquired from books is attempted to be substituted for personal acquaintance with the scene of the story, and with the manners of the people from whom its characters are selected. Mr. Ritchie's tale of 'Kishna Komari,' or the Maid of Rajast'han is at least equally objectionable in this

respect. He sets out with announcing, that he has gathered all the particulars of customs, manners, superstitions, dress, every thing, in short, that tends to fill up and give expression to the outline of his fiction, from Colonel Tod's Annals of that country, which have been lately published. We know not how others may feel upon reading such an introduction as this to a tale of Rajast'han; but, for our own parts, we should prefer one genuine verse of eastern poetry, to a whole library of such historical romances as this.

Though we have not particularized the print of the 'Rejected,' from a picture by Stephanoff, yet we must say that it possesses very considerable merit. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Haynes Bayly has misunderstood the intention of the painter altogether, in the odd poetical commentary which he has written upon it. The gentleman upon one knee looks a great deal too downcast for the expression of the kind of remonstrance which the poet has put into his mouth; and whatever he may be supposed to have said, the lady by no means appears in the mood for being bantered, which Mr. Bayly seems to have imagined. He has been much more successful in his illustration of the 'Accepted,' though the engraving is not altogether so worthy of his verses.

'I thank you for that downcast look,
And for that blushing cheek;
I would not have you raise your eyes,
I would not have you speak:
Though mute, I deem you eloquent,
I ask no other sign,
While thus your little hand remains
Confidingly in mine.

'I know you fain would hide from me
The tell-tale tears that steal
Unbidden forth, and half betray
The anxious fears you feel:
From friends long-tried and dearly loved
The plighted bride must part;
Then freely weep—I could not love
A cold unfeeling heart.

'I know you love your cottage home,
Where, in the summer time,
Your hand has taught the clematis
Around the porch to climb:
You casement with the wild rose screen,
You little garden too,
How many fond remembrances
Endear them all to you!

'You sigh to leave your mother's roof,
Though on my suit she smiled,
And, spurning ev'ry selfish thought,
Gave up her darling child:

Sigh not for *her*, she now may claim
Kind deeds from more than *one*;
She'll gaze upon her DAUGHTER's smiles,
Supported by her SON!

'I thank you for that look—it speaks
Reliance on my truth;
And never shall unkindness wound
Your unsuspecting youth:
If fate should frown, and anxious thoughts
Oppress your husband's mind,
Oh! never fear to cling to me,—
I could not be unkind.

'Come, look upon this golden ring—
You have no cause to shrink,
Though oft 'tis galling as the slave's
Indissoluble link!
And look upon yon church, the place
Of blessing and of prayer;
Before the altar hear my vows—
Who *could* dissemble *there!*

'Come to my home; your bird shall have
As tranquil a retreat;
Your dog shall find a resting-place,
And slumber at your feet:
And while you turn your spinning wheel,
Oh! let me hear you sing,
Or I shall think you cease to love
Your little golden ring.'

Friendship's Offering, pp. 132—134.

We must request the reader who possesses this volume, not to overlook the 'Stolen Sheep.' It is an Irish sketch, by the author of "Tales of the O'Hara family," and one of the most striking episodes in the representation of Irish poverty which we have ever perused. The interest turns upon the conflict between the inflexible virtue of a father, and the guilt of a son who, in order to save that father from death by famine, possesses himself unlawfully of a neighbour's sheep. The deed being discovered, the culprit is brought to trial, and the principal witness against him is the very being on whose account he had perpetrated the crime. The manner in which the old man gives his evidence, equally attached to truth and to his son, is singularly affecting.

Would that Derwent Conway's wanderings were at an end. We go no where that we do not meet with him. He has generally something dreadful to tell, which, as generally, ends in nothing at all. Would that Mrs. Bowdich, we beg her pardon, Mrs. Lee, for we find that she has a second time given away her fair hand, were, at least, as much bitten with the desire of communicating her wanderings to the world, as our friend Derwent is. Her pictures of African manners are unrivalled for the neatness of

their execution. She has the rare tact of introducing every thing that is striking in the habits of the children of the sun, without appearing to have any such object in view. She never tells us that the members of such a tribe dress so and so, that their dwellings are constructed after a particular fashion, and that such and such ceremonies are practised at their deaths and marriages. She brings the living beings at once before us; interests us in what they are doing, and saying, and thinking, and makes us familiar with their costume and manners without once giving us a regular description. We should advise Mrs. Bray to take a leaf out of Mrs. Lee's book. By the way, we are glad to see that our literary women, if they lose one husband, sooner or later succeed in getting another. Although we have not yet penetrated to the interior of Africa, we would venture to say that if 'Agay the salt-carrier' still lives on the banks of the Adirri, he would declare Mrs. Bowdich's narrative of his fortunes, if it were translated to him, a real history of a portion of his life.

We have mentioned, in terms of deserved praise, the print of the 'Mountain Torrent.' It is illustrated, in a pompously written tale, by Mr. W. Kennedy. The point of the story represented in the engraving, is the breaking down of an old wooden bridge over a thundering torrent, just as an aristocratical and practised seducer, with his followers, enter on the frail timbers in pursuit of a maiden who was the object of their ferocious chase. The lordly castle in the distance, the horseman upon the brow of the river, one of his assistants struggling to save himself from falling into the torrent foaming below, and the joyous girl who, by this lucky incident, sees herself protected from the ruffians, are all objects which have often been seen represented on the stage. Yet, even in the narrow compass of this print, the story will be read with undiminished interest.

The ballad of "Auld Robin Gray" is known to every body. But not to every body has it chanced to meet with the quarto edition of it, printed in 1825, for the Bannatyne Club, under the editorial care of Sir Walter Scott. The details given with respect to its authorship are so interesting, that we shall make no apology for extracting them, after premising that they have been reprinted with his permission in the volume under our notice.

' "The beautiful and long-contested ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray,' was well known to the Editor, from a very early period of his life, as the production of Lady Anne Lindsay of Balcarras; in whose name it is now formally claimed. Mrs. Russell, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Russell of Ashestell, and maternal aunt of the Editor, was upon a visit at the house of Balcarras when it was written; and, as a most intimate friend of the fair Authoress, was admitted to her confidence while it was in the course of being composed. Mrs. Russell sang beautifully, and with much feeling; and it may easily be supposed, that 'Auld Robin Gray' was often her choice. Whatever secresy she might at first think proper to observe, the

name of the real Authoress was not withheld at a later period, when attempts were made to deprive her friend Lady Anne of her just fame. In fact, most of her domestic circle became acquainted with the particulars, and, amongst others, the present editor.

'"This circumstance, joined, perhaps, to a continuance of regard which may be termed hereditary, induced Lady Anne to distinguish the Editor, by imparting to him the following interesting account of the origin of 'Auld Robin Gray,' contained in a letter dated —— July, 1823; in which, after mentioning that the Editor was the first person whom she had favoured with such an explanation, her Ladyship proceeds thus;—

'"'Robin Gray,' so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London: I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond; —— ——, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwick, who was the only person near me—'I have been writing a ballad, my dear: I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.'—'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, and amongst our neighbours, 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was *my dread* of being suspected of writing *any thing*, perceiving the shyness created in those who could write *nothing*, that I carefully kept my own secret.

'"'Happening to sing it one day at Dalkeith House, with more feeling, perhaps, than belonged to a common ballad, our friend Lady Frances Scott smiled, and, fixing her eyes on me, said, '*You* wrote this song yourself.' The blush that followed confirmed my *guilt*. Perhaps I blushed the more (being then very young) from the recollection of the coarse words from which I borrowed the tune, and was afraid of the raillery which might have taken place, if it had been discovered I had ever heard such. Be that as it may, from one honest man I had an excellent hint. The Laird of Dalziel, after hearing it, broke out into the angry exclamation of 'O, the villain! O, the auld rascal! I ken wha stealt the poor lassie's coe—it was Auld Robin Gray himsell.' I thought it a bright idea, and treasured it up for a future occasion.

'"'Meantime, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. 'Robin Gray' was either a very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty

guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerningham, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries, was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the 'Ballet of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in my obscurity.

'"'Such was the history of the First Part of it. As to the Second, it was written many years after, in compliment to my dear old mother, who said, 'Anny, I wish you would tell me how that unlucky business of Jennie and Jamie ended.' To meet her wishes as far as I could, the Second Part was written. It is not so pleasing as the first; the early loves and distresses of youth go more to the heart than the contritions, confessions, and legacies of old age. My dread, however, of being named as an Authoress still remaining, though I sung it to my mother, I gave her no copy of it; but her affection for me impressed it on a memory which retained scarcely any thing else. I wrote another version of the Second Part, as coming from Jenny's own lips, which some people may like better, from its being in the same measure.

'"'I must also mention the Laird of Dalziel's advice, who, in a *tête-à-tête*, afterwards said, 'My dear, the next time you sing that song, try to change the words a wee bit, and instead of singing, 'To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,' say, to make it twenty merks, for a Scottish pund is but twenty pence, and Jamie was na such a gowk as to leave Jenny and gang to sea to lessen his gear. It is that line (whispered he) that tells me that sang was written by some bonnie lassie that didna ken the value of the Scots money quite so well as an auld writer in the town of Edinburgh would have kent it.'

'"'I was delighted with the criticism of old Dalziel; if it had occurred to the Antiquarian Society, it might have saved Mr. Jerningham the trouble of his visit. But I have never corrected the error by *changing* the one pound, which has always passed current in its present state.'"'—*Friendship's Offering*, pp. 329—334.

Lady Anne, after having married Sir Andrew Barnard, died in the year in which the quarto edition of her ballad was printed.

We are glad to hear that Ackermann intends next year to enlarge the size of his 'Forget-me-not.' It looks stunted and dwarf-like in its present shape, and appears to considerable disadvantage with its narrow margin, when placed by the side of its brethren. In point of embellishment, Ackermann appears to be resting on his oars. He does not move on with the advance of the arts. What he may hereafter do, we cannot pretend to say. But he, who may be truly called the father of the British Annuals, ought not to have lagged behind in the race. Once having obtained the foremost rank, he ought to have kept it. To recover it he will now find a matter of some difficulty. We cannot lay our finger on any of the

prints in the present volume, and say that this is a master-piece. That which he appears to have thought one, by placing it in a conspicuous position, seems to us a mediocre performance. We allude to the plate of 'Queen Esther,' from a design by Martin. The scene is too crowded with columns and palaces for so small a space. Generally speaking, whether from imperfections in the ink, in the operation of printing, or in that of engraving, we know not; but from some cause or other most of the impressions before us have a dull and slaty appearance, as if the plates from which they were taken had been already used for some other work. We do not assert that this is the fact, but that such is the effect. Perhaps ours are unfortunate specimens. They certainly have all a second-hand look. The 'False One,' representing a lady at a ball in the presence of an officer to whom she had given her affections, and who is in the act of preferring to her another, is a particularly miserable production, both in design and execution. The 'Painter Puzzled,' is an equally antique performance; that is to say, it seems to have been engraved in the age of George the First or Second. The 'Cat's Paw,' from a painting by Landseer, is somewhat better; so also perhaps are 'Lady Jane Beaufort,' the 'Boa Ghaut,' and 'Bessy Bell and Mary Gray;' but in saying so much we are not sure that we do not give them more praise than they deserve.

The editor boasts of the variety and interest of the subjects with which his volume is enriched, and informs us that such is the popularity of the 'Forget-me-not' all over the world, that he has received contributions from India, from the United States of America, and 'other quarters equally remote.' To what part of the inhabited globe he alludes by the 'other quarters equally remote,' we know not, but this we regret to perceive, that from whatever regions his contributions have come, they form decidedly the most indifferent collection which Mr. Frederick Shoberl has ever put forth. The subjects are ill-chosen and ill-treated. They neither make us laugh nor weep. They have no impress of genius upon them, and we honestly declare, that if it had fallen to our lot to have edited the 'Forget-me-not' this year, we should have rejected every one of them with only two exceptions. This we say advisedly, after a deliberate examination of the whole mass. Of these two excepted compositions we should perhaps have given a preference to the stanzas on 'War,' which appear under the signature of Leontine; they are pregnant with poetic fire.

'I slept!—Upon the sealed lid
The painted shadows fell
Of palace and of pyramid,
Of fountain and of cell;
And gliding onward to the brain,
Which in her darkness lay,
Perplex'd her with their gorgeous reign,
And with their phantom-play.

The grand! the beautiful! the proud
Creations of the cloud,
Serenely, softly bright!
The proud! the beautiful! the grand!
A mighty host, a fairy band,
Moving in chains of light!

'I heard afar the tempest's sighs,
Low, terrible, and deep;
I saw the scorching vapours rise
And felt them round me creep.
The trumpet-cry, the mailed tread,
The shock of sword and spear;
The voice that echoeth of the dead,
The eye that hath no tear;
The pealing of the fiery storm
That cradles his gigantic form—
The blast—the meteor-star;
All breath of that colossal power,
Whose triumphs live their awful hour,
And bid us worship war.

'He pass'd!—The palace bow'd her head;
Her halls, her courtly show,
Were changed to mansions of the dead,
And effigies of woe.
The pyramid, whose shade had sent
An answer to the sun,
Frown'd mournfully on flag and tent,
Like some deserted one.
The fountain wept her precious tears,
Her tortured hopes and blighted years—
No flowers around her twined.
The hermit started from the cell
Where he and prayer had loved to dwell,
And gazed upon mankind.

'Oh! who may paint the frenzied crime,
The madness of the pride
That touches with its sceptre, Time,
And overleaps his tide?
A moment—on the peaceful plain
Where summer suns had pour'd
The bursting fruit, the golden grain,
For Nature the adored:
Even there the iron-armed heel
Descends!—She dare not breathe nor feel,
'Tis Winter with her bloom—
The vapours of that presence send
Destruction wheresoe'er it bend—
Her home is in the tomb!

'O sons of men! arise, and weep—
Weep! for the change is drear;

Be sorrow mingled with your sleep,
And terror with your tear.
They will not weep—the mist is curl'd
Before their charmed sight,
And Glory, with her flag unfurl'd,
And helmet fringed with light—
Ambition, with the broider'd vest,
And Heroism, with mailed breast,
And castle-crested Power—
All float above the battle blaze,
And point to where, encrown'd with rays,
Sits Conquest in her tower!

'Tis thus with man! a dream—a shade—
His human hour glides on;
Hope—Peace—the joy for which he pray'd—
The grief he bore alone—
All pass—and he, the changed, the worn,
Looks on the gliding show,
At once expectant and forlorn,
A thing whom none may know!
Yea, that which from an angel's eye
Might force unearthly sympathy,
He, in his mortal pride,
Though startled by the funeral wail,
Presumes to honour and to hail,
And War stands deified!'—*Forget-Me-Not.*

The lines entitled 'Esther,' also betray a master-hand; but to all the other writers of what they call poetry, in the present volume, we should have said, and we now hereby say, in the words of that celebrated modern minstrel, H. F. Chorley, Esq.,—

"Go hang your lyres upon the wall,
And let their chords neglected break;
For all their drowsy tunes recall
A thousand thoughts that should not wake;
And there unseen by human eye,
In shade and silence let them lie!

Mr. Harrison, in bringing out his new Annual, 'The Humourist,' has followed a plan quite the reverse of that adopted by Mr. Shoberl. While the latter was employed in seeking for contributions throughout the United States and India, and other quarters equally remote, the former has been snugly seated by his own fireside, writing a whole volume of variety by himself. Strange to say, however, that by these opposite courses, both the Annualists seem to have arrived precisely at the same temple of dulness. Mr. Harrison, with a great deal of conceit, is the least of a wit we have ever met with. He appears to be in perfect good humour with himself. When he says a common-place—and the reader, if he takes the trouble to look at his book, will find that it is full of them—he, poor man, thinks that he has made a pun. Whether in prose or

verse he is equally deplorable. Of the fifty plates, selected from Rowlandson's designs, it would be unjust to speak in similar terms. If the book have any success at all, it will be wholly attributable to these specimens of Rowlandson's genius. The designs are not broad enough for caricature; they have a quiet phlegmatic humour about them which sometimes remind us of Hogarth. They are sufficiently well engraved for such subjects, and, taken in conjunction with the tail-pieces, which are, in general, exceedingly droll, we should say, that, looking to the embellishments alone, 'The Humourist' is fully worth the price for which it is sold.

The fifth work upon our present list, the 'Juvenile Forget-Me-Not,' is, in its class, a perfect bijou. It may be bad taste, but we cannot help saying that we infinitely prefer it to the *Adult* 'Forget-Me-Not' for the forthcoming year. The subjects of the plates, as well as those of the prose and verse, are happily adapted to young minds, and in general very decently executed. Here Mrs. Hofland and Miss Jewsbury are quite at home among the noisy tenants of the play-room. Even Mr. Harrison is tolerable, because he makes no attempt at humour, which is not at all in his way.

The frontispiece in Mrs. Hall's 'Juvenile Forget-Me-Not,' is one of the most exquisite engravings we have ever seen in this class of publications. 'Me and my Dog' is also a great beauty. In praising these two gems, we have no wish, however, to underrate the other embellishments of this volume, all of which, indeed, are worthy of the present state of art. The stories in prose and verse are of the description that is usually most acceptable to reading children. We regret that we can find room only for Mrs. Hollings's 'Address to the Foundling,' which is very feelingly written.

'Oh, welcome to our lowly hearth, thou meek forsaken child!
What eye could view thy gentle face, with dreamless slumber mild,
Nor weep, that helpless infancy abandoned to behold,
A bud upon the waters thrown—a lamb without a fold!

'Alas! the bright and sunny joys, life's dawning hours which bless,
The murmur of affection's voice—its smile, and low caress—
A mother's watch—a mother's care, and love "which passeth show,"
All these and more should cheer thee now—but these thou can'st not know.

'Unpitied at thy earliest need, by those who gave thee birth—
Scorned by the eyes whose light should be thy free and artless mirth—
Neglected at a stranger's gate, in want and cold to pine—
Calm and unconscious innocent, how hard a lot is thine!

'But He who tempers to the flock the keen and wintry blast,
And deigns, upon his feeblest works, a father's look to cast;
And clothes the lilies of the field, and hears the sparrow's cry,
Hath marked thee in that low estate, nor passed thy suffering by.

'We cannot give what thou hast lost—a parent's yearning heart,
Nor fill, as she who left thee thus, a tender nurse's part;
But much the friendly will can do, by word and action shown,
To soothe and raise the desolate—and this shall be thine own!

'Though feeble even our all to aid—the task at least be ours,
To blunt the thorns upon thy path, and tend the opening flowers;
And when thy ripened years at length fair wisdom's fruit shall yield,
Thy grateful prayer to us shall be a blessing and a shield.

'And thou beneath our humble roof shalt lay thy graceful head,
And sport beside our cheerful fire, and share our daily bread;
Though small the hardly-purchased store our wonted tasks supply,
We think upon the widow's cruse—and ours will not be dry.

'Then, welcome to a love unclaimed!—yet not the less thy right;
To hearts, whose thoughts shall ever be to make thy childhood light;
To friends, whose voice shall teach thy feet the tempter's path to shun,
And fit thee for a nobler state, when this of earth is done.'

Mrs. Hall's Forget-Me-Not.—pp. 167—169.

We ought to notice that Mrs. Hall's volume is bound in a manner, that unites elegance with durability.

Art. IX.—*Parties and Factions in England, at the Accession of William* IV. 8vo. pp. 57. London: Longman and Co. 1830.

Since the dissolution of the late Parliament, what a miraculous series of events have we not witnessed, chasing each other with the rapidity and facility of lightning, as if they formed a part, already pre-arranged, of the operations of nature! Who could have imagined, when the last session was closed, that the ensuing one would open in the presence of Talleyrand, as the ambassador of a new King of France, not called to the throne in the order of the succession, but elected by the voice of the nation, after the expulsion of the elder branch of the Bourbons? Who could then have dreamt that before the commencement of this session, the system of the Holy Alliance would have been utterly extinguished; that the opposite principle of non-interference would have become part of the basis of French policy; that the spirit of reform would have found its way to Germany; that Holland would have been severed from Belgium, Spain threatened upon her frontiers, and all Europe awakened to a new existence from the lethargy into which, for the last four or five years, she was rapidly subsiding? Every where despotism appeared upon the continent to be gathering strength, and to forebode fresh dangers to liberty, when last our legislators were assembled; but now they meet under very different auspices. They behold the consummation of a revolution in France not unlike our own, and they will perceive all the consequences that are likely to arise out of that momentous change,—a change which has stricken to the heart of tyranny throughout the world. They will henceforth have no anxieties about the infant states of South America, as these are no longer likely to be disturbed—re-conquered they never could be—by the autocrat of Spain, who will henceforth have more than enough to do to retain his own immediate vassals in obedience. Looking to Portugal, our legislators will wait patiently for the overthrow of

a usurper, who has respected no obligations, who has contemned every law, human and divine. They will fear no leaning, in our ministry, to the side of sovereign power in other countries, for they must feel that no minister would now dare to ask for a shilling from the House of Commons, for any such monstrous purpose. They will expect, as they have a right to expect upon all foreign questions, a straight forward, frank, and prudent policy; one that shall incline in all things, not, as heretofore, to the preservation of what has been called the monarchical principle, but to the wishes of the people; for no other course now remains for any man who hopes to keep his seat, for twenty-four hours together, in the cabinet of this country.

Upon points of domestic interest, our legislators will at once see that those, who are for necessary and useful ameliorations, have acquired prodigious advantages from the events which have occurred abroad, since the 25th of last July. In all those transactions, the power of the people has been triumphant, even where it stood apparently the slightest chance of being so. Without speaking of the events of the late French revolution, who could have thought that when the Dutch troops entered Brussels, they would have been driven out with such sudden and complete success by a mob, which could hardly be said to have been even decently armed? The star of the people of all nations may be held to be now in the ascendant; at all events, the popular triumphs in France and the Netherlands cannot fail to operate strongly in this country. They must produce a moral effect with respect to popular measures, which have hitherto been pressed with little success; while they will necessarily impart new confidence to the classes of our community upon a level with those, which have lately carried the victories in Paris and Belgium, in the pursuit of any projects which they may reasonably deem essential to their political welfare.

Thus, we take it for granted, the opponents of moderate reform will find that in holding out upon the high ground which they have hitherto maintained, they act under disadvantages of a formidable, and, perhaps, they will ultimately perceive, of a fatal character. It is not improbable that they will be compelled to yield even more than has been yet demanded of them, unless they come to a timely compromise. The danger is that they will be too late, and that, by refusing a little, they will be overwhelmed, and deprived of the power of making any compact at all. It may be that questions shall now be agitated, which hitherto men of common prudence have hardly ventured to touch upon, even in a preliminary way. There is hardly a doubt but that all pensions not earned by the individuals who actually enjoy them, and all sinecures whatsoever, must be utterly abandoned. The taxes must be modified, and their pressure upon the less affluent orders must be removed to the shoulders of those, who are better able to bear them. The fundholder, who receives so large a portion of the

public imposts, must be compelled to contribute to them his just share. If the plighted faith of the state is to be religiously kept with the national creditor,—as we trust under all sorts of circumstances it ever will be,—we know not but the property, transferred at the Reformation, to the church which was then established by law, may, by a law not less just, be applied, in part at least, to the exigencies of the country. As the transference of that property to the ministers of the reformed establishment,—to ministers who wanted it all for their own support and that of their families,—to the exclusion of the poor, was the immediate cause of the enactment of those pauper laws, which have since grown into such an enormous nuisance, it may not be deemed inconsistent with the new order of the world to enquire, whether some clippings from the revenues of those principalities, called the sees of Canterbury, London, Durham, and York, ought not to be set aside for the formation of a fund applicable to the aid of emigrants, or to the assistance of those parishes which are most oppressed by the present pernicious and intolerable system.

Other subjects of grievance will perhaps be broached for future discussion and settlement; among these we expect to see a *small* beginning made about the union with Ireland. This is a question upon which we profess to be utterly ignorant. If ever we have expressed any opinion upon it, we must confess that it was not worth one farthing, for it is a most complicated theme, upon which a great mass of minute information must be obtained, before a sound conclusion can be attained with respect to it. We can easily imagine that it might serve Ireland essentially to possess a legislature of her own. We would say from our own observation, that the business of that country cannot be properly done in the British Parliament. Our legislators have quite enough to do, more indeed than they can manage, to get through the business of England alone, not to speak of Scotland. It is well understood that upon an Irish question it is at all times difficult to make a house, and that when any matters exclusively appertaining to the interest of that country are in discussion, there is a most miserable and disheartening shew of empty benches. We can easily believe that it would be a most important advantage to Ireland, to retain her nobility and her gentry at home, instead of sending them to London to get into expensive habits, and to bestow upon Englishmen the rents which are forced from her miserable cottagers. We can easily understand that a local legislature, national independence, under the rule of the same monarch who should wear the crown of Great Britain, might elevate the Irish people to a degree infinitely higher in the scale of civilization, than they ever can hope to reach as subordinate members of this empire. These and many other improvements in the destiny of Ireland, we might conceive possible to be effected without producing a particle of injury, but, on the contrary, a great deal of benefit to England; at

the same we are not prepared to say that we have formed any such notions. There are numberless points connected with this question, which we should much wish to see thoroughly discussed, for the good of both countries. We pity those politicians who are for putting down debate by the force of a despotic law; who tell us that they have arrived at conclusions satisfactory to themselves upon all these subjects, and that they will permit no man to breathe a sentence in a public assembly who dares to differ from them. We are disgusted with those ready talkers in this country, who no sooner hear of the opening of a new question than they attempt to mouth it down by vollies of loud and angry words, without having given one moment's thought to the merits of the subject, and without in fact knowing more about it than a caterpillar knows of the moon. It is absurd in the extreme to see any topic seized upon by the arm of power, as one that must remain for ever inviolable. It is, if possible, still more intolerable to see such despotism as this, followed up in private society, by persons who think that they have a right to govern the world in their own way. Let this question of the union with Ireland, we say, be openly and manfully and deliberately discussed; let evidence be taken upon it; if the measure has been useful, this new examination will but make its utility more manifest; if it has been a measure fraught with ruin to Ireland, and productive of no good to Great Britain, it would be the acme of human folly to allow it to continue for another year.

Considering the circumstances under which the parliament assembles, and the variety of important subjects to which its attention is likely to be called, it is more than usually interesting to cast our eyes about and see of what stuff our new legislature is composed. The little pamphlet, whose title we have prefixed to this article, deals with this pregnant theme in a manner that shews the author to be possessed of no common information. He defines party to be the union of individuals agreeing in principle, and co-operating for the public good; faction he, with equal propriety, terms the union of persons associated by accident, and acting together for their own advantage. He conceives that there are at present only three parties in England, the Ultra-Tories, the Ultra-Whigs, and the Liberals: with respect to the first of them he says,

'The Ultra-Tory party consists of those individuals throughout the country whose opinions are represented by Lord Eldon and the Duke of Richmond, in the Lords: and by Sir Charles Wetherell and Mr. Sadler, in the Commons. The leading principles by which this party is distinguished, and which form the bond of its union, are the resistance of change, and the upholding of all institutions and forms of polity sanctioned by time. During the whole of the reign of George the Third, and the greater part of that of George the Fourth, this party governed the kingdom. In the latter years of George the Fourth, however, the influence of the Ultra-Tories rapidly declined. Though their principles were espoused by the monarch,

by the heir-apparent, and by the prime minister, and though their ranks were as yet sustained by the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, yet the Ultra-Tories were gradually constrained, both in the Cabinet and in Parliament, to yield the ascendancy to the Liberal section of the government, consisting of Mr. Canning and his friends. And now that the death of the late king, of the Duke of York, and of Lord Liverpool, and the secession of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, have left them without support at court, and without leaders in Parliament, the power of the Ultra-Tory Party may be regarded as nearly extinct. To re-enact political disqualifications on account of religious belief, to re-establish the commercial restrictions which have been removed, or to arrest the further progress of political improvement, would now be morally impossible. A ministry formed on the principles of Lord Eldon and Sir Charles Wetherell, of the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Sadler, on the first parliamentary discussion in which it ventured to engage, would expire amidst universal derision. Whoever will observe the progress of opinion and the course of events, will be convinced that it has become improbable, in the very highest degree, that the Ultra-Tory party should ever regain an ascendancy in the national councils.'—pp. 1—3.

The writer then enters into an investigation of the steps by which this once all-powerful party, has faded into the sear and yellow leaf. He traces it to the irresistible tendency of society to move onward in the march of civilization, to leave behind it all those principles of which it stands no longer in need, and to destroy those which offer it opposition. He instances the question of America as one upon which this party, always adverse to change, was compelled to yield to the superior innate strength of society: so great has been the alteration of public opinion upon this question, that it is now nearly settled as a political maxim, that when colonies become ripe for independence, it is to the advantage of the mother country, as much as it is to their own benefit, that they should be allowed to govern themselves. It is not improbable that in a few years we shall see this maxim acted upon with respect to Canada. In the same manner the Ultra-Tories resisted the Catholic Relief Bill to the last inch of ground upon which they could find a footing; but here again they lagged behind the onward tendency of society, and so completely has this movement formed and conducted public opinion, that he who would now propose the restoration of the penal laws, would be set down as an idiot by the unanimous voice of the nation. Though long delayed, yet we agree with the author, that the enactment of that wise law, even though late, was a most providential measure for the peace of this empire, considering the events which have recently occurred upon the continent.

'Had the Catholic Relief Bill been delayed, in what condition would the United Kingdom now have been? Would not the tragedy of Brussels have been re-enacted in Dublin? and would not England and Ireland have been to each other what Holland and Belgium are? While the civil war raging in Ireland occupied the military force of the empire, would the

mobbists of Spafields and of Manchester have remained obedient to the laws? While the delirious shout of revolution rolled in contagious reverberation from manufacturing town to town, and while a servile war—a war against property to the knife—spread conflagration and slaughter throughout the agricultural districts, would the wealth of the church have been respected, and could our Protestant establishment and constitution have been upheld? Will not the Ultra-Tory aristocracy now acknowledge that, even upon their own principles, and with a view to the prevention of calamitous change, and to the conservation of our ancient institutions, the most auspicious event which could by possibility have occurred, was the passing, before the breaking out of the recent revolution in France, of that measure of conciliation and peace to Ireland, which they conscientiously but erroneously opposed? Will not the Protestant clergy of our established and protected churches now discover in the measure which mistaken zeal resisted, a manifestation of mercy to this favoured land? Will they not descry, and descrying will they not acknowledge, the special hand of Providence removing at the appropriate hour the occasions of *strife and bitter envyings*, and establishing *mercy and good fruits?*'—pp. 6, 7.

Under these circumstances, and seeing that what are called Ultra-Tory principles have nothing more to do in the world, the author tenderly recommends to the Eldons, and Richmonds, and Newcastles, to identify themselves with the people, and make themselves useful in a new capacity. His advice is founded in good sense, but we fear that it is in vain addressed to the noble lords, for whose special benefit it is intended.

'Time, the greatest of all innovators, is effecting in the internal frame and functions of society, a silent change which resistance cannot arrest, and to which ancient institutions must conform in order to be preserved. Wealth and knowledge are the elements of power. The active members of the Ultra-Tory party who engage in public life, however disinclined to speculate upon the progressive character of human society, must see and feel, from all that is passing around them, that the aggregate wealth and aggregate knowledge of the middle classes now exceed, in a constantly-increasing proportion, the aggregate wealth and knowledge of the privileged orders. And though the active members of the aristocracy were unobservant of, and inattentive to, the silent working of events, and the changing proportions in which the elements of power are distributed, yet they cannot be insensible to the fact that they encounter from the middle classes a more active competition than formerly, and that they are gradually losing that undisputed lead in the country which they once possessed. The cause of the declining influence of their order they may not have traced, but of the existence of the effect it is impossible they should be unaware. The more intelligent members of the Tory Aristocracy, however, will not only perceive the effect, but will comprehend the cause. They will be impressed with the conviction, that in a country increasing in wealth, and advancing in knowledge, it is morally impossible to preserve the exclusive influence of a distinct and privileged order, from being gradually encroached upon, and ultimately overborne by, the growing power of the community at large. They will not squander their strength in a hopeless struggle, nor continue a game in which the chances against them

are constantly increasing. Instead of holding themselves apart, as a distinct and separate order, having interests different from, and opposed to, those of the community, the more intelligent members of the Tory aristocracy will unite themselves with the people, and head the forward movements they no longer can resist. For the lethargy which adheres to hereditary station, they will exchange the energy created by contending for distinction in the field of open competition. In this new sphere of action, their superior wealth and their leisure for acquiring superior knowledge, will still secure to them important advantages, and they will continue to be the natural leaders of the country by ceasing to be a class opposed to improvement. In this manner the Ultra-Tory party will gradually lose its distinctive character, and will blend and amalgamate with the community at large.'—pp. 7—9.

So much for the Ultra-Tories. The next party in order consists of the Ultra-Whigs. We suppose the pamphleteer did not like to call them radicals, the name by which they have been hitherto distinguished. This party has no leader in the upper house of Paliament. In the lower it is headed by Mr. Hume, and in the republic of the extra-muros debaters, by Jeremy Bentham. In talent and activity they greatly surpass the party already mentioned; they want the influence of wealth and rank, and are wholly destitute of the graces of literature. Their essays remind us of the rumbling of cart wheels; they cannot muster amongst them all a single spark of poetry; in the eloquence of the senate or the popular assembly they are equally deficient. They, however, apply themselves with energy to the discovery and elucidation of facts, and with their means of communication with society, they must possess considerable share of influence—perhaps more than we are generally inclined to acknowledge. The existence of such a party, of itself exercises a control upon the two other parties, to whose principles it is violently opposed. We agree with the author of the pamphlet before us in thinking, that the Ultra-Whigs, as he calls them, are not very likely to acquire an ascendancy in this country. They cannot do so, unless society should ever again happen to be resolved into its elements by another revolution, of which at present we see no moral probability. At the same time, it must be admitted that some ideas which have originated with this party, have found their way not only to parliamentary discussion, but to the statute book. The reformation of our criminal and civil laws, certainly began with Mr. Bentham. He was the first, in modern times, to expose with effect their inconsistency, their redundance, and, in some instances, their gross absurdity. His ideas were at first laughed at, but they scattered the seeds of change about them. Not a few of these germs have been carried by the winds to high places, and found a genial soil in which they have since produced a splendid harvest. We are not sure whether the attacks against the dominant church, which are going on constantly in the same quarter, may not ultimately be attended

with similar consequences, We think he would be a bold man who would predict the contrary. So also with respect to election by ballot, a system which the same party have long advocated, and which some of our publicists appear to imagine has been for ever exploded by Mr. Brougham's famous speech in the last session. We have the greatest respect for Mr. Brougham's abilities on every topic to which he applies them; but we confess that the speech in question did by no means convince us that his arguments were unassailable. Upon this subject the pamphleteer has laid himself open at almost every point. There is one upon which we cannot resist offering a few observations.

'Under our existing system property is not directly represented, and possesses little or no legal influence in elections. In the English counties a forty-shilling freehold confers legally as much power in the returning of a member to parliament as a freehold worth 40,000*l.* a year; while copyhold, leasehold, and funded property, and capital of whatever amount, let out at interest, or employed in manufactures, trade, and commerce, confer in the eye of the law no political influence or controul whatever. In the decayed and close boroughs, the franchise is held by a small number of persons, who derive the right, not from their property, but from self-election. In the cities and open boroughs, the voters consist of freemen, of householders paying scot and lot, or of mere resient inhabitants; the great majority of all such voters, freemen, householders, and resients, belonging to the poorer classes. Thus, by the strict letter of the election law in England, the right of returning members to the Commons is vested in the poor, to the exclusion of the rich—the franchise being, in the vast majority of instances, given to poverty, and not to property. Were the existing law of election strictly acted upon, the government of this country would be, not a monarchy, not an aristocracy, not even a democracy, but a *pauperarchy*.

'It is a fact, however, too notorious to be denied, that the existing law of election in this country is violated almost universally. There is an inherent influence in property, of which it cannot be deprived, and which, when not permitted to operate in conformity with law, will be exerted in opposition to law. The elective franchise, nominally in the possession of the poor, is in reality transferred to the rich. A numerous class of freeholders in the counties cannot afford to convey themselves to the place of voting; and if they exercise their franchise at all, they must vote as required by those who defray their expenses. Hence the representation of the counties becomes either a close monopoly in the hands of two or three of the most opulent families, who can afford the enormous cost of a contest; or a more open monopoly in the hands of the middling gentry and yeomen, who have sufficient public spirit to subscribe the requisite sum for bringing the great body of freeholders to the poll. In the decayed and close boroughs, the power of returning has become the property of opulent individuals, and as such is regularly bought and sold; while in the cities and open towns a nearly universal custom prevails of paying the voters polling-money; so that even in the open towns the elective franchise in the great majority of instances, is sold—not exercised—by those in whom it legally resides. Independently of all this, landlords influence their

tenants, masters their workmen, customers their tradesmen. The result of the whole system is, that while the law gives the representation to poverty, to the exclusion of property, the practice of elections confers it on property, to the exclusion of poverty.'—pp. 21—23.

This, it must be owned, is a very just view of the present state of the elective franchise in this country; and in order to preserve it in all its existing perfection, the author goes on to shew the danger it would encounter from the ballot.

'It is conceded that a system of secret voting may be so framed as effectually to protect electors from an undue influence. The question for consideration therefore is, whether secret voting, admitting it to have all the efficacy in this respect for which its advocates contend, would not inflict evils more serious than those which it removed.

'The first objection to engrafting the ballot on our existing system (and an objection, too, the force of which increases with every increase in its efficacy in excluding the influence of wealth) is, that it would effect in the distribution of political power, a sudden and sweeping change, the benefits of which have not been made apparent by any legitimate induction from experience.

'In vain may the advocates of the ballot contend that secret voting has worked well in France, and that therefore they have the sanction of experience for the arrangement they propose. In France, the elective franchise is exclusively in the hands of the wealthiest classes;—in England, it is almost exclusively in the hands of the poorest classes. The ballot in France secured electors against the influence of the crown, and gave the real power of returning deputies to the rich; the ballot in England would secure electors from the influence of property, and give the real power of returning members to the poor. In the two countries, secret voting, instead of producing analogous, would produce diametrically opposite effects. In one country the ballot might be followed by the most beneficial, in the other by the most injurious consequences. The ballot exists also in the United States of North America; but to the experience of its practical working in that country its advocates in this reluctantly refer. As they regard government as the object, not of experimental, but of abstract and demonstrative science, they may imagine that they do not invalidate their argument for the ballot by thus evading a reference to experience. Let us, however, relieve them from all embarrassment respecting the state of facts in North America, by conceding, for the sake of argument, that in that country also the system of secret voting works well.

'Even with this admission, the experience of North America will form no case in point from which the advocates of the ballot in this country can fairly argue.

'In the United States, the elective franchise is so widely extended, that the possessors of no description of property are excluded from exercising it; while the value of labour in relation to land is so high, that the lowest classes of voters not only earn a high rate of wages, but have an almost certain prospect of acquiring property. In America, therefore, voting by ballot does not exclude property from all influence in the elections, and does not place the return in the hands of a class of voters,

the great majority of whom can with difficulty earn the necessaries of life. In England, on the contrary, these effects would assuredly be produced by secret voting. When, in America, the population becomes so dense that the high value of land and the low value of labour reduce the majority of voters to a state but one step removed from want, and when, under these circumstances, the ballot works well, then, and not before, will the effects of the system as applied to America enable us to ascertain, by a legitimate induction from experience, what would be the effect of the system as applied to England.

'Though we have not in the history of any country, barbarous or civilized, a practical exemplification of the precise effects of vesting the uncontrolled exercise of the elective franchise in a small portion of the poorest classes of the people—yet we possess, in the actual disposition and conduct of our own population, abundant facts from which the probable character of those effects may be inferred. We might indeed, by assuming certain principles of human nature, arrive at our conclusions by a shorter process. Thus:—It is a principle of human nature, that when men possess the power, they will pursue their own interest at the expence of the interest of others; the wealthy classes in this country, by influencing the poor and dependent electors, possess the real power of making laws and imposing taxes, and consequently the richer classes in the country plunder the people. Reverse this order. Adopt an effectual system of secret voting, which shall give the real power of enacting laws and imposing taxes, to a comparatively small portion of the poorest classes, and then, *a priori*, the poor will plunder the rich, the right of private property will be invaded, and, in the language of the Spencean philosophers, the land will be declared to be the people's farm.'—pp. 24—27.

The writer then argues that by this process the paupers, having the formation of the House of Commons in their own hands, would have a new law for high wages; would drive machinery out of the country, and would ultimately put an extinguisher upon our national prosperity. The whole train of this argument is worthy of the ultra-Tories. It resolves itself into this: the poor are at present the real possessors of the elective franchise (a position which is only partially true); property, as such, is not directly represented in the legislature; the poor, however, are bought by the rich, and thus the former are robbed of their legal rights, of which the latter obtain possession by openly violating the law. With such a system the ballot would be utterly irreconcileable. No doubt it would. The argument is just, and perfectly consistent. But is such a system as this one that ought to be perpetuated? In a commercial country like ours, is it just, that the property should not be directly represented? Is it rational, that the franchise should be confined to those who can use it only by selling it to the highest bidder? Is not this the very complaint which has been sounding in the ears of the country for more than a century? Is not the system which this anti-ballotist would preserve, the worst that could possibly be devised? Does not he himself avow that it is actually productive of 'numerous evils, both moral and political?' Does he not

declare that it is the parent of "scenes disgusting debauchery and of the most profligate corruption?" Does he not admit that "there is amongst all parties a growing connection that this demoralizing system ought to be corrected?" And yet with the most marvellous inconsistency, he opposes the ballot, because it would be the most effectual remedy for the evils which stare him in the face!

The true course assuredly would be to extend the franchise, so as to make it commensurate with the influence which property ought justly to possess. We are not particularly friendly to the ballot, as it might be early converted to the purposes of ostracism, to which we should infinitely prefer an open and manly opposition, attended with all the turbulence of popular commotion. But we should certainly never think of arguing against the ballot, upon the grounds which this pamphleteer has proceeded—grounds which altogether invalidate his own conclusions.

Other supposed projects of the ultra-whigs, such as the overthrow of our constitutional monarchy, and the substitution for it of a representative republic, upon the principle of the United States, the author of this brochure resists with a great deal of elaborate argument, which he illustrates by analogies, drawn from chemistry, mathematics, and the mechanical arts.

'These classes have a strong predilection in favour of ancient institutions, and a salutary dread of premature and extensive innovation. To divert the current of public opinion against any project of the Ultra-Whig party, it is only necessary to show that the change proposed would be inconsistent with the continuance of our hereditary constitutional monarchy. It would be in vain for an Ultra-Whig leader to meet this objection, by contending that the question respecting the adoption of any political change is not, whether it would be compatible with monarchy, but whether it would be conducive to good government. The practical common sense of Englishmen would almost instinctively rejoin, "Under constitutional monarchy, the country has enjoyed a period of internal tranquillity and order, and has attained a degree of wealth, power, and civilization, unexampled in the history of the world. Experience has proved that constitutional monarchy is only another name for good government; and the inference is inevitable, that a measure subversive of the one would be destructive of the other. We will aid you in effecting repairs and reforms; but when you ask us to adopt measures which would have the effect of pulling down and destroying, we must answer, "*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare.*"

'The popular argument in favour of constitutional monarchy, is not founded upon prejudices which the progress of intelligence will remove:—it is based upon principles to which the advance of political knowledge will give accumulating force. Government is the object, not of abstract, but of experimental science. We cannot demonstrate from the general principles of human nature, what will be the effect of any particular political regulation; but from observations upon the effects actually produced by particular regulations, we may deduce general principles applicable to other analogous institutions. In order to ascertain which of two different forms

of government is the best to, must observe and compare the actual effects of each. So long as a higher degree of human improvement is experienced under constitutional monarchy than under republican forms of government, so long will the argument for upholding constitutional monarchy remain unassailable; and so long must the objection against innovations so violent as to endanger the foundations of our ancient institutions continue, as the just principles of political science become more extensively diffused to acquire accumulating force.

'The apostles of Ultra-Whiggism can make converts only from among the half-informed. They not only fail to arrive at correct conclusions, but they adopt a process of reasoning by which it is impossible that in an experimental science like that of government, correct conclusions should ever be obtained. Assuming certain principles of human nature as data, they pretend to demonstrate the results of untried experiments in government. This mode of proceeding is in direct violation of the rules of philosophising established by Bacon, and now universally adopted by men of science, as the only ones applicable either to physical or moral investigation. The conclusions at which we arrive by reasoning from the general principles of human nature to the particular effects of untried regulations, can only be regarded as apparently probable conjectures. These conjectures, or, to use the language of Lord Bacon, these anticipations of nature, rarely coincide with the real fact as subsequently ascertained by experience.

'It is almost superfluous to repeat the remark, that the method of reasoning applicable to the investigation of moral and political questions is the same as that which is employed in physical enquiries. Now, no one in the present day would employ demonstrative reasoning in his physical investigations; no chemist, for example, could betray such utter ignorance of the rules of philosophising, as to attempt to anticipate by reasoning, from the known properties of any substance, what effects it would exhibit under new and hitherto unobserved combinations. Yet it is just as unphilosophical in the political empiric to presume to predict by an *a priori* process from the principles of human nature, the consequences which would result from social combinations not yet tested by experience. In the moral, as in the physical world, the union of known and quiescent elements may occasion unexpected and dangerous disturbance. When bodies, whether natural or political, are resolved into their elements and re-combined in new and untried proportions, experience, and experience only, can determine whether we are to obtain a neutral compound or an explosive mixture.'—pp. 10—14.

It need hardly be observed that there is not one of these arguments which has not been taken out of the book of the Ultra-Tories. It is the very language which they have uniformly used upon the Catholic Question, and which they will still apply to every other question connected with the progress of society. With this writer we fully agree in thinking that our present form of government is admirably adapted to our present condition; so much is this the case, that he who would in these days propose a pure republic as a substitute for our tempered monarchy, would talk to the winds. He would get nobody to listen to him. What may be the case in a century hence, or in half that period, is another question. The

changes which are going on obviously or imperceptibly around us, those which are still only in embryo, the new relations which must arise out of them, and the impulse which they will impart to the community, may possibly produce an order of things quite different from that which we, the living generations, now behold. To say *a priori*, that the existing forms of government may be naturally adapted to all possible combinations of future circumstances, would be the height of temerity. It appears clear to us, that upon the continent of Europe, societies are uniformly tending towards republicanism. The settlement of the Belgic government will, in some degree, accelerate or retard the progress of that political sentiment; the regulation of France will produce still more powerful consequences in this respect; but whatever be done in either country, the march of European mind towards representative and republican forms cannot, we apprehend, meet with effectual resistance. Standing armies, despotic monarchies, silent presses, and the padlocks now placed upon the mouths of nations, instead of restraining, do actually assist in this movement, which, in a few years, will be tremendous and irresistible. If the patriots of Spain succeed in overthrowing the Bourbon throne, and planting upon the Escurial the flag of a republic, the work may be looked upon as already commenced.

The author finally treats of the party which he calls the Liberals, of whom he gives the following description:—

'The principles upon which the Liberal party are agreed, and which form their bond of union, are, the abolition of civil disabilities upon account of religious belief; and the gradual revision and reform of our laws and institutions in a manner conformable with the progress of knowledge and the spirit of the age, and not incompatible wtth the continuance of our mixed constitution of King, Lords, and Commons.

'The Liberal party embraces moderate Tories and moderate Whigs, between whom there has long ceased to be any marked discordance of opinion, and respecting whom their former distinctive appellations may be regarded as obsolete. It numbers in its ranks an influential and most distinguished section of the aristocracy; it comprises almost all of the middle orders possessed of small independent fortunes; and it includes, it is to be hoped, some portion of the classes whose only wealth consists of the wages which they earn.'—p. 34.

The author is rather tedious in tracing the formation of this party, which, doubtless, will soon attain the ascendancy. After shewing their connection with the landed and manufacturing wealth of the country, he thus proceeds:—

'The advancement and the diffusion of knowledge are causes scarcely less powerful than the production and distribution of wealth, in giving to the middle, and even to the lower classes of society, a constantly increasing influence. When instruction cannot be obtained except at a considerable expence, the power conferred by knowledge, and the power derived from wealth, will both be in the exclusive possession of the rich. Every im-

provement in education which effects a reduction in the cost of mental cultivation, tends to break up this double monopoly, As the means of acquiring knowledge become more extensively diffused throughout society, a twofold process goes on, by which intellectual power is not only brought into a state of equilibrium amongst the different orders of society, but is made to preponderate more and more on the side of the middle class. This may require a brief explanation.

'A given number of persons from the upper ranks will, *ceteris paribus*, possess as much talent and knowledge as an equal number of educated persons taken from the middle ranks; and should the middle ranks by whom good education is attainable, be twice as numerous as the upper, they will contain twice as many men of leading talent. But as industry prospers, as wealth is produced more abundantly, and as the cost of mental cultivation is diminished, the number of the middle classes by whom a good education is accessible, bears a constantly increasing proportion to the numbers of the upper orders. Hence, with every improvement, whether in industry or in education, the aggregate intellectual power of the people will preponderate more and more over that of the aristocracy.

'There is another cause which contributes to increase the mental superiority of the middle classes. Those who are born to the highest places in society, have fewer motives to intellectual exertion, than those who have station and distinction to acquire; and while the faculties of the former become enfeebled by repose, those of the latter are invigorated by exercise. Hence, in any given number of the middle classes, there will be a greater extent of knowledge and a higher degree of mental energy, than in an equal number of the upper classes; and hence the aggregate intellectual power residing in the middle classes will exceed the aggregate intellectual power residing in the upper classes, in a ratio considerably higher than that in which the numbers of the former exceed the numbers of the latter.

'As, in the progress of social improvement, the middle classes gain upon the upper in wealth and intelligence, and feel conscious of the importance which wealth and intelligence confer, they become more and more desirous of participating with the upper classes in the management of public affairs, and of effecting such alterations in established institutions as may relax the monopoly of political power, and, in the field of open competition, give "the race to the swift and the battle to the strong." These claims are advanced by a force which is constantly increasing, and are resisted by a power that is constantly decreasing. Whoever will attend to the progressive character of human society, and will observe the constant tendency which wealth and knowledge, the two elements of power, have to preponderate upon the side of the middle classes, must be convinced that the question of yielding to their wishes, and of giving to existing institutions a more popular form, is merely one of time. Time, the despotic innovator, commands and is obeyed. All that the most vigorous and most prudent administration of existing governments can effect, is to retard, not to arrest, the forward movement of society. When the retardation is too great, concussion is produced. The reins of authority are snapped asunder. Revolution seizes more than Reform asked.

'It is upon the principle of moulding ancient institutions into forms adapted to these inevitably progressive changes in the distribution of the

elements of power, that the Liberal party is constituted. Wealth and knowledge, as it has been already remarked, are the elements of power. It is obvious, that as these elements become more widely diffused, the base of political establishments should be extended, so as to comprise and acquire strength from the growing force by which they might otherwise be overborne.

'With respect to knowledge, it is important to remark, that while, in its diffusion, it acts as a propelling force, it exerts, in its higher functions, a guiding and a controlling power. In the progress of intellectual improvement, government becomes the object of science. The authentic history of all nations supplies the facts, from which, by induction, the principles of this most important science are obtained. The political philosopher, carefully observing and comparing the effects produced on human happiness and character by the several forms of government, concerning which he has authentic records, ascertains from this ample experience those forms of polity, and those modifications of existing institutions, the introduction of which would prove most conducive to social well-being and improvement. The knowledge of what constitutes good government, creates the desire of establishing it. But the desire of change which springs up amongst a community imbued with just principles of social science, possesses a character distinct from that desire of change which arises in the progress of wealth and intelligence, from the wish to exercise upon political objects and by means of more liberal institutions, that inherent power which wealth and intelligence confer. The desire of political change arising from the latter cause, acts most powerfully upon those members of the community who engage in public affairs; the wish for innovation springing from the former is felt most strongly by the speculative, whose important office it is to discover and to teach the principles upon which the community should act. Whether politics be studied as a science or not, improvements in industry, and reductions in the cost of education, will impart to increasing portions of the community, the love of political influence, and the desire of effecting such changes in existing institutions as may facilitate and legalize the exercise of it. But when politics are studied as a science, and when, in consequence, the social machine receives an added impulse, and is propelled with increased velocity, then a guiding and conservative function is supplied. As the principles of society and of government are more accurately and more generally understood, not only is it more clearly perceived that ancient institutions are best secured by being so modified as to conform to the prevailing opinions of the age, but the opinions of the age, with respect to ancient institutions, become so modelled and regulated, that the changes desired are those only which an ample induction from experience has discovered to be at once safe and salutary. All *a priori* reasonings on matters of government are discarded; all speculative operations on the living nerve of human society are reprobated. Political knowledge is the great redeeming spirit of society, at whose advent the spectres of Ultra-Tory superstition cease to scare from improvement, and the demons of Ultra-Whig devotion no longer threaten to destroy.

'Thus we see that in an improving country, the Liberal party is at once the centre of gravity and of motion. With every accession of wealth or

of knowledge, it acquires additional strength, at the expence both of the Ultra-Tory and Ultra-Whig parties; until, in the progress of improvement, it ultimately acquires preponderating and resistless force.

'The results of the late general election strikingly disclose the increasing strength of the Liberal party in the country. The combined influence of small property in the hands of the many, has, in several instances, preponderated over the influence of great properties in the hands of the few. Yorkshire, Devonshire, Cambridgeshire, and Surrey, have exhibited decisive examples that in the elections for counties which were formerly little more than close boroughs in the hands of a few great families, the middle classes are becoming too strong for the aristocracy. It is every day more palpably apparent, that political power is in a state of transit from the Ultra-Tories to the Liberals.

'It may be imagined, perhaps, that the example of Middlesex would lead to the conclusion, that a portion of the power lost by the Ultra-Tories has passed, not to the Liberals, but to the Ultra-Whigs. This, on examination, will be found to be a mistake. Mr. Hume was returned for Middlesex, not by the Ultra-Whig, but by the Liberal party; he owes his election, not to his advocacy of the ballot, but to his advocacy of economical reform. The freeholders of Middlesex, who returned Mr. Hume without expence, and whose combined strength would have returned him triumphantly and without expence had he been opposed by the whole aristocracy of the county, did not select him because he is a defender of secret voting, in which they have no conceivable interest; on the contrary, they selected him because he has been persevering, indefatigable, and efficient, in urging reductions in the national expenditure, in which the small industrious capitalists of the metropolis, as well as of the county at large, have the greatest possible interest. Indeed it must be obvious that had the middle classes of the metropolis, who returned Mr. Hume, been Ultra-Whigs, they would have sought for a candidate possessing qualifications the very opposite of those by which he is distinguished. As a logical expounder, and as a clear and eloquent enforcer of principles, Mr. Hume exhibits an incapacity contrasting in an extraordinary degree with the perspicuity and power which he displays in mastering facts and disentangling details. He gratifies his political opponents (personal enemies he can have none) only when he injures his fame and his usefulness, by deviating into discussions which he imperfectly comprehends—only when, in forgetfulness of the fact that the efficacy of all human labour, manual or mental, results from its division, he wanders out of his own appropriate path, and commits trespass upon intellectual fields which are the domain of others. Though Mr. Hume should be an Ultra-Whig, yet it is certain that it is not to his advocacy of Ultra-Whig principles that he owes his election for Middlesex. Middlesex cannot be taken as a particular case, limiting the general conclusion, that the results of the late election exhibit decisive evidence, that the Liberal party is rapidly gaining both on the Ultra-Tory and Ultra-Whig parties, and acquiring throughout the country a preponderating influence.'—pp. 39—47.

The pamphlet, which is certainly well executed in many respects, concludes with a rapid sketch of the conduct of the king and of the present ministers, for whom he is decidedly an advocate.

'The conduct of William IV., while heir presumptive, on the great con-

servative measure of Catholic Relief, inspired the enlightened advocates of civil and religious liberty, with hopes which all his subsequent acts, since his accession to the throne, have contributed to heighten and confirm. Never did prince, in so short a period, succeed more completely in winning the affections of his people. This is happy for himself, and still more happy for the country. At this critical season, when the atmosphere of Europe is charged with the revolutionary malaria, no single event could have been more salutary for England, than the accession of a liberal and patriot king. It has been sometimes said, that during the first French Revolution, the institutions of England were upheld by the private worth of George III.: it will hereafter be said, with great truth, that during the more general contagion of change thrown off by the second French Revolution, the British constitution was preserved by the enlightened public virtue of William IV.

'It was the glory of Elizabeth, that her ministers were the most able practical statesmen of the age. In a constitutional monarchy, such as now exists in this country, in which the authority of the crown is exercised through responsible advisers, the executive character of the ministry is not less important than the personal qualifications of the sovereign. Nay, the highest personal qualifications of the sovereign, for the elevated station which he fills, are, sagacity to select, and constancy to support, a ministry competent to meet the peculiar exigencies of the times, and skilled to navigate the vessel of the state through the shoals and the rapids of the social current. This, as has just been said, was the chief and appropriate glory of Elizabeth. Is it also that of William IV.? This question can be answered only after an impartial consideration of the public measures of the ministers to whom his Majesty has given his confidence and support.

'The minister whom his Majesty has happily retained at the head of the government, is the same who, by repealing the Test and Corporation Act, and by carrying the Catholic Relief Bill, gave practical effect to the great principle of religious liberty. The Catholic Relief Bill will be regarded by the historian as the most important, and the most salutary, change effected in the constitutional laws of the country since the period of the revolution which placed the present family on the throne. In carrying this measure at the critical time at which he carried it, and through difficulties which no other minister had ventured to attempt to remove, the Duke of Wellington conferred upon the country a service which his unrivalled military achievements may in splendour surpass, but cannot in utility exceed. The young and the ardent may view, with higher admiration, the unconquered captain subduing foreign enemies in a series of triumphs the most glorious in our annals; but the mature and wise will regard with deeper gratitude the enlightened statesman, averting civil war and establishing religious liberty.

'In the present condition of the country, economical reform, and a reduction of the taxes by which industry is oppressed, are measures scarcely less beneficial than the establishment of religious liberty, and the averting of civil war. On this vital point also, the Duke of Wellington's administration has been tried, and has not been found wanting. The expenditure for the army, navy, ordnance, and miscellaneous services, as detailed in the budget brought forward by Mr. Canning, amounted to 18,243,000*l.*, and the establishments then were, as indeed they had long

been, upon the peace scale. The estimates for the same services in the present year amounted to no more than 16,500,000*l.*, being a reduction, in the two years, of 1,743,000*l.* This, with an alteration in the sinking fund, and a reduction in the interest of the four-per-cent. stock to three and a half per cent., have enabled the Duke of Wellington's government to repeal taxes to the amount of 4,000,000*l.* annually. This important reduction of taxation has been effected in the most judicious manner. By the total repeal of the Beer duty the expence of collection will be saved; the people will enjoy a wholesome and necessary beverage at a cheaper rate; the increased consumption consequent upon reduced price will encourage cultivation; and extended cultivation will create an additional demand for labour.

'While these measures of liberty, internal peace, and economy, were in progress, Sir Robert Peel continued to apply himself to the arduous labour of law reform. The benefits which the Home-Secretary has thus conferred upon the country are as important as they will be permanent. Envy herself cannot suppress the extorted praise. Rivals, eager to depreciate, in order to supplant, are constrained to applaud, even while they endeavour to detract. In the recent number of the *Edinburgh Review*, an anti-ministerial article, evidently written in the factious spirit of disappointed ambition, thus speaks of the services of Sir Robert Peel:—"There are merits in Sir Robert Peel which deserve to be marked. His official habits and his industry are exceedingly valuable, and he would be a great accession to any ministry. He has become a distinguished and most valuable votary of liberal opinions. He had taken some time ago to reform the criminal law, and he has heartily supported the reformers of our civil jurisprudence.

'Such is the panegyric which, in very shame, the opponents of Sir Robert Peel bestow on him, even while attempting to demonstrate his incompetency. Upon the showing of his opponents themselves, he is the most efficient and useful minister to whom the seals of the home-office ever were entrusted. He has set the first example in this country of a responsible adviser of the crown undertaking, in good earnest, the task of reducing to order the barbarous chaos of our laws. Unmoved by the assaults of bigotry or of envy, he will go on (again to use the language of the opposition faction) to "serve the state, and not himself," feeling "that no one who loves his country ought ever to forget the rare claim to gratitude which he has established," and with the prophetic vision of a lofty ambition and patriotic love of fame, regarding the award of posterity as though it were already made.

'This rapid sketch of the conduct of ministers is sufficient for the present purpose. They have established religious liberty; they have reduced taxation to the extent of 4,000,000*l.* annually; and they have carefully commenced and steadily pursued that amelioration in our civil institutions which the improving spirit of the times demands. To borrow the appropriate language used by Lord Althorp, in the House of Commons, in April last, "the present government has done more good than any government which has gone before it; and is able to do more good than any other cabinet which could be formed at present." At the present crisis the country, as Mr. Brougham has well expressed it, "takes comfort derivable from the character of the Duke of Wellington for good sense and discern-

ment; and sees a prospect that he will bring forward measures of retrenchment to satisfy England, and of conciliation to pacify Ireland.

'This brief review of the conduct of the Duke of Wellington's administration, and of the services which, upon the showing even of its opponents, it has rendered to the country, supplies ample facts for the solution of the question, whether that skill in the choice of efficient public servants which formed the chief and appropriate glory of Elizabeth, can justly be considered as the characteristic of William IV.? This question must be answered by a distinct and unqualified affirmative. His Majesty has shown those rarest and most valuable qualifications in a sovereign, the sagacity to select, and the constancy to uphold, a minister competent to encounter the peculiar difficulties of the times.

'What then, it may now be demanded, are the prospects of the country? The preponderating political party is formed on the principles of religious liberty, and of reforming our laws and institutions in a manner conformable to the progress of knowledge, and not incompatible with the continuance of our mixed constitution of King, Lords, and Commons; the King himself is a member of this great national party, and adapting the principles of his government to the spirit of the age, has acquired a popularity greater than that enjoyed by any other English monarch since the days of Elizabeth; while the ministers whom his Majesty has placed at the head of his government, like those retained by his illustrious predecessor, are gifted in an eminent degree with that firmness, sagacity, and prudence, which the temper and unsettled character of the times demand. Can there then be any thing, either in the present circumstances or future prospects of the country, calculated to excite apprehension or create distrust? This important question cannot be answered without pause and hesitation. Unquiet spirits are abroad, and *the end is not yet.*

'Faction is the besetting sin of free countries. At the present crisis it is alarmingly prevalent in this. The several factions which are now pursuing personal objects, regardless of the public safety, may be considered as being comprised in the three following classes:—the *incendiary*, the *revolutionary*, and the *place-hunting*. To control these factions, will require all the popularity of the King, and all the combined energy and prudence of his ministers, acting under the sanction of enlightened public opinion, and backed and supported by all who have an interest in averting anarchy and confiscation."—pp. 49—57.

We go with the author in praising all that his Majesty's present ministers have done; but we cannot be blind to the necessity that exists, and which the Session of Parliament just commencing will forcibly demonstrate, of some modifications being made in the Cabinet, which may procure for the government a few more efficient debaters, in the Lower House particularly, than they can at this moment number. It is too much to throw the whole burthen of every discussion, in which the ministers are concerned, upon Sir Robert Peel, especially while all the brilliant talents in the House are marshalled against him.

ART. X.—*Report of the Committee on the Coal Trade, appointed by the House of Commons, to inquire into the state of the Coal Trade, in the Port of London, with reference to the several Acts and Regulations affecting the Vend and Delivery of Coals within the Cities of London and Westminster, and Liberties thereof, &c.* Printed by Order of the House of Commons. 1830.

MOST of our readers, we presume, are aware that select committees were appointed in the last session of parliament, in each house, to inquire into the state of the Coal Trade, with the view of ascertaining the best mode of remedying some of its most monstrous abuses. They examined a great number of witnesses and inspected a vast number of documents—and each committee seems to be of opinion that a great improvement in favour of the public may be effected by a very simple alteration. We have no doubt, therefore, but that the ensuing session will witness the substitution of *weight*, in the sale of coals, for the metage, which has hitherto existed, contrary to all principles of convenience and common sense. This arrangement we may, then, calculate upon as immediately to be carried into execution; and we congratulate the country upon a measure which will have the most extensive effect in diminishing the rigours of the winter season upon thousands of the poorer classes. The wants of those classes, at this pinching stage of the year, are but too forcibly represented in the reports of the admirable institutions of benevolence in this metropolis, which, at the first appearance of frost, throw their doors open to the houseless and the needy. The reader will find, in the succeeding article, some information on this subject well worthy his consideration.

It is quite impossible, however, that improvement can stop at the alteration we have mentioned. Nothing short of a complete revolution (such is the favourite word of the day) ought to satisfy the inhabitants of the southern counties.

Foreigners, when they read of our customs and regulations, are often incredulous, when they happen to fall upon some of the absurdities which we really practise and cherish. We suppose that we should excite the uncontrollable laughter of a reasoning German, or Frenchman, were we to tell him that the English government have a mortal dread of a ship freighted with coals! That the lord mayor and corporation of the city of London should be overwhelmed with such a horror is by no means a thing to create surprise: and it would not be difficult to convince any stranger that there was nothing extraordinary in such a circumstance.—But it would certainly demand strong proofs to satisfy an impartial mind, that the legislature and government of Great Britain actually tremble with indignation and fear, when they behold a ship freighted with coals. Not, however, to the gallant vessel herself is their hostility directed, nor yet to the Walls End produce

—it is to the union of the two in the relation of freight and carrier, that all the objection exists. We are not bound to account for the source of this unusual apprehension: we only know that it exists, by plain, substantial, and tangible proofs.

The coals which constitute the whole nearly of the fuel consumed in London, and what are called the home counties, are brought from the north of England. The expence of conveying them is heavy enough, Heaven knows; but strange to relate, because the distance is great between Newcastle and London, because the expence is very great of bringing the fuel from the former to the latter place, it seemed wise and proper to the legislature to increase that expence by all the means in their power. A gentleman in the north of England has not one farthing to lay out in duty for coals. The poorest mechanic in London is obliged to pay six shillings on every chaldron he consumes, to government, besides nearly five shillings more to support the Corporation of London. Perhaps we could not place the iniquity of this tax in a more conspicuous light than it has been put by an ingenious contributor, who has sent us a well-imagined history of the progress of a chaldron of coals to London, by itself. The items are all perfectly correct, and the whole details are put in a manner that supersede the necessity of all commentary upon it.

Autobiography of a Chaldron of Coals.

I am a native of Wall's End, where my family have been for ages, although to tell the honest truth, a more truly *obscure* set of people there is not on the face of the earth. We lived *under* the great Mr. Stewart of that place, a very excellent landlord indeed, if it were not, that, like the Irish justices, he was too fond of transporting his tenantry. As to how I came into the world, and how I was bred, it would be just as convenient for me not to be pressed on these matters; but if I am put to it, I promise to show that I come from as ancient a *stock* as any man in the empire, and that numerous *branches* were not wanting to it either. I have always thought that it was not the best of treatment towards the old and constant possessors of the soil, that they should be turned out of their *beds* day after day, put on board a ship, like a poor devil of a suspected Spaniard in the time of the alien act, and that before one has time to look about him. I am told that, in foreign parts, they bring human creatures to the markets for sale, and that when the poor things are bought up, they are packed in ships to be sent off to distant countries. I am sure I can feel for their situation, and I declare that I thought I was for all the world as much to be pitied on the morning that I parted from my black companions, as any nigger that was ever kidnapped on the coast of Guinea by a Liverpool merchantman, and sold to slavery in the West Indies. I remember very well that it was after a very tight bargain with my landlord, that one Mr. Fitter paid down, I think it was thirteen or fourteen shillings for me, when I was given up to him body and soul, to do what he liked with me. I was then put into a boat on the river Wear, and it was hinted to me that I was going to begin a journey which might not be quite agreeable to me. Considering that all our family, high and low,

were by nature disposed to be very quiet and stationary, and that if let alone, you might wager your life that they never would molest any body whatever, you will readily believe that to be shifted about as I now was from post to pillar, and pulled this way and that, was enough to put my hereditary equanimity to the test. We proceeded very slowly to Sunderland harbour, where I was thunderstruck at the sight of so many huge ships; but judge of my horror when I found that I was forthwith to be put on board one of the largest, and sent up to the wonderful city of London! Great fortune for poor Blacky, says I. There was no use in repining, and in truth I was not a little consoled by being informed that I should have plenty of my own relations with me, and that the crew were all well acquainted with our people, having themselves and their forefathers profited considerably by our intercourse. "Holla," says a fellow, as we were nearing the ship, "tell out three and three pence for keel dues, and conveyance as far as this." "Three and three pence for what?" I exclaimed, almost in a passion; for I thought it bad enough to be dragged from my quiet home, but to be called on to pay the expences of my departure was cruelty on cruelty. In the middle of my remonstrance, my new master interposed, and slipping the money into the applicant's hand at the same time that he smiled, I suppose, at my simplicity, he desired that I might be removed on board the large vessel. I had not been in the ship more than a second, when the fellow who lifted me into it, came up to me, and putting his hand to his hat, asked me for eight pence half-penny. "Well," said I, in a tone of resignation, "what is this for?" "Casting into ship, your honour." The eight pence half-penny were paid by my master I suppose, for I am sure I did not give a farthing. All is quiet now, thought I, when up came an overgrown fellow, and pushed me here and there in the rudest manner with his shovel, and when he thought he had placed me in the ugliest posture he could, what do you think of his impudence to ask me for his dues! The fellow got three pence, and I am told that the parliament allows this much from every one of us for "trimming the ship." Just as we were about to weigh anchor, the sun was going down, but I had no taste for sights under such circumstances. I only mention this fact, as a reason for another draw on our pockets. "Pay for the lights," says a gruff fellow from a boat hard by. The beacon was just begun to be lighted at the moment, and for that and other things, which I was at the moment too confused to attend to, there was paid on my account the sum of five pence. I was stark mad at all this, and I would have gladly contributed my own substance to make light for the vessel to steer by, rather than be obliged to purchase it from such Jews and robbers as we were dealing with. But the rules of the ship's company did not allow me to say a word, and afterwards, when I saw two-pence half-penny more were paid for me to a pilot, who, out of a pretended regard to our ship, insisted on seeing us safe out of Sunderland harbour, I became so disgusted with the world that I called to have the hatchway closed, and God forgive me, I wished in my agony, that they might never again be opened. The next morning, being out on the high sea, and having nothing better to do, we glanced at our bill for the evening's job, and we found that our expences from the Wear to Sunderland harbour, and a little way out, came exactly to 4*s*. 9¾*d*. If we got any value whatever for our money, it would be something. At the

geat hotels, I am told, they charge you for a partridge, when they give you only a poor chicken. But there is some justice in that, compared with the practice at Sunderland, for there you are annoyed to death with one busy body or another, and you have to pay the rascals there for the trouble they have taken to fret you.

When we came in sight of London, for which city we were bound, I almost forgot all my griefs at the thought of being carried to such a place. At any rate we have done with harpies and pirates I thought, for they are too rich and high-minded in so great a city to bully poor country folks out of their small and hard-earned means. Well, we turned into the river, and went along as smooth as if we were carried on the iron-rail-road, which I am told was built for some of my relations in the north, not long ago. I own that when I saw on both sides of me, as we sailed up the river, clouds of smoke ascending from lofty chimnies, I began to shrink and tremble at the thought of what was to become of me. As we were sailing up towards a splendid mansion built on the bank of the river, out darted a little skiff, with an officer in it. "Stop," says he to the pilot, "stop in the king's name." I thought that the gentleman was a messenger from his majesty to welcome the strangers to London; when, to my utter confusion, he called for six shillings, for permitting me to land in London. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! said I, what is to become of me now? Have I escaped from Sunderland only to fall into worse hands in London? The gentleman, for such his manner bespoke him, would take no denial, as he said that the king, at that moment, was very much in want of change to go a marketing; that he had a terrible long family of his own to support, and that if he returned home without fetching plenty to satisfy their cravings, he would have no business in coming home at all. Well the upshot is that the six shillings were paid to the officer, who having flung a receipt on our deck, shot his skiff back again to the shore. And now the master of the ship turned towards us, and said, "I have brought you to your destination; here you are in the *pool* of London; get up to the city as fast as ever you can, for I must go back to Sunderland to look after my own affairs." With that he put a paper before us in which were traced the horrible figures, 11*s.*, for my conveyance from Sunderland to London. A plague with your expences, I cried, why did you not leave me where I was, instead of dragging me into the world to be a burthen to any honest person. I felt ashamed and uneasy, and I wished a hundred times that I had never been a chaldron of coals. All was of no use—pay we must—and so we got out of the ship, wished the captain a good morning, after sending our compliments to the banks of the wear; and behold us now transferred to an airy open barge, the most mortified and broken hearted adventurers that ever sought refuge on dry land. "Steady there," sung out a tall fellow, as we were putting off. This was the coal whipper, who had drawn us up out of the Sunderland vessel. "Do you mean," he says, "to defraud us poor bodies of our dues so hardly earned;" and he was more than half uncovered, the perspiration pouring down his face, and his eyes rolling with the effects of the porter which he was obliged to drink to keep up his strength. The demand being only one shilling and seven-pence, was instantly discharged. Whilst brooding over this accumulation of misfortunes, word came to me that I was sold out and out to a new master,

and that I must prepare myself to take up my abode in a neighbouring Bridewell, called a wharf. "Any thing you please," said I, "so as I have nothing to pay." There was a general titter, which made me suspect that the regular fleecing was yet scarcely begun: I remembered that on coming out of the ship I had been measured with great care. A charge for that, I said to myself; and sure enough it turned out that I was right. The barge in which I was, now put off for shore, and, after awhile, I found myself on dry land, amidst an entirely new set of faces, strangers whom I never saw before; I was now hardened, and thought I could endure anything with indifference, until being about to take my berth in my new lodging, for which I was well prepared after my fatigue, up came the land-meter to take my dimensions once more. I saw at once that there was a regular conspiracy against our whole family, amongst the Southerns; and I thought that it would be a great benefit to my poor relations at home, to warn them of the treatment they might expect on their arrival in the port of London; that if any of them had the ambition to see the metropolis, they ought to avoid coming by sea, but should enter the city by any of the Western roads, and, if possible, in the disguise of a Staffordshire collier, In this way they might gratify themselves with a sight of London, and not be called on to pay a single farthing for the pleasure.

'The trouble of being measured was enough, God knows, for any simple rustic, under my circumstances; but you will scarcely believe that a bill for the expences of the process was thrust into my hand—and for metage, poor well-packed chaldron, thou wert compelled to pay six-pence! "And one penny more," said the applicant. "For what?" "Market dues." "I've not been to market." "No matter for that—your name and address have been stuck up there—and you pay a penny." I never opened the copper side of my purse with more reluctance in my life. Well, said I, early the next morning, I have had a respite at last—the harpies surely will take pity on me, and I may count upon an easy life from this out. At that moment a thundering knock was heard at the door—and in a trice in marched a posse of great, corpulent, lubberly looking men, in red gowns, and with staves in their hands; their cheeks were as green as the fat of turtle, and fine venison puffed out their sides—I do not know but my black phiz turned perfectly white when I heard that they were city officers come to demand the municipal dues; I became dead sick; I knew I could never be of sufficient value to any body after paying so much taxes, as to induce them to take me out of the custody in which I lay. All I remember is, that half mad with resentment and disappointment, I put all my ready money into their hands, saying, somewhat with the feelings of an unfortunate fellow on Hounslow-heath, who has a robber by his side, and a pistol at his head, "Here, gentlemen, is my purse for you, and welcome." I dare say that the city plunderers did not take less than they ought; I do not know how the fact is, but the sum which they had a right to take, according to law, will be seen below. To go over the detail of the adventures and calamities which, even after all I had before endured, I suffered after my arrival in London, would break the heart of a stone. For general information, however, and as a sad warning to all simple hearted people in the north country, who think that London is paved with gold, and the inhabitants all made out of

angels from heaven, I shall set down a sketch of the charge paid by me from the moment that I was taken out of my quiet settlement, on the banks of the Wear, to go to London to comfort the cocknies:—

	£.	s.	d.
Paid to my first master by the Coal Fitter	0	12	0
Charges in Sunderland Harbour	0	4	9¾
Government duty paid on the London Pool	0	6	0
Charge of freight to London	0	11	0
Lord Mayor's, and Market Dues, Metage, Orphan's Dues, Discount and Scorage to buyers, Factorage, Entries, Stamps, Fees, and other expences, with insurance on the Cargo	0	4	9½
Total	1	18	7¼

'This is the sum which was paid on my account, up to the moment when I came into the possession of the coal merchant. But do not think that the merchant always pays the like for a chaldron of coals. He often gets it, and now pretty frequently, for 1*l.* 5*s.*, in the river. Say it costs him 1*l.* 3*s.* on the average, in the river. The further expences he will be at in removing his chaldron from the vessel to the consumer's cellar, will be as follows:—

	£.	s.	d.
Buyer, commission	0	1	0
Lighterage	0	2	0
Cartage	0	6	0
Credit	0	2	0
Shootage	0	1	3
And for even money	0	0	3
Metage	0	0	8
Market dues	0	1	0
Land metage	0	0	6
	0	14	8
Add cost of Coals	1	3	0
	1	17	8

'So that the prime cost of a chaldron of coals which is only 13*s.* or 14*s.* to the Northumberland people, mounts up in London to nearly a couple of pounds; upon this the merchant has to charge a profit, and I am informed by the gentleman who did me the honour to purchase me, that this charge in general is made entirely with a view to the accommodation of the public.

'I never shall forget the evening when I came into the possession of my last owner. He arrived at the merchant's wharf, where I lay, and trembled as he demanded the price of coals. "Fifty shillings," said the merchant, and I could see the struggle in the poor customer's face, as if he were unwilling to do what he felt there was an irresistible necessity for performing. "It is a dreadful price," said he, "but my children cannot die of cold." So home to his miserable room he brought me—and I could overhear as they drew nigh to the fire-place, where I gave out a flame with all my soul to comfort the poor creatures, that they expended

their last farthing in procuring me; and they talked of the hardship of being compelled to give so much more than the rest of the world; that if they had the happiness of living a degree of latitude higher up, they could have abundance of coals for half the money. I heard their complaints; and I own I longed for the time when, freed from the grossness of my mortal coil, I could rise into the region of invisible spirits, and look down with pity on the malicious mortals who endeavoured to make my life a hell below.'

Under the levity which seems to reign throughout the above sketch, there is the history of a sad reality, one which is productive of great practical misery. The reader who recollects that the cost of a chaldron of coals to the Duke of Northumberland at his princely residence of Alnwick is considerably under a pound sterling, whilst to the inhabitant of a London cellar, it is upwards of fifty shillings, will be enabled to have some idea of the partial way in which the community is burdened with taxes.

If it was only in the amount of the tax that the London consumer was mulcted, he might put up with the unjust exaction with a better grace. But that is not so; the arrangement of the duties; the ingenious manner in which the details are contrived, with a view to render them doubly vexatious, constitute in themselves a distinct grievance, which ought not to be allowed to continue. The Committee of the House of Commons have inquired very minutely into this part of the coal trade, and have collected very curious and important information connected with it. We extract from their report the account of the system which prevails at the ports of shipment, after which we shall cite what they have established with respect to what takes place after the vessel has arrived in the port of London.

'Of these ports, Newcastle and Sunderland are the principal, though a large and annually increasing supply of coal is derived from Stockton and other places. The committee do not think it necessary to do more than refer to the evidence of Mr. Buddle and others, which contains an elaborate account of the manner in which the mines are worked. The coal, when raised to the pit's mouth, is carefully skreened, so as to separate the large from the smaller parts. Of the whole mass brought to the surface, that part only is sold for the consumption of the London market which is in pieces too large to pass through a skreen of half an inch wide. The residue, which frequently amounts to a fourth, and sometimes to a third of the whole quantity, is again skreened through a skreen three-eighths of an inch wide, in order to separate the smaller parts, which are permitted to be exported coastwise at a duty of 1*s.* per imperial chaldron. That portion of the whole mass which passed through the first skreen, but not the second, is not entitled to any reduction of duty, and though it is said to contain the finest parts of the coal, is nearly, if not altogether, wasted.

'For the purpose of being placed on board the ship, the coal is either put into waggons at the pit's mouth, from whence it is conveyed to staiths or spouts, and is directly put into the ships, or it is conveyed to the ships

in keels. The waggons used for the conveyance of coal to the ship, contain a Newcastle chaldron of 53 cwt. The carriages, keels, and boats used in carrying coal, and loading ships by, are, as to their size and shape, under the inspection and regulation of commissioners, empowered by commissions from the Exchequer.

'When a ship is filled at once from the staith, the quantity taken on board is known by the measurement of the waggons. In the river Wear the best coal is put into tubs, in order as much as possible to prevent the breakage; these vessels are described as waggons without wheels, each containing 53 cwt.; eight tubs are in a keel, and by a mechanical process each tub is lifted on board the vessel and placed immediately over the hatchway of the hold, when the trap-door is removed, so that the coals are as little broken as possible. When coal is loaded from staiths, the breakage is prevented by lowering the waggon on the ship's deck. If the coal is conveyed from the shore to the ship in keels, the quantity taken on board is ascertained with sufficient accuracy by a graduated scale adapted to the line of floatage, marking successively the depth to which the vessel is depressed by the repeated addition of a chaldron of 53 cwt. It is required by the Act of 9 Anne, c. 28, that the fitters should send a certificate to the Lord Mayor's office, and by the Act of 6 Geo. IV. c. 107, that the fitter, coal-owner, or agent, shall give two certificates, expressing the total quantities shipped; one is retained and filed, the other is given to the master, signed by the Collector of the Customs. The penalty for making a false certificate is 100*l*.

'The fitter being liable to this penalty if the quantity measured out at the port of delivery exceeds by more than five per cent. the quantity stated to be taken on board, it has become the custom to make out this certificate to suit the port at which the coal is to be delivered, as the measurements, though they always exceed the quantity shipped, differ extremely at various ports.

'It does not appear that the labourers connected with the mines, or the keelmen on the rivers, are subject to any regulation which gives them exclusive privileges. An attempt appears to have been made to prevent the immediate deposit of the coal from staiths into the ships, and to compel in all cases the employment of lighters or keels.

'In the port of Newcastle an Act is in operation, obtained at the instance of the ship-owners, which requires every ship to be loaded in its turn. It is the object of this act to prevent a preference from being given to particular ships; and it renders it nearly impossible for any coal-owner to give constant employment to any vessel in the trade which he may wish to employ. Under the regulations contained in this act, if more ships enter into the trade than can be profitably employed in it, the loss produced by detention in port, and waiting for a cargo, which must consequently take place, instead of falling, as it naturally would, upon particular ships, and forcing them from the trade, is now divided evenly amongst them, and the loss thus created is shared by the whole number. A wish was entertained by some persons connected with the port of Sunderland to have the powers of the turn act extended to that port; but they are said to have seen their error, and to have desisted.

'Though this is the only statute which regulates the trade at the port of Newcastle, the coal-owners on the Tyne and the Wear have entered into

voluntary regulations, of so extensive and important a character as to have attracted considerable attention. Each coal-owner is said to fix for himself the price at which he is willing to engage to sell coal for the ensuing twelve months. The price, however, may be raised by the coal-owner, and is occasionally lowered with the concurrence and under the sanction of the Committee. This being first settled, the quantity to be sold monthly by each coal-owner is fixed from time to time by a Committee of persons representing the whole body.

Mr. Brandling explains the course pursued in this proceeding in the following words:—

'When it is understood by the coal-owners that all the parties interested in the coal trade on the Tyne and the Wear, are willing to enter into an arrangement of this nature, a representative is named for each of the collieries; these representatives meet together, and from amongst them choose a Committee of nine for the Tyne, and seven for the Wear, which is, I think, the number of collieries on the Wear: this being done, the proprietors of the best coals are called upon to name the price at which they intend to sell their coals for the succeeding twelve months; according to this price, the remaining proprietors fix their prices; this being accomplished, each colliery is requested to send in a statement of the different sorts of coals they raise, and the powers of the colliery; that is, the quantity that each particular colliery could raise at full work; and upon these statements, the Committee assuming an imaginary basis, fix the relative proportions, as to quantity, between all the collieries, which proportions are observed, whatever quantity the market may demand. The Committees then meet once a month, and according to the probable demand of the ensuing month, they issue so much per 1,000 to the different collieries; that is, if they give me an imaginary basis of 30,000, and my neighbour, 20,000, according to the quantity of our coal and our power of raising them in the monthly quantity; if they issue 100 to the 1,000, I raise and sell 3,000 during the month, and my neighbour 2,000; but in fixing the relative quantities, if we take 800,000 chaldrons as the probable demand of the different markets for the year; if the markets should require more, an increased quantity would be given out monthly, so as to raise the annual quantity to meet that demand, were it double the original quantity assumed.

'This system, which by the report made to the house in 1800, appears to have been in operation as early as the year 1771, and which probably existed at an earlier period, has continued in operation, with occasional interruptions, to the present time. Of the effects produced upon the trade by this remarkable compact, the opinions are various; and your committee think it better to postpone any observations thereon, until they offer their opinion generally on the trade, which it is their present purpose only to describe.

'The dealings between the coal-owner and the ship-owner are conducted either by the parties themselves, or by the fitter, who acts as an agent between them. When the regulation of the vend is not established, and when an eager competition, or what is called a fighting trade, prevails, the coal-owners not unfrequently hire vessels and send their own coals to market. It more frequently happens that the coal is sold at the port of shipment to traders, who, after paying the freight, and the coast and port charges, sell the coal to the London merchants.'

We may now proceed to give the outline, as drawn by the Committee, of the course of the trade in London.

'All coal brought into the port of London is required to be sold on the Coal Exchange. When a vessel arrives, her papers are transmitted to the factors employed in the coal-market, certifying the name of the ship, the port to which she belongs, the quantity and name of the coal she contains, the price paid, and the name of the port of shipment. The entry being made at the Custom-house, the certificate is indorsed and filed by the receiver of the Lord Mayor's dues, and a copy of it sent to the clerk of the coal-market, by whom it is publicly exposed on a board, provided on the Exchange for that purpose.

'The factor then proceeds to the sale, which can take place only between the hours of twelve and two, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. The contracts are required to be entered in the factor's book; a copy is then given to the clerk of the market, after which, the fitter's certificate, together with a warrant and a certificate of the King's and the City dues being paid, are delivered to the clerk of the ship-meter's office, together with a turn paper, specifying the order of succession in which the different purchasers shall have their respective shares of the cargo delivered to them. After these forms are gone through, a ship meter is appointed to superintend the discharge of the cargo.

'Fifteen principal ship-meters, and 158 deputy or working meters, whose number was, in the year 1824, increased from 118 to 158, are appointed by the City of London. The principal meters superintend the deputy or working meters, whose duty it is to ascertain and certify the quantity of coal measured out of the ship; and each deputy meter appoints an assistant, who works with him in the delivery of the cargo. In order to effect this object, a vessel called a vat, containing nine bushels, is placed on the deck; it is filled from a basket in which the coal is raised from the hold, and is deemed to be full when a regular cone twelve inches high is formed on the top; the vat is then emptied over the ship's side into the barge, which barge is divided into compartments or rooms, holding usually either ten or five chaldrons, Pool measure. According to the quantities thus ascertained by the ship meter, not only the public dues and duties are paid, but also the freight and the price agreed for by the persons who have purchased the cargo. It is the duty of the ship meter to transmit an account of the quantity of coal measured from the ship to the ship meter's office, to the clerk of the coal-market, and to the office of the principal land meter.

'The cargoes of the ships are delivered by persons called whippers, usually provided by undertakers; their pay is regulated by the act. The barges are usually the property of coal-merchants; and it does not appear that they are subject to any regulation. It is provided, however, by the Waterman's Act, that no person shall navigate them who is not a freeman of that company. When the coal reaches the merchant's wharf, the superintendence devolves on a different class of persons. Neither the coal merchant nor the buyer has any control over the measurement of the coal, which is entrusted by law to the land meters; of these persons there are four divisions, one in the City of London, one in Westminster, one in parts of Middlesex, and a fourth in the county of Surrey. It is to observed, however, that parts of the metropolis within the county of Kent, and the

principal part of the Regent's Canal, are free from any such control. The land meters are entitled to sixpence per chaldron for all coal sold by wharf measure, and one shilling for every five chaldrons of coal sold by Pool measure. Accounts are inserted in the appendix which show the amount annually received at each of the four offices.

'It is the duty of these persons to superintend the actual measurement of all coal removed from the barge; to see the bushel properly filled, and three bushels placed in each sack before it is carried away. In the sacks thus filled, it is directed that all coal shall be delivered to the consumers. A bushel measure is required to be sent with each waggon, and the purchaser is entitled to require any one sack to be measured; if that is found deficient, he is at liberty to send for a land meter, and to require the remainder to be measured in his presence.

The Committee are of opinion that some change could be beneficially effected in the process for securing the due quantity of coals to the purchaser. At present the metage is very expensive without being at all useful; and whilst the Committee recommend that the process of weighing, if it be adopted, should be superintended by some such official person as the land-meters, yet they seem to think it essential to provide that every facility should be afforded to the purchaser for seeing the coal weighed. Besides the land-meters, there are also ship-meters, of whom we have the following account:—

'We have next to consider the duty and emoluments of the ship meter. The payments to this officer are nearly as follows:—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
For every score of 21 chaldrons - - -	0	3	6
Ditto for food, per day - - - - -	0	3	0
In lieu of sample, per ship - - - -	1	1	0
These payments are made by the ship.			
A payment by the City of London, per chaldron -	0	0	1
A payment by the Custom-house - - -	0	0	0½
And 3*d.* in addition for each certificate made out.			

'Mr. Henry King, who is in the first class of meters, stated that he had in the last year been employed upwards of 250 days, and that he had received 270*l.* Each meter has an assistant, who is paid by the ship at the same rate as the whippers; viz., 3*s.* per score. The total payments to these persons on 1,503,581 chaldrons imported in 7021 ships in the year 1820, were as follows:—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Meters - - - -	33,690	19	4
Meter's men - - -	11,951	17	0
Whippers - - -	107,566	13	0

But the most extraordinary circumstance connected with this branch of trade, is the wonderful *increase* which the coals appear to experience after they have arrived in the Pool. A calculation has been handed into the Committee, which shows the difference in the number of chaldrons in a given cargo, between what are marked in the Newcastle invoice and what the meter finds to be

really on board. The following was the difference in twenty-two cargoes of Pelaw main coals which had been brought into the Pool and measured there :—

Chaldrons.	Chaldrons.	Chaldrons.	Chaldrons.
20	13⅜	24¼	30⅜
16	23⅛	26¼	19⅜
2⅜	15	25⅜	14
11⅜	22¼	17⅜	16¼
12¼	21⅜	21¼	17⅜
10	24		

So that each cargo literally multiplied under the auspices of the ship meters, in a manner the most marvellous and unaccountable. This, of course, cannot be supposed to have the slightest connection in the world with the little contemptible fact, that the meters are paid according to the number of chaldrons they measure.

We have confined ourselves to merely one branch of the Committee's inquiries—that which we believe to be most generally interesting. In the ensuing session of Parliament we are fully persuaded some modification of the trade must be proposed, and we have thought it our duty to lay before the public such definite and authentic information as will enable them to entertain a due notion of the burthen of the various taxes on coal, and will, consequently, stimulate them to every legitimate effort to get rid of an incumbrance so oppressive and so unjust.

ART. XI.—*A Demonstration of the Nerves of the Human Body.* Part I.—The Cervical and Thoracic Portions of the Sympathetic and the Nerves of the Thoracic Viscera. By Joseph Swan. Plates. Folio. London. Longman and Co. 1830.

IN consequence of the rapid and extensive diffusion of knowledge, and from the zeal and assiduity with which the various sciences have of late years been cultivated, the greatest improvements have been effected, but in none more strikingly than medicine. A great deal has doubtless resulted from a combination of various incidental circumstances, but there are important improvements, which it cannot be denied have flowed directly from far different causes, viz., the efforts made by several institutions and incorporate bodies to further the advancement of particular branches of scientific investigation. Amongst those laudable efforts, as particularly connected with the present work, we may mention the annual exhibition of prizes by the Royal College of Surgeons, for distinct dissertations on various subjects, selected by the Council, with appropriate dissections, and plates illustrative of the descriptions and opinions of the writer. This stimulus, joined no doubt to Mr. Swan's ardent love and devotion to his profession, appears to have impelled him to undertake that minute and unprecedented dissection of the

nerves,—certainly by far the most comprehensive and minute that is extant,—to which was adjudged the first and second Collegiate prizes. It is on these dissertations that Mr. Swan has founded the work which is now submitted for the examination and approval of the profession at large; by whom, no doubt, its value will be justly appreciated.

This vast undertaking, of which the first part has just issued from the press, must not only have required an exclusive attention, but also the greatest labour and unwearied perseverance. This extreme diligence must have been combined, too, with researches the most various and complex, during a series of several years. To this sole, undivided object, must all our author's efforts have been unceasingly directed: upon it all his energies must have been concentrated, and his universal care bestowed. What can be conceived more difficult of execution than the dissection and unravelling of thousands of nervous filaments, in diameter scarcely exceeding the thickness of a hair! and when the least undue effort of traction, or the momentary misdirection of the scissors employed by the dissector, would instantly destroy their continuity, and annul the whole of the previous labours! Again, a veteran surgeon would be inclined to inquire how it was that the preservation of the nerves which had been removed from their immediate connection with adjoining structures, was effected, whilst other nerves were undergoing a similar process. Finally, we feel at a loss to know by what arts the subject was kept for so long a period, as would admit of the daily pursuit, and ultimate completion, of the object originally in view. The result is highly satisfactory: it may be regarded, indeed, as a perfect triumph of manual dexterity, supported by inflexible perseverance, over difficulties and obstacles which, to most individuals, not only would appear, but would be found to be, absolutely insurmountable. We most heartily, then, congratulate Mr. Swan, both on personal and national grounds, on the termination and success of his labours.

The present number is especially devoted to a representation of the cranial (part of), cervical, and thoracic portions of the sympathetic: their numerous inosculations, and combinations with other nerves, which communicate with the cerebro-spinal axis, together with the arrangement and distribution of them to the thoracic viscera.

This is effected by a series of plates, eight in number, disposed in connected pairs, or duplicates: the same view occupying two plates, but under totally different circumstances, and for different objects. Thus, the several parts are, in one, placed in prominent relievo, with a corresponding difference in the intensity and lightness of the shading; whilst, in the second, is given only a correct outline of the former, with numerous letters and figures referring to the descriptive letter-press on an intervening leaf. This is, in fact, the plan that has been adopted in Scarpa's Tabulæ

Neurologiæ and Tiedman's Tabulæ Arteriarum, with all the difference in the world in favour of Mr. Swan's engravings.

The plates No. 1, and 2.—The first presents a right, the second a left lateral view, obliquely seen, of the following parts;—

In the cranium; the cavernous sinus, with the second and third divisions of the fifth cervical nerve, divided and inverted so as to expose the sixth, and its connection with the ascending filaments, from the upper extremity of the superior cervical ganglion. These accompany the carotid artery through the canal of the same name, which has been laid open throughout its entire length; the pterygo and spheno-maxillary fissures; zigomatic and spheno-maxillary fissures, with the several canals communicating with them and the nerves therein contained, viz., the spheno-palatine or Mickel's ganglion, and its various subdivisions passing to the second branch of the fifth, and the sympathetic in the cavernous sinus and carotid canal: lastly, the posterior palatine and continued trajet of the vidian nerve as far as to the hiatus Falopii.

On the neck; the three cervical ganglia of the sympathetic, with their prolongation, and connection with each other; several of the cerebral nerves, as the par vagum, glosso-pharyngeal, spinal accessory and hypoglossal; others, arising from the medulla spinalis, which, emerging from between the scalenus, concur in the formation of the cervical and brachial plexus; the mutual relations and communications subsisting between the nerve; their numerous inosculations with the sympathetic; and, lastly, the formation of the right and left cardiac plexus.

In the thorax; the heart, and great vessels arising from it, are everted to the right or left according to the side examined, which, when the reflection of the serous membranes have been removed, permits an extensive view of the anterior pulmonary and the several secondary plexus, dependent on, or being in continuation with, the cardiac. These have received different names according to the various situations they occupy, and the several parts to which they are distributed; we thus have the ventricular, auricular, anterior and posterior coronary plexus.

Plates No. 3, and 4.—Represent a right and left lateral view of the parts more deeply situated in the neck and thorax, than those depicted in the preceding plates. In the neck may be seen the vertebral artery ascending through the succession of foramina observed in the roots of the transverse processes of the cervical vertebræ, and the branches derived from the second and third ganglia of the sympathetic, which winding around it and forming numerous inosculations, ultimately pass into the cavity of the cranium. In the thorax, the heart and lungs being everted, and the reflection of the serous membrane removed, there is exposed the thoracic ganglia of the sympathetic and their connection with the dorsal nerves and arteries. The origin and course of the splanchnic nerves, together with the formation of the œsophagal, poste-

rior, pulmonary, anterior and posterior coronary plexus, with their numerous subdivisions and inosculations, &c.

Connected with the description of these parts, there are one or two statements, which may require re-consideration. Would it not have afforded a greater assistance to the student, had the usual distribution of the nerves of the left side, (p. 2.) been followed, instead of substituting an individual variety? We are not sure that Mr. Swan, is fully borne out in limiting the number of cervical nerves to seven, and applying the term *sub-occipital* to the first, after the example of the older anatomists. Mr. Swan, also, after properly dissenting from those who describe the sympathetic as arising from the sixth cerebral nerve, seems to intend to correct this error by the substitution of the words, "extends from the sixth nerve of the brain to the extremity of the sacrum," a clause in the description which perhaps is equally deficient as the former in certainty and precision. But there are spots on the sun, and considered merely as a specimen of the perfection which the art of engraving has attained, these plates deserve universal admiration. It is only a professional man, well versed in minute anatomy, that can estimate the value of one of the best dissections of the nerves of the human body of which any country can boast. Scarpa's tabulæ, we should remember, are restricted to a representation only of the eighth and ninth cerebral and the cardiac nerves; whilst Mr. Swan's work, when completed, will include the whole nervous system! Every line there and filament, are beautifully clear and distinct; the shadings are soft and delicate; and the mutual relation of the several parts, (an invaluable feature, peculiar, we believe, to Mr. Swan's plates, and the want of which is so strongly pressed on our attention in the work of Langenbeck,) are accurately preserved. Viewing, in these plates, the numerous divisions of the par vagum, passing to the cardiac and its secondary plexus, we are at once tempted to believe in the reality of such a case as that of the celebrated English officer, related by Drs. Baynard and Cheyne, in whom the action of the heart and arteries were voluntary; and further, that instances may occur in which individuals can exert the power of rumination by means of the influence of their will.

It is, we trust, Mr. Swan's determination to continue these researches,—tracing the filaments of extreme tenuity, derived from the sympathetic along the several arteries of the cerebrum,—as also into the minute structure of the several organs of vegetable life: for as there are peculiar differences in the connection and interlacements of the capillaries in these different organs, by reference to which it is supposed that some of the diversities of their functions may be explained, so also may the same varieties in man be accompanied by, or be dependent on similar varieties in the aggregation and ultimate expansion of their nerves. Dissection such as Mr. Swan has pursued cannot fail to materially assist in the solu-

tion of this problem. In conclusion, we must not omit to say, that the low rate at which the work is published, compared with the extraordinary and various excellencies which it includes, constitutes it one of the cheapest contributions to scientific literature that has ever issued from the press.

ART. XII.—*Report of the Committee appointed to Manage a Subscription, for the purpose of affording Nightly Shelter to the Houseless, and Temporary Relief to the Destitute, during the Winter of* 1829-30. 8vo. London: Printed for the Committee.

OF all the exhibitions of charity in this metropolis, which are calculated to cheer the mind, and console it under the pressure of mortifying and desperate reflections, such as are but too well justified by a long contemplation of the conduct of men in general towards one another, none, in our opinion, deserves greater praise than that truly admirable institution, which receives and comforts the hungry and houseless being who is overtaken by the inclemency of the winter. When we look upon the large hospitals and asylums for permanent relief, which crowd this great city, we cannot forbear from associating, with the undoubted good which they do, the recollection, that charity in such places is now become a business of routine. They who support them are mere machines of habit: they contribute, because they have been accustomed to do so; and use has so hardened the executive dispensers of relief in them, that seldom can we expect to find there those mutual feelings between the persons who give and the persons who receive, which generally spring up between a benefactor and the object of his bounty. *But* in what a different light ought we not to regard the society of which we here speak, which may truly be called the creature of warm-hearted charity—the expedient of the moment—the extemporaneous ebullition of the kindliest hearts, excited by the spectacle of actual misery before them. It is this feature that gives an interest to the noble efforts of the institution of which we speak, and is a sufficient guarantee to all the world that there is an admirable fitness in *the* means devised to meet the ends proposed.

The immediate reason, however, which induced us to notice this report is the very curious light it throws on the statistics of poverty, if we may be allowed the expression. The Committee, it appears, opened three receptacles, in remote parts of London, in the winter of 1829-30. Between December and April they afforded relief to 7,283 persons, to whom they gave 56,817 admissions into their asylums, and 143,503 rations, at an expence of £2,150. 13*s*. 10*d*. One of the rules of the Society is, that every person relieved should give an account of himself, and this account is registered in a book, from which curious and important tables are drawn. We select a few of those which relate to the last winter.

Classification as to the SETTLEMENT *of the Individuals sheltered in the Houseless Poor Asylum, Milton Street, during the Winter*, 1829-30.

Buckinghamshire	28	Forward	1799
Berkshire	105	Lancashire	53
Bedfordshire	24	Leicestershire	17
Cambridgeshire	98	Middlesex	1301
Cumberland	11	Northumberland	9
Cheshire	41	Norfolk	47
Cornwall	3	Nottinghamshire	43
Dorsetshire	29	Oxfordshire	41
Devonshire	77	Somersetshire	117
Derbyshire	12	Shropshire	89
Essex	70	Surrey	142
Foreigners	103	Scotland	93
Gloucestershire	90	Staffordshire	27
Herefordshire	18	Suffolk	34
Hampshire	92	Sussex	25
Hertfordshire	42	Wiltshire	24
Huntingdonshire	13	Wales	40
Ireland	723	Worcestershire	19
Kent	103	Warwickshire	43
Lincolnshire	117	Yorkshire	77
		Unknown and unregistered	164
Forward	1799	Total	4204

Classification as to the SETTLEMENT *of the Individuals sheltered in St. Martin's Lane Asylum, during the Winter*, 1829-30.

Buckinghamshire	12	Forward	1047
Berkshire	37	Leicestershire	23
Bedfordshire	20	Middlesex	441
Cambridgeshire	43	Northamptonshire	17
Cumberland	7	Norfolk	35
Cheshire	19	Nottinghamshire	28
Cornwall	11	Oxfordshire	30
Dorsetshire	17	Somersetshire	41
Devonshire	45	Shropshire	53
Derbyshire	8	Surrey	121
Essex	31	Scotland	40
Foreigners	37	Staffordshire	21
Gloucestershire	29	Suffolk	19
Hampshire	37	Sussex	27
Hertfordshire	51	Wiltshire	29
Ireland	529	Wales	31
Kent	57	Worcestershire	43
Lincolnshire	25	Warwickshire	35
Lancashire	39	Yorkshire	21
		Unknown and unregistered	42
Forward	1047	Total	2144

WAPPING ASYLUM.

The Number of Individuals sheltered in this Asylum was 935, of whom the Account registered is as follows:—

London and its Vicinity	107	Forward	863
Parishes in England, distant from London	458	Prussia	7
Scotland	80	Norway	16
Ireland	119	Sweden	7
Wales	35	France	1
Guernsey and Jersey	5	Russia	1
East Indies	9	Holland	11
West Indies	25	Spain	6
North America	20	Italy	2
Malta	3	Portugal	7
South America	2	Places of Birth unknown	10
		Africa	4
Forward	863	Total	935

To have been able to ascertain the country and residence of the greater number of those wretched beings, who are compelled in the cold season to wander about for food and shelter in this metropolis, is itself adding very considerably to the stores of useful knowledge. The regulations adopted by the Committee for administering the charity are the most suitable we ever read, and hit, with exquisite discrimination, the very difficult medium by which, whilst they secure themselves from imposition, they do not exclude any deserving objects.

ART. XIII.—*The Separation—a Novel by the Authoress of Flirtation.* 3 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

IN the course of the year 1829, a novel, under the title of "Belmore," was published by Messrs. Colburn, and when, in the course of our labours, we had begun with heavy hearts to perform what we feared would prove a sorry pilgrimage over the three volumes, lo! we suddenly stopt in amazement, for in the said novel we had recognized a very old friend of our youth. In plain English, "Belmore" was but a reprint of a novel which first had seen the light about the close of the last century! We could not account for the apparition. We imagined it to be some grand hallucination of the publishers. We had too good an opinion of human nature—we thought too respectfully of men in general, to couple the re-appearance of poor Belmore with an intention in any quarter to deceive. We left the matter as it was, and probably should never have recalled it to our recollection, were it not that an *accident*, somewhat analogous in its nature, of very recent occurrence, had been pressed upon our attention.

A few months ago the ordinary oracles of puffery were agitated to their centre in heralding the approach of what was to be, to all appearance, the miracle of the season. This master-piece of intellect was to be called the "Separation," and Heaven only knew what was to become of the fashionable world in twenty-four hours after it was published, so terrible were the revelations concerning high life, which "Separation" was to disclose.

The puffs, we observed, on this occasion, were of a more careful manufacture than usual. It was by no means an every-day affair, for ladies of *haut-ton* to descend to the rank of authors; something of importance—something nearly touching the dearest interests of society, must have urged this brilliant star of nobility from her sphere, and caused her to take up her pen of lightning for the illumination of the present as well as distant ages.

To convey some such impression as this, at least, was the object of the improved plan of puffery which had now been acted on; but there was also another end in view, namely, to establish in the public mind, by ambiguous phrases, that the scenes of the new novel were founded upon real events of recent occurrence. The reader, we can pledge ourselves, will be repaid for his trouble in giving minute attention to each step in the progress of this very extraordinary case.

In that repository of fair, legitimate, unbiassed, and strictly impartial criticism, The New Monthly Magazine, we have in the July Number the following announcement:—

"The novel so often announced, under the piquant title of The Separation, and which has been, by *peculiar circumstances*, so long delayed, is now positively about to appear. Separation is the *natural consequence* of Flirtation, and the noble authoress having dissected the dangers of one of these vices, *à la mode*, is said to be about to demonstrate the woes inseparable from the other."

The most striking fact about this paragraph is, that it embodies an assertion, which by and bye was to be as solemnly denied, and it was denied accordingly in the very next number of the magazine, in the words and figures following:—

"The report which has gone abroad regarding the work, entitled the Separation, namely, that the story is connected with the noble authoress's former tale of Flirtation, *is not correct* (!!) The present subject is, we understand, one of more than *ordinary excitement:* its incidents are said to be in themselves strictly true, *not merely founded in fact*, and the cause of the peculiar interest which it is understood Lady Charlotte Bury has imparted to the work is to be traced to a 'certain case' in the 'great world,' which took place *a few years ago*, and which was more industriously than successfully attempted to be concealed." (*Hear, hear.*)

Try it again, Messrs. Publishers, and see what a third attempt will do for you! They do return to the task once more in the October number of the impartial gazette just mentioned, and they tell

us that there *is* "a connection" between Flirtation and Separation, but that it is of a "moral" kind! A moral kind!!

Now having read all these preliminary matters, and carefully digested them, will the reader have the hardihood to believe what we have the hardihood to state, that this said novel of Separation is neither more nor less than *the reprint of a novel which was published in the year of our Lord,* 1812!!! Yea, verily, this novel, whose "peculiar interest," as the New Monthly critic so sleekly pens it, is to be traced to a "certain case" which took place a few years ago," this bewitching revelation, from a lady of high life, turns out to be the fruit of an unprecedented act of piracy! We must not delay to establish the fact in the most unanswerable manner, before the reasonable reader throws down our Review in a fit of indignant incredulity at our monstrous assertion.

The work of which 'Separation' is, as to all its substantial parts, a literal copy, is entitled "Self Indulgence," and was printed, in the above year, at Edinburgh, where it was also published, with the names of G. R. Clarke, and Longman and Co. It consists of two small volumes, with very bad paper, and inferior type, and has all the character of being intended as a pastime, with the Blood Red Knight, the One Handed Monk, &c., for the second floor milliners. We do not know what powerful attraction it possessed to cause so marked a tribute of partiality to be paid to it, as that which it has received by being made the object of one of the boldest acts of plunder which is known to modern times.

A perusal of the original and the counterfeit works will satisfy any person that the latter publication was prepared with the deliberate purpose of imposition. In the first place, it seems evident that the concoctor relied much on the hope that the first production would have been totally forgotten; and lest any unlucky remembrance might be excited by identity of names, the titles of the whole dramatis personæ are changed. We proceed, then, very comfortably through about the third of the first volume of Separation, but just at that place some such qualms come over us as agitated the little Red Riding Hood on her way home, when her disguised companion began to ask her some very unaccountable questions. We read on a little farther, and then the whole farce was laid open. The very words of Self Indulgence recurred with increasing rapidity, until at last we came upon a completely open sea of the text of Self Indulgence; so that the story is the same, the characters are the same, and the language is the same (with the exceptions we have specified) in Separation, published in 1830, and in Self Indulgence, published in 1812!! With this explanation, we proceed to place in juxta-position the texts of the two works.

"SEPARATION," *Published in* 1830.	"SELF-INDULGENCE," *Published in* 1812.
'Don Miguez was one of those persons who seemed designed for	'The Comte de Morienne was one of those persons that seemed

another age than the present; his high chivalrous sentiments, his noble dignity of mien and deportment, together with his mild romance of character, were ill calculated under any circumstances for the evanescent froth of senseless wit, and the heartless selfishness of modern philosophy. It is certainly the prevalent vice of the age, in the highest ranks of society, to laugh at every ennobling sentiment, and to appear to enjoy the degradation of human nature, in order either to bring it to a level with some particular instance of frailty, and to make it an excuse for such by proving it to be the portion of all; or to confuse and mislead the thoughtless, so that they forget the real boundaries which divide vice from virtue.

'But on the Conte Miguez there was a seal of pre-eminence set, and it was not in the power of the world to efface the heavenly impression. Misfortune had, indeed, somewhat tempered the enthusiastic flame which once shone in the expressive features of Rodriguez; but the mellowing hand of time and sorrow had only cast that shade over his form and features, that gave him a double interest. Yet a pride sat on his lofty brow, and still loftier lip, which said, "I would not be pitied, but I have need of sympathy." In the society of such a man, all Lord Fitzharris's good qualities were encouraged. If he could have retained him as his guardian angel, he might, perhaps, have been made stedfast in the right path.'—p. 108-10.

'Sometimes Lord Fitzharris ventured to request that he would communicate the cause of his anguish to him; but he replied, "No—ere we part you shall know all—but not now—not now—I cannot——"

"In the meanwhile, the Conte's strength visibly declined, and it was evident that he could not much

designed for another age than the present. His high chivalrous sentiments, his noble dignity, and wild romance of character, were ill calculated for the evanescent froth of senseless wit, and the heartless selfishness of modern philosophy; for even the gravest set of the present day, laugh at every ennobling sentiment, and wish to degrade human nature, in order to bring it to a level with their own narrow understandings, or vicious intentions; but the Comte de Morienne was one of those few upon whom nature has set the seal of pre-eminence; and it was not in the power of the world to efface the heavenly impression. Misfortune, that tamer of the human passions, had somewhat tempered the enthusiastic flame which once shone in the expressive features of de Morienne, but if health and youth no longer "knit every joint, and every sinew strung," the mellowing hand of time had only impaired, not destroyed his manly beauty, and the heart's sorrows were traced in every lineament of a countenance which said—I would not be pitied,

but I have need of sympathy. In the society of such a being, all Mr. Donneraile's good qualities were encouraged; if he could ever have retained him as his guardian angel, he might have been perhaps made steadfast in the right path.'—pp. 79—81.

'Sometimes the latter ventured to request that he would communicate the cause of his anguish to him, but de Morienne replied, "No, ere we part you shall know all, but not now—not now, I cannot."

'The Count de Morienne's health declined rapidly, and it was evident that mental distress preyed fast

longer resist the accumulated attacks of spiritual and bodily warfare which preyed upon a frame that seemed originally designed to have braved a weight of years. But what can withstand the mining of unavailing sorrow?'—p. 111.

'"The time is come," he said, "dear Fitzharris, when you shall hear a tale that will freeze your blood. Do you see that wood?" (pointing to one at a considerable distance)—"there the happiest years of my existence were passed—years of bliss that can never return!" '—

'He paused for a moment, as if to gain strength to proceed. Lord Fitzharris made no reply; he felt the emotion which agitated his friend was best answered by silence. Some minutes elapsed before Don Miguez again spoke: and when he did so, it was with a hurried vehemence which proved how little he was equal to the exertion.

'"Now, my friend, lift up your eyes and behold that spot—near which was il Castillos di Villa Flor, so named by the lady who bought it, and who came regularly every year to drink the waters. She was a woman whose virtues were an honour to humanity, and who is now assuredly a saint in heaven. She had two daughters and a son; one of the daughters just entering on womanhood, the other an infant—Violante and Leonora. Violante was my betrothed wife: the day was fixed that was to unite us, but that sun of joy was never to rise for me: the troubles broke out, and the mere recollection of that tragedy which parted us, inspires me with all of love and rage and despair which the human heart can feel." '—p. 115-17.

'"A man of the lowest extraction, to whom I had rendered some service in the previous wars of Spain,

upon a frame that seemed originally designed to brave a weight of years; but what can withstand the mining of unavailing sorrow.'—pp. 82, 83.

'"The time is come, my dear Donneraile," said he, "when you shall hear a tale that will freeze your blood. Do you see that wood," continued he; "there the happiest years of my existence were passed—years of bliss that can never return."

'He paused for a moment, as if to gain strength to go on.

'Mr. Donneraile made no reply; he felt the emotion that agitated his friend could only be answered by silence.

'Some minutes elapsed, when the Comte de Morienne again spoke, but with a hurried vehemence, which proved how little he was equal to the exertion.

'"Near the spot was the Chateau de Montbazon, in which resided a woman who was more than a mother to me—a woman whose virtues were an honour to humanity, and who is surely rewarded in a better world for the indignities and misery she suffered in this. She had two daughters of exquisite beauty. Eliane, the eldest, was my betrothed wife: the other was some years younger. The day was fixed that was to unite us, but that sun of joy was never to rise for me. The bare recollection of this tragedy inspires me with all of love, and rage, and despair, the human heart can feel." '—pp. 84, 85.

'A man of the lowest extraction, to whom I had rendered some service in the regiment of ——, though

at the risk of his own life, (for he was of the other party,) saved mine. He disinterred me, as it were, from the heaps of slain under which I lay. He conveyed me to a place of safety, cured my wounds, and saw me safe out of the country. Oh, fatal kindness! the life of life was gone for ever—why was mere existence left?"

'Again Don Miguez paused, fixed his hand to his burning forehead, and then, as if impelled by some irresistible power to proceed in his dreadful story, he added in a broken voice, and gasping for breath:—"Every member of the family of Dellos Flor perished at Saragossa."

'The effort he made to utter these last words seemed to continue only long enough to pronounce them; for he sunk back in the carriage in a state of agitation which soon brought on a convulsion that ruptured a blood vessel, and Lord Fitzharris feared every moment to see his friend expire without the possibility of rendering him the least assistance.

'In this dreadful situation, he could only order the postillion to drive to the nearest village.

'"It is half a league off," replied the man, "and the gentleman may die in a moment; but there is a farm-house only half a mile up the mountain, yonder, where you might, perhaps, gain admission, whilst I ride on to St. Sauveur for help.

'"Go there by all means, then," cried Lord Fitzharris.

'They now turned off to the right, and as they drove along an unfre-

leagued with these blood hounds, still retained some sentiments of humanity, and laboured with incessant earnestness to obtain my liberty, while in the interim he restored me to valueless health. He effected my release about three weeks afterwards; oh! fatal kindness, the life of life was gone for ever, why was mere existence left?

'Again the Comte de Morienne paused, pressed his hand with violence against his forehead: then, as if impelled by some inward impulse, to proceed in narrating his dreadful story; he added, in a broken voice, and gasping for breath,

'"The monsters guillotined Madame Montbazon, and my Eliane entreating to share her mother's fate, which they had compelled her to witness, had also her head severed from her body."

'The effort which the unfortunate De Morienne made in uttering these words, seemed to continue only long enough to pronounce them, for he sunk back in the carriage in a state of agitation, which soon brought on a convulsion that terminated in fainting fits; and Mr. Donneraile feared every moment to see his friend expire, without the possibility of rendering him the least assistance.

'In this dreadful situation, all that he could do, was to order the postillion to drive with all speed to the nearest village.

'"But," added the latter, "It is near half a league off, and there is no road that will admit of a carriage driving to the doors of the houses."

'"How far is it then to Pontarlier?"

'"Double the distance, at least."

'"Go then to the village."

'They turned off to the right, and as they drove along a cross

quented bye-road, it was near half an hour before they came in sight of the promised refuge; and when they did, it was situated upon a rising ground, and had no access except by a very narrow foot-path, up some very precipitous rocks. Lord Fitzharris rushed from the carriage, and in a few moments besought assistance for one whom he believed was dying.'—pp. 119—122.

'"I fear," he added, "the convulsive fit which you mentioned to me is very likely to return, in which case I shall apprehend the worst. Such a paroxysm as you describe is not, in general, a sudden evil, but has been brought on by intense mental suffering; and the shock it occasions, when it does break forth, is often fatal to existence, Certainly, any attempt to remove your friend at present would be madness. I am intimately acqualnted with the inhabitants of this house, and I will soon arrange matters with them so as to render your stay as comfortable as the nature of things will admit. The proprietors are excellent people, and will, I know, enter with gladness into any plan I propose. Allow me, therefore, to settle all things for you. I can procure any additional comforts you may require, from St. Sauveur; and pray be uneasy for nothing excepting your friend's health."'—pp. 123, 124.

'It had, indeed, at first sight, the appearance of a rural dwelling, but was spacious and commodious within; and though not ornamented with gay or costly furniture, was appropriately decorated with many objects of taste and luxury, wholly beyond the walk of life of the person who styled himself its owner. Etchings, executed in a masterly

road which was extremely bad, it was near half an hour before they came in sight of the small hamlet of ——, and could not, indeed, reach the doors of its cottages, for they were situated upon a rising ground that had no access except by a very narrow path. Mr. Donneraile hastily alighted from the carriage, and running into the nearest house with an anxiety that prevented all other idea, save that of procuring relief for his friend, called loudly for some one to give assistance to a gentleman who was dying.'—pp. 87—89.

'"I fear," added he, "the violent fit which you mentioned to me is the forerunner of a long and fearful malady. Such a paroxysm as you describe, is not in general a sudden evil, but has been brought on by lengthened and intense mental suffering, and the shock it occasions when it does break forth, is often fatal to existence. To continue your journey in the gentleman's present state would be madness, unless you mean at once to deprive him of life. I am intimately acquainted with the inhabitants of this cottage, and I will soon settle matters with them to render you as comfortable as the situation of affairs can admit of; they are excellent people, and will, I know, enter with gladness into any plan of hospitable charity; so be not uneasy about any thing, unless it is for your friend's health."'—p. 91.

'It had indeed the outward form of a rural dwelling, but was spacious and commodious within, and though not ornamented with gay, or costly furniture, was decorated with many elegant luxuries, wholly out of the walk of life of him whom he had supposed to be its owner. Some etchings, executed in a masterly stile, were hung upon the

style like the old woodcuts, were hung in the rooms; some finely carved brackets, supporting vases of flowers, ornamented the walls; a guitar lay on a window-seat, through the casement of which the large jasmine flaunted its odoriferous flowers, not merely led by nature alone, but evidently aided and trained by the hand of taste.

'Lord Fitzharris gazed at all he saw with pleased astonishment. He opened some books that lay on the table—one was "*Les Pensées de Pascal*," another, "Montaigne's Essays," some of the poems of Camoens, and a curious old missal beautifully illuminated. The more he saw, the more he was astonished. He turned to the door of the room, which had evidently been a refectory. It was partly glazed to admit more light, and probably to afford a view of the adjacent country, which was magnificently beautiful. The Pyrenees, in all their witch-like forms, were now glowing in the setting sun, and taking a different hue at every succeeding moment. He opened the door, and descending a few steps, found himself in a fruit-garden, whose trees were covered thickly with gaily painted blossoms.'—pp. 126, 127.

'Mr. Donneraile gazed at all he saw with pleased astonishment. He opened a book that lay on the table; it was Pensees de Pascal.

Every object that met his eye encreased his curiosity: he turned to the door which opened into an orchard, whose fruit trees were now covered thick with gaily painted blossoms.'—pp. 92, 93.

We will go no farther—these extracts will, we presume, be sufficient to obtain for us enough of credit with the reader, to induce him to believe us, when we state that the guinea and a half production of modern print is identically the same as the half-guinea publication of 1812.

And this is a tale founded on facts—no, no—not merely founded on facts—but it is the very truth itself;—it is of recent occurrence—it took place within the last few years!! Good God! can we believe our senses, that this novel, declared to be founded on recent facts, is literally assigned to the year 1800, in one of the pages of Self-Indulgence?

We dare not proceed with our theme, entertaining as we do the most profound reverence for his Majesty's Attorney-General, and the various other willing ministers of the salutary law of libel. But surely we may be permitted, without giving great offence to any person, to caution the public to investigate a little the contents of those books which they buy from *certain* publishers before they pay down their money.

NOTICES.

ART. XIV.—*Lord Byron's Cain, A Mystery: with Notes, wherein the Religion of the Bible is Considered, in reference to acknowledged Philosophy and Reason.* By Harding Grant: Author of "Chancery Practice." 8vo. London: Wm. Crofts. 1830.

THE very amiable and conciliating spirit which Mr. Grant evinces throughout the whole of this elaborate and very beautifully printed work, would be sufficient to disarm the severity of criticism, were not the author in a condition to defy its edge. We could not, by any description of ours, so well state, as the author has done, the objects which he had in view, and which, we may say, he has successfully accomplished in the course of this work. We shall state them, therefore, in his own words.

'I have given him deserved credit for all the good I have found; and charged all of a contrary nature to the account of his intention of exemplifying evil characters and principles, for the purpose of so exposing them, that good may be educed from their confutation. It has appeared to me, that Christian charity, and common justice, (and what is that religion which embraces not charity and justice?) demand this mode of dealing with the late Lord Byron; of whom, although I know but little biographically, I am from that little quite unprepared to think he was a man (even if less happily distinguished than some others in spiritual matters) capable (that is, having the disposition) of deliberately and intentionally doing any thing he deemed hurtful, to any creature. That *much*, of a *contrary* character, including generosity and sympathy, did, indisputably, belong to him, is, I fancy, well known. That he was an oppressor, and therefore not *truly* noble, I have not found. What relates to his responsibility to his Creator, belongs not to man to scan; or, if he do, with candour and caution, regulated by the word of truth:—that word, which says, "he that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone." Yet sin is that which is opposed to God; and which, unrenounced by man, and uncancelled by the Redeemer of sinners, will separate from him;—FOREVER!

'As to Lucifer and Cain; *them* I have (*ex animo*, and to the best of my ability) not spared: yet I hope not to the neglect of all required *equity*.

'Were it right that I should assign a reason for this publication so long after the appearance of its principal, I would say, that about nine years ago, on its first appearance, I read a few lines of it in the papers of the day, with great displeasure. Since which, I have been totally forgetful of it, until a few months past, when being very unexpectedly induced to read it through, I was much surprised at many parts of it, of a nature I little looked for, and was thence swayed considerably in the author's favour. This impression was so strong, as to persuade me that an appropriate comment in the form of Notes, would, if under right guidance, be *useful*.' —pp. xiii., xiv.

Perhaps Mr. Grant may not be considered as strictly correct in designating what he has here written as notes. The matter is more in the nature of a running commentary on the most important passages of the poem. They are, in many instances, elaborately and ably worked up; they are fraught with sound principle, and are always characterized by a mild and patient temper, well worthy of a Christian advocate.

ART. XV.—*A Chronological Chart, or Synoptic-Historic View of the Origin and Introduction of Inventions and Discoveries, from the earliest date to the present period.* London: Darton and Harvey. 1830.

A DOCUMENT which presents, at one view, the whole history of inventions and discoveries, and that upon an ingenious plan of arrangement that is calculated to save a great deal of trouble and time, sufficiently, we should think, declares its own invaluable worth to require one word of eulogy or recommendation. The sheet itself is as large as one of the improved morning papers, but it is infinitely more handy, and it would form a suitable ornament to be hung in libraries, studies, school rooms, &c. Eight columns occupy its whole extent, and their contents are arranged in the following lucid manner. The first gives the date of the discovery or invention; the second, the name and description; the third, the name of the inventor; the fourth furnishes the name of the introducer; the fifth informs us of the reign in which the discovery was made; the sixth contains a notice of the cotemporary sovereigns, and of the eminent men who flourished in other countries at the same era. In the seventh, we have the time pointed out when the discovery was first mentioned; and the eighth column is taken up with miscellaneous remarks, destined to explain more fully than it was possible to do in the former columns, some material points connected with the history of the invention. The reader will at once be satisfied from this simple description, that the Chronological Chart is one of those elaborate and permanently valuable documents, with which neither the scholar nor the man of the world, to whom a means of convenient reference is necessary, can dispense.

ART. XVI.—*The Scholar's Introduction to Merchant's Accounts, Practi- Adapted to the Use of Schools, &c. &c, The whole Exemplified upon a newly Arranged Principle to facilitate the Improvement of the Learner.* By George Reynolds, Writing-master; Christ's Hospital. 8vo. London: Hurst, Chance, & Co. 1830.

To have attempted to render more intelligible, and, therefore, more popular, the simple but unrivalled principles of Book-keeping, which we have derived from the Italians, seems to us to require no apology. On the contrary, an effort of this nature, although it should not be crowned with success, still deserves rather the encouragement than the censure of the critic. Mr. Reynolds, however, stands in no predicament of this kind. By an expedient which is distinguished by novelty, and a degree of simplicity that brings it nearer in character to the fundamental principle of the whole scheme, he has contrived to strip the system of its technicalities, to expose it in its elemental state, and to demonstrate each part, and its uses, in such an easy and familiar way, as must necessarily interest the youth in the first instance, whom it is ultimately destined to instruct. Our experience of the literary world, enables us to say that no branch of composition or compilation, presents so many instances of comparative failure of authors, as that of education, and the reason may be, that the requisite for success in this department consists in being natural, and in doing what is obvious to common sense. Mr. Reynolds, very much supe-

rior to most of his brethren, seems to have been perfectly conversant with the grand secret for preparing all elementary works, namely to take for granted that the persons into whose hands the book was to fall, knew nothing whatever of the matter treated of, before-hand. The writer who does not proceed on such an assumption as this, can scarcely expect to add much in his day to the facilities for communicating instruction.

It is in the very nature of productions of this sort, to be incapable of being duly appreciated through the medium of general descriptions, or detached portions. We can only say, that it is well worthy the attention of heads of families and of schools; and from what we learn of the state of some of our public offices, we think that Mr. Reynolds would be doing a patrotic act by sending a couple of copies to His Grace of Wellington, who has been declared by a public commission not long ago, not to be a man of account.

ART. XVII.—*Deadly Adulteration and Slow Poisoning: or Disease and Death in the Pot and the Bottle, in which the Blood-Empoisoning and Life Destroying Adulterations of Wine, Spirits, &c. &c. &c. are laid open to the public, with Tests or Methods for Detecting Fraudulent Adulterations, &c. &c.* By An Enemy of Fraud and Villainy. Cloth bds. 5s. London: Sherwood, and Co. 1830.

WE are always happy to meet with such true hearted reformers as the enemies to fraud and villainy. Detesting the impositions of every form and variety to which the simple inhabitants of this metropolis are daily made victims, our author in a tone of ardent indignation, and disdaining to mince his expressions at a crisis so full of peril, denounces in forcible language the scandalous practises of adulteration, from which no material of food or luxury seems to be exempted. The style, however, is occasionally diversified, and no sooner have we been roused into a sympathetic feeling of anger with the author against this set of impostors, than we are called on to unite with him in a hearty laugh at the ridiculous pliglt into which, by a humourous and amusing turn of expression, he puts another community of base adulterators. We have not met lately with a volume of this compass, which contains more useful information and amusing matter than the present one.

ART. XVIII.—*A Dictionary of the Architecture and Archæology of the Middle Ages, including the Words used by old and Modern Authors, in Treating of Architectural and other Antiquities, with Etymology, Definition,* &c. By John Britton, F.S.A. part 1. Royal octavo.

THE important work of which this is a small specimen, will come before the public under very peculiar auspices. It has been long a desideratum in the scientific world; and no one could supply it who possesses more eminently the qualities that must secure success than the author who undertakes it. Mr. Britton's character is too well established now to allow a fear or a hope that it can be injured by dispraise, or exalted further by eulogy. In announcing our perfect satisfaction with what we have seen of an undertaking that calls for so much industry and erudition, we only state what every body would expect to be the opinion of independent and impartial criticism. The illustrations are numerous, and are done in Mr. Britton's usual style of excellence.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

By an unaccountable mistake in the transcript of our article on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, which appeared in last month's Review, we are made to represent the metallic tubes of the boiler invented by Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericsson, as containing the water instead of the heat! The error has been pointed out to us by the eminent engineers themselves, (whom we beg to thank for their attention) in the following letter:

'New Road, Fitzroy Square,
Oct. 21, 1830.

'*To the Editor of the Monthly Review.*

'Sir,—Reading in your valuable publication for this month, in the article "Liverpool and Manchester Railway," a description of our patent boiler, we beg to say, that we feel obliged by the notice you have taken of our improvements. We, however, request you to correct an obvious mistake in that part of your article, beginning "Messrs. Braithwaite have availed themselves," &c. (*page* 264, *line* 4.) Although you have correctly stated the principle, you have incorrectly described the means by which it is effected; instead of the "metallic tubes" containing the water, they contain the heat, and it is to their internal surfaces that the flame and intensely heated air are applied, either by the bellows or an exhauster; thereby producing the results so ably explained in your Review.

'We remain, sir, your obedient servants,
'Braithwaite & Ericsson.'

We are requested by an eminent Correspondent, to inquire what the Royal Society has done, or intends to do, with the bequest of 8,000*l.* left by the late eccentric Earl of Bridgewater, for three, the best Essays on as many subjects, connected with Anatomy and Physiology?

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex is to succeed to the Chair of the Royal Society, this month. A letter has appeared from his secretary, Mr. Pettigrew, which, in the clearest and most unanswerable manner, proves that his Royal Highness, in accepting the office, yields only to strong solicitation; a view of the facts which is in complete opposition to that which an intriguing faction would hold up to the public.

A new edition of Colonel Montague's Ornithological Dictionary, edited by Mr. Rennie, is announced for publication.

The Emperor of Russia has assigned 10,000 rubles per annum for the continuation of the researches necessary to ascertain the exact measure of the degree. M. Struve is charged with superintending this work, which will last for ten years. Two officers have been sent to Finland to make observations in conjunction with with those of M. Struve.

The Lords of the Admiralty have directed a trial to be made on board the Excellent, of an instrument invented by Capt. Simmons, R. A., for concentrating the fire of a broadside. A similar invention, by the carpenter of the Hussar, has, we understand, received a very favourable report from Commander Smith, who was appointed to prove its merits.

We are gratified to find that the number of persons who have availed themselves of the facilities given by the recent Act for the sale of Beer, exceeds all expectations. In the country papers which we have received, amounting to about three fourths of those published in the empire, we have counted upwards of 10,000 cases of applications for licences under the New Act. A practical word or two may not be amiss on this subject. The old price of a barrel of beer to the publican was forty-five shillings; take off twelve shillings for the proposed reduction, and you leave thirty-three shillings; therefore thirty barrels, or ten butts, would sell for 49*l.* 10*s.*, the cost whereof would be, even if well made, only 32*l.*; as thirty barrels of beer should have ten quarters of malt, which, at fifty-six shillings, and eighty pounds of hops at one shilling (both together the full average price), would amount only to 32*l.*, for the yeast and grains ought to cover the expence of brewing. According to this calculation, a gallon of beer costs the brewer 7*d.*, the publican 11*d.*, and the labourer 16*d.*!

A new telegraphic system is going to be established in France, which may be employed by the public the same way as the post-office. The result will be of great importance to the commercial world, as it has been ascertained that a letter containing several liues, can be conveyed many leagues in a few moments, at an expence of only 20 francs.

The celebrated French painter, M. Gros, is at present, painting (by order) a very large picture representing the events of the 28th July—it is intended for the Pantheon. The last picture which M. Gross *painted* for that Church, was *the Coronation of Charles X.*

The Shah of Persia has published a work under this title:—"The poems of him before whom the world humbleth itself to adore him."

Captain Fitzclarence, it is reported, will sail early in spring on a voyage to survey the Eastern Archipelago.

Animalized Bread.—By such a term the French designate a biscuit prepared of 325 parts of flour, 100 parts water, and ten parts animal gelatine. Two such biscuits, of the ordinary size, will form a soldier's meal.

It appears by an extract from a letter written by Baron Humboldt and published in Scotland, that the above enterprising traveller has visited the gold mines which abound in the north of Russia. He says, "we spent a month in visiting the gold mines of Borisoosk, and were astonished at the *pepitas* (water-worn masses) of gold from 2 to 3lbs., and even from 18 to 20lbs., found a few inches below the turf, where they had lain unknown for ages. The gold annually procured from the whole of the washings amounts to six thousand killogrames. Now it should be borne in mind that this estimate relates but to two districts, and yet it exceeds that of any two similar mines in South America. With the auriferous sand are found grains of cinnabar, native copper, and a variety of precious stones.

We have seen a report in some of the public papers, that Russia had shown the good sense to adopt the new style in its calendar. We regret to state that this is not true, and that Russia still perseveres in the observance of what we must now consider a barbarous rule of reckoning time.

In the year 1829, no less than two acknowledgments on the part of the Commissioners of the British navy were made to the American naval officers, in consequence of the humane and generous conduct of the latter to the crews of two British vessels in distress.

We are sorry to hear that the dreadful Cholera Morbus is making rapid strides in the Southern part of Russia. We perceive that the Imperial Government has offered a reward of upwards of 1000*l.* for the best practical essay on this disease. It is curious that in the list of nations to which this invitation is addressed, France is omitted.

An Association has been lately formed in London, with the title of *The Literary and Translation Society of Wales;* the object of which is the dissemination of knowledge in the Principality. To this end a series of cheap monthly pamphlets are to be published in the Welsh language, containing summaries of the History of England, of Wales, &c., and Essays on the Agriculture of the different Welsh counties, Elementary treatises on Arithmetic, Natural History, &c.

A ludicrous mistake is committed in the *Revue Encyclopedique,* in an article on Gordon's Memoirs. The writer having accompanied the author to his scenes in the county of Cork, comes to the name of Father O'Leary. "Here," says the critic, "we are introduced to Father O'Leary, who played so distinguished a part at the first election of O'Connell at Clare"!! Poor Father O'Leary died more than a quarter of a century before the date of the Clare election.

The justly celebrated Scotch regiment, the 42nd, which is stationed at present at Gibraltar, has set an example which we trust will be adopted throughout the British army, in the formation of a library, for the use of the officers. It has only been in existence since February last, and already contains 700 volumes of standard works, besides several periodicals. The besetting sin of the British soldier is drunkenness, (the parent of many others,) produced, in a great measure, by the leisure time which he has on his hands, the only effectual cure for which, is to enable the men to improve their minds and to fill up their spare time with advantage to themselves. It is but justice to add, that the officers have done every thing in their power to ensure the stability of the library by donations of money and books. The entrance money was six days' pay of whatever rank, and sixpence monthly.

A bronze medal has just been struck in Paris, in commemoration of the late glorious events there. It is very well executed, and large numbers have already been purchased by the French, in order to send to their friends in England. The obverse represents Liberty holding a laurel branch in the right hand, and a torch in the left. The cap of Liberty and various other patriotic emblems are ranged on their side. Over the head are the words, "All Mankind are Brothers:" and underneath, "Peace and Liberty." On the reverse is a wreath, which encircles the words, "Paris, 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, MDCCCXXX." The wreath is bordered with the words, "The French people to the English Nation."

A few Pressmen of London have formed a committee to get up petitions, and put into execution other means of causing a tax to be placed on machinery, with a view to discourage "so ruinous a system," as they call it. A committee to reform earthquakes, and to amend the manners of the rude winds of heaven would be just as rational, and would prove as effectual in the end. What is the press, and what are types, but machinery which have superseded amanuenses? If justice were done to these foolish persons upon the same principle as they seem desirous of doing justice to others, there would not be a single man of them employed.

It is but too melancholy a truth, that there is not a philosopher in the British islands, at this moment, who bears the lowest title that is given to the lowest benefactor of the nation, or to the humblest servant of the crown; who enjoys a pension or other allowance capable of supporting him and his family in the lowest circumstances; or who enjoys the favour of his sovereign or the friendship of his ministers.

The following extract from a *jeu d'esprit* is from a Dublin paper. The "sweet Roman hand" cannot be mistaken;—

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE—REVOLUTION IN THE DICTIONARY—ONE "GALT" AT THE HEAD OF IT.

Since our last, matters, luckily, look more serene;—
Tho' the rebel, 'tis stated, to aid his defection,
Has seized a great Powder—no Puff Magazine,
And th' explosions are dreadful in every direction.

What his meaning exactly is, nobody knows,
As he talks (in a strain of intense botheration)
Of lyrical "ichor," "gelatinous" prose,
And a mixture called "amber immortalization."

Now he raves of a bard, he once happened to meet,
Seated high, "among rattings" and "charming" a sonnet:
Now talks of a Mystery, wrapp'd in a sheet,
With a halo, (by way of a night-cap) upon it!

We shudder in tracing these terrible lines;—
Something bad they must mean, tho' we can't make it out;—
For whate'er may be guessed of Galt's secret designs,
That they're all *Anti*-English no Christian can doubt.

In the Press.—Life of Sir H. Davy.—Journey through Greece, in 1830.—Pinkerton's Correspondence.—Daughter of Herodias, a Tragedy.—Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy.—The Water Witch.—Life of Shelly, by Mr. Trelawney.—A Catechism of Phrenology, illustrative of the Principles of that Science.—Medicine no Mystery, Second Edition.—Part II. of a Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature.—The true Dignity of Human Nature, or Man viewed in relation to Immortality.—Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty, including the Constitutional and Ecclesiastical History of England from the decease of Elizabeth to the abdication of James the Second.—The Errors of Romanism traced to their origin in Human Nature.—History of the Christian Church, during the Three First Centuries, Translated from the German of Neander.—The Adventures of Finati, on the Origin and Prospects of Man, by Mr. Hope, author of Anastasius.—The Biography of Lord Rodney, by General Mundy.—Popular Specimens of the Greek Dramatists.—Mr. Croker's Edition of Boswell's Johnson.—Nos. 53 and 54 of S. W. Reynolds's folio Engravings in Mezzotinto, from the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The subscribers will be gratified by knowing that this work will soon be brought to a close, as the remaining six numbers which are to complete the collection, will appear within twelve months, from the present period.—The Exiles of Palestine, being, we believe, the first description of the Holy Land, from actual observation.—The Vizier's Son, by the author of Pandurang Hari.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

ARTS, SCIENCES, AND PHILOSOPHY.

Proof Impressions to Burns' Address to the Deil, 4*s.* 6*d.*
Macnish's Philosophy of Sleep, 12mo, 5*s.* bound.

BIOGRAPHY.

Doddridge's Life and Correspondence, vol. 4, 8vo, 15*s.* bds.
Nelson's Memoirs of Oudney, Clapperton, and Laing, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Nares' Burleigh, vol. 2, 4to, 3*l.* 3*s.* bds.
Northcote's Life of Titian, 2 vols.
Munro's Correspondence, vol. 3.
Croly's Memoirs of George IV.
Life of Bruce, the African Traveller (No. 17 of the Family Library).
Life of Mrs. Jordan, 2 vols.

DRAMA.

The Jew of Arragon, a Tragedy.

EDUCATION.

Davis's Outlines of Descriptive Geography, foolscap, 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth.
Bouillon's Bibliotheque Portative, tome 1, 32mo, 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Sewell on Cultivation of the Intellect by Study of Dead Languages, 8vo, 9*s.* bds.
Quin's Historical Atlas, 4to, 3*l.* 10*s.* hf. bd.
The Rubicon, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Thucydides, with English Notes, 3 vols. 1*l.* 7*s.* 0*d.*
Orestes and Euripides, 5*s.* bds.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, AND ANTIQUITIES.

Britton's English Cities, 4to, 7*l.* 4*s.*, bds. Imperial, 12*l.* bds.
Elliott's Views in the East, 5*s.*, 4to, 10*s.*
Outlines of Descriptive Geography, 2*s.* 6*d.*

HISTORY.

Hazlitt's Napoleon, vol. 3 and 4, 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.*
Turnbull's Narrative of the French Revolution in 1830.
Events in Paris, by an Eye Witness, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Lingard's History of England, vol. 8, (to finish the work.)

LAW.

Merrifield's Law of Attorneys and Costs in Common Law, royal 8vo, 21*s.*
Petersdorff's Law Reports, vol. 15, with Index, royal 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Grant's Advice to Trustees, 8vo, 6*s.* bds.
Second Report of the Commissioners on Real Property, 6*s.*

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Burn's Principles of Surgery, vol. 1. 8vo, 14*s.* bds.
Mackenzie on the Eye, 8vo, 21*s.* bds.
Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, vol. 16, part 1, 8vo, 9*s.* bds.
Hooper's Medical Dictionary, new edition, 8vo, 1*l.* 8*s.*, bds.
Cooper's Lectures on Anatomy, vol. 2, royal, 8vo, 15*s.* bds.

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WE seldom introduce into our pages works which are purely scientific, and more seldom still such as are strictly medical. But any deviation from our ordinary path, of which in the present instance we may be chargeable, is amply atoned for by the spirit of the publication which has occasioned it. This pamphlet consists of two lectures, delivered in the Medical School of Aldersgate-street, at the commencement of the present session. The first is introductory to a course of Human and Comparative Anatomy; the second contains many general and important statements illustrative of the science of Physiology. An introductory address is not expected at any time, or from any person, to furnish much novelty of fact, or originality of view. Between prefatory congratulations, promises of service, prospectuses of plans, and hortatory conclusions, they are usually little better than harmless vehicles of compliment and courtesy. Nothing in general is introduced which can occupy much abstract thought, or might tend to direct the attention of the hearer more to the subject of the address, than to the person who delivers it. It, therefore, not unfrequently happens, that such complimentary preliminaries to more serious subjects are oftener published than read. The present lectures are, however, very obvious exceptions to the general class, in more respects than one; and, without feeling violently moved by the spirit of compliment, we can add, that they are in every way creditable to Mr. Quain.

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* Si mundum efficere potest concursus atomorum, cur porticum, cur templum, cur domum, cur urbem, non potest? Quæ minus operosa, et multo quidem faciliora.—Cicero de Nat. Deorum, &c.

It has been often said, and we fear with truth, that they, who are best acquainted with the works of nature, and should be best qualified to appreciate the wisdom and power which these works display, are, in too many instances, latitudinarians in principle. Why this is the case it may not be easy to explain; but why it should not be so, it is far from being difficult to demonstrate. An attentive and enlightened mind cannot direct its contemplation to a single object in the creation almost, in which manifestations of intelligence and forethought are not abundantly displayed. The lowliest herb and the gaudiest flower; the minutest insect and the largest animal; every orb that rolls in the immensity of space, as well as the most diminutive mote that dances in the passing sunbeam; every creature under heaven, which either the eye can reach or the imagination perceive, teach alike clearly and alike convincingly, the same truth—that nothing has been formed without a motive, and that every thing which has been formed has been matchlessly adapted to fulfil the design which dictated its creation.

'We find that every organized individual forms an entire system of its own: all its parts mutually correspond, and concur to produce a certain definite purpose by reciprocal reaction, or by combining to the same end. Hence it is that none of these parts can change its form without inducing a corresponding change in the other parts of the same animal, so that each part taken singly indicates all the rest to which it belonged. If the viscera of an animal are so formed as to fit it for digesting raw animal food, the jaws will be found so constructed as to fit them for devouring their prey, the claws for seizing and tearing, the teeth for cutting and dividing, the limbs for pursuing and taking, the organs of sense for seeing at a distance, and the brain is endowed with instincts for concealing and lying in wait.

'These are the obvious characteristics of Carniverous animals; they are the very conditions of their existence, and point at once to an appropriate internal structure and conformation. Thus, in order that the jaw should be well adapted for the prehension of objects, its condyle must have a peculiar form, the temporal muscle a certain size, the hollow in which it is lodged a certain depth, the zigoma a certain degree of convexity to allow it to pass beneath, and also a certain degree of strength to sustain the action of the masseter muscle: in other words, the moving power, the fulcrum, and the resistance, must be adjusted and proportioned.

'Again: the teeth, to be able to tear and cut, must be sharp, and of a certain form, their roots solid and strong, to gnaw bones; hence they determine the form and development of the jaw bone into which they are inserted. The paws are subsidiary to the jaws and teeth: they are formed for strength and mobility; and, consequently, present in their bony structure a determinate form, as well as a corresponding adjustment in their tendons and muscles. For instance, the fore-arm must move freely in different directions, and therefore requires a determinate form in its bones. The bones of the fore-arm articulate with the humerus, so that any change in the one must influence the form of the other. The scapula too assumes a particular form, as it must be strong to give a firm support to the limb

in such animals, and their muscles acquire a development corresponding with that of the bones which they have to move and to act on.

'A similar adaptation of structure and arrangement must obtain in the posterior limbs as well as in the spine and trunk; the bones of the nose are developed largely, so are the orbits and ears, corresponding with the perfection of the senses in such animals. We see, then, that the structure of the teeth regulates the form of the claw, the humerus, and the scapula, so that either of these enables us to determine the teeth, and reciprocally the teeth indicate the others just as the equation of a curve regulates all its other properties: and as in regard to any particular curve, all its properties may be ascertained by assuming each separate property as the foundation of a particular equation, in the same way a claw, a scapula, a leg, or an arm bone, enables us to determine the description of the teeth to which they belonged, and reciprocally we can determine the other bones by the teeth.

'It may be said, that though we may from such data infer the class or natural family to which an animal belonged, we could not fix with any precision its genus or species: we can, however, ascertain both, by going a little more minutely into its structure. Confining our attention still to the instance already cited, the Carnivorous animals, we find that each species has special aptitudes to fit it for the peculiar sort of animals on which it is to support itself, so that its minute conformation will vary according to the size, habits, and haunts of its prey. We can therefore trace in every part of it a general plan or outline which determines its class and order, and next, a number of minute modifications which fix the genus, and even the species. Thus a person who is well acquainted with the laws of organization, by commencing with a single bone, may sketch out or re-construct the whole animal to which it belonged. Such were the principles which Cuvier brought to bear on the various questions which arose out of the examination of the Fossil remains of animals, and by which he was enabled to class and arrange them with as much precision as if he had their entire skeletons before him, and from which he has deduced so many important inferences with regard to the changes which the earth's surface has undergone during its different revolutions.'—pp. 12—14.

Why, therefore, the world, and more especially the scientific world, should be so densely peopled with sceptics and materialists; why, amid so much design and intelligence, so much perplexity and error should exist, is not a little surprising. Yet, if it be considered that the nine-tenths of infidels are composed of those very minds, whose original constitution and accidental advantages should have made them the first to discover and the foremost to uphold, what they are both first and last to deny and ridicule, this astonishment must be heightened a thousand fold. In the structure and functions of the human body there is more evidence of design, more proof of forethought, more display of wisdom, than in perhaps any other form of created being; yet, in the medical profession, there are as many sceptics and freethinkers as there are in any other

learned profession. The masterly mechanism of this unequalled fabric is either overlooked, as an ordinary structure, or actually ascribed to the accidents of chance. Its eye can be seen, its ear can be dissected, its brain can be demonstrated, its heart can be unravelled, its blood-vessels can be traced, its functions can be analyzed, and its philosophy can be studied, and yet the student can depart with as confirmed a belief, that all is done by chance; that he sees, hears, thinks, moves and lives, sickens and dies by chance, as though he had been poring over some rotten mummy, in which death had dissolved every vestige of design. It is consoling, therefore, to find in the pages of Mr. Quain a strain of determined opposition to this unphilosophical and senseless system. It is delightful to discover that in, at least, one of our schools of medicine, our youth have the prospect of being taught their profession, not only as men, but as Christians; and that, in place of having their credulous and unprotected minds tinctured with an unworthy spirit of boasted independence, as though they were inferior only to their masters, they will be taught to respect the First Cause of all things, and to esteem themselves as the fairest and the finest proofs of his intelligence and power.

The wretched resources, to which materialists are frequently driven, appear to us among the strongest arguments which can be adduced against them. To account for the very complicated and apparently intelligent formations which some parts of the creation so abundantly present, they are compelled to maintain that the structures, which at first emanated from the caprice of chance, were extremely simple,—so simple that no difficulty can be conceived to have occurred in their production; but that it is an inherent and essential property of matter, whether inanimate or possessed of life, to be ever changing in its form and qualities, and that these changes are always improvements on the original condition! In this way they endeavour to explain how the more perfect animals were formed, and how even man himself became lord of the creation. What is now a creeping shrub may, therefore, be converted, after the lapse of some half dozen centuries, into a towering tree, and the worm, which creeps in the dust, may gradually ascend to an equality with man! These and other childish subterfuges are ably and unceremoniously disposed of by Mr. Quain.

'The errors of such hypotheses as these, and the sources from which they spring, are readily perceived by placing them together and contrasting them. Each bears the impress of a mind strongly biassed by principles, deduced from a favourite pursuit, and both wander equally beyond the bounds of strict observation and legitimate inference. The geologist overlooks the absurdity he commits when he assumes that matter—one of whose most obvious properties is inertness—can impress on itself powers, viz. those of life, which can altogether control the fundamental property by which matter is governed, viz. attraction. And the zoologist, when he

founds a system on the assumption, that at some remote period or other, far back, no doubt, in the dimness of time, there arose from an accidental concurrence of particles of matter a Moss, or a Lichen, which, as it mouldered to decay, gave origin to a group of mites, Rotiferæ, or other minute animalculæ, and that these in process of time assumed new forms, ascending in the scale of being, and becoming, from generation to generation, more and more perfect;—the zoologist, in assuming all this, overlooks the unanswerable objections to such a system that may be deduced from history, which supplies abundant evidence to prove that the form, size, and structure of all the animals of which we have any knowledge were just as perfect some thousand years ago as they are at this day, and, moreover, that we never have traced or noted any tendency in individuals or in species to ascend in the scale of animals, or to become more perfect from being less so; and, finally, that the physical and intellectual characters of man were as fully developed three thousand years ago, (the period at which authentic history begins,) as they are at the present hour.

'This theory, which goes on the assumption that the different species of more perfect animals are derived from the less perfect, was advocated by Lamarck, and gained a great many converts, so much so that Cuvier felt himself called on to combat it with all the powers of his eloquence, and all the resources of his knowledge. Lamarck laid great stress on the influence which time may be supposed to exert in effecting changes in the form and condition of animals; but, what time may produce in the mind of a theorist is one thing, what it has actually produced according to the testimony of history is quite another. If we appeal to history and authentic records on this point, we shall find them decisive of the question. You are aware that the Egyptians were accustomed to confer what may be termed an earthly immortality on their friends, by embalming their remains. The superstition in which they were immersed prompted them to pay a similar tribute of respect to several inferior animals. In their tombs and catacombs, even at the present day, may be found mummies of dogs, cats, birds of prey, monkeys, and crocodiles, which differ no more from the kindred species now existing in the same country, than the mummies of the human species differ from the skeletons of men of the present day. Moreover, the figures of animals sculptured on obelisks, perfectly resemble, in their outline and general character, the corresponding species, such as we now find them. We can form a conception of what a long time may produce, only by multiplying in idea what shorter periods have actually produced; in the instances just cited, we find no evidence of a change either in the conformation or structure of animals, within a period equal to two or three thousand years; we, therefore, have no grounds for admitting the existence of any changes in these particulars, within a period equal to any multiple of this that can be conceived.'—pp. 24—26.

The points in which inanimate and living beings differ from each other are as important as they are numerous. Unorganized matter is inert, insensible, and unchanging. It is true that mountains alter both in height and form during the lapse of ages; that plains become marshes, and valleys plains, in the course of time; that all nature, in fact, is incessantly assuming new phases, and yielding to established laws. But, amid all these alterations, the

original materials, qualities, and structure, remain unaffected. The granite rock, the aluminous soil, the leaden mine, and the charcoal bed, never lose their distinguishing properties, or modify their proportions, or alter their arrangements. Time may gradually corrode them, or decay may ultimately consume them, but so long as they exist, their original conformation, parts, and properties exist also. Not so, however, in organized and living matter. It is neither inert, insensible, nor unchanging. Motion is the very essence of its being; and, from the moment of its creation until death, every part and particle is sustaining alteration. The flesh which clothes the arm of the infant does not cover that of the adult; even the bones themselves, which seem to have been made for immortality, undergo a gradual renovation, and the particles, of which they were composed this year, will be, next year, displaced by a different set. These, therefore, are great and marked distinctions between unorganized and living bodies. In addition to these, however, there are many others, and among them not the least remarkable is the following. The materials of all those changes which occur in the structure of a living body, are conveyed from the centre towards the circumference. Thus, if a piece of cuticle be removed from the fingers, the particles which replace this denuded skin do not come "*ab extra*," but are sent to it from within; if a bone be broken, the organ which repairs it is the central organ or heart; and it matters not in what extremity or at what distance the texture requiring repair or alteration lies: the matter by which this reparation is to be made, is derived from the central organ. But though the supply is derived from the centre, it is deposited according to a law of the animal economy, by which its different parts grow from circumference to centre, or eccentrically. The muscles which clothe the sides of the human fœtus are formed before those which lie along the median line; the bones of the head are last completed in the centre; and it is well known that the "open of the head," in the newly born child, is nothing but a deficiency of that ossific process, which leaves to the last hour a portion of the median line unclosed. In this way has it been supposed that many monsters are formed, and the supposition is highly probable. The "hare lip" is evidently that part of the median line left ununited, which belongs to the mouth; the "cleft palate" is obviously an effect of the same accident; the mysterious "hermaphrodite" is the creature of a similar *lusus naturæ*, and the origin of the double spine can be traced to the same derangement.

The formation and growth of inanimate matter are very differently effected. A crystal, which is at first small, increases by the addition of new particles to its outer surface, and these particles are derived from the medium in which the crystal is placed. There is no internal machinery to accomplish any external alteration. All the central parts are firmly fixed when once deposited, and any change in size or figure which can occur, must take place on the external surface only. This law of *concentric* growth is conse-

quently the very reverse of that *eccentric* principle by which the nutrition of living beings is accomplished, and these two fundamental laws, so essentially different, are found to operate universally within their respective kingdoms throughout the universe. Mr. Quain well observes,

'I call your attention to these facts, and to the inferences which flow from them; I dwell on them thus fully, not merely because they are interesting, in the highest degree, but because they throw considerable light, and, in my humble judgment, determine the great question so long at issue between the two chief sects of physiologists, the vitalists and the materialists. And so far as I know, this special application (and it is a very important one,) of the facts and principles derived from researches into the growth and development of organized structures, has not hitherto been made. We may contrast the characters of organized structures with those of unorganized bodies, we find no great difficulty in indicating in general terms the distinction between them. When we compare their external forms and internal arrangement and structure, we find the differences still more strongly marked; but still we are not able to draw a conclusive line of demarkation until we investigate the process of growth and increase in each. The particles which enter into the composition of our frame, so far from being disposed or arranged according to the laws of attraction, obey a rule the very reverse of this, as we have already seen; and moreover the eccentric development is found to obtain even in those structures which, in external appearance and character, more nearly resemble unorganized matter than any other parts of the living fabric.'

* * * * * * *

'Unorganized bodies once formed remain fixed and unchanged, neither admitting of movement amongst their parts, nor allowing the insinuation between them of substances of the same or of a different kind. Organized bodies consist of solid and fluid parts, and, so long as life lasts, the fluids are subjected to a constant movement; but movement is not confined to the fluids; the solids are likewise subjected to a ceaseless internal change, in which we can trace evidences of a separation of old particles, and a corresponding disposition of new ones in their stead. Here are three small skeletons of different sizes, A, B, C, let us suppose them to represent different ages of the same individual. The particles of which A is composed, are removed and replaced by others, by the time the individual has attained the age of B, and the components of B are, in their turn, supplanted by those which make it up when it reaches the condition of C. Now if body be merely a compound, made up of particles in constant flux, how can such an aggregate possess a consciousness of personal identity? Those who advocate this hypothesis, doubtless conceive that the particles A, as they leave their position, transfer their consciousness to B, and B again to C; so that this individual, when he casts a retrospect over his past life, and surveys the continuity of his own existence, (imagining himself to be one and the same sentient and thinking being,) at the second stage, is B, so far as his composition is concerned, but in feeling, idea, and consciousness is A; and in the third stage, though really C, he still is not C, but A; or in other words, he is not himself, but a different person; or he is different, yet the same, at the same moment of time. This dilemma

cannot be evaded by any one who contends that nothing exists but matter and motion, and that all the phenomena which we witness "arise through external movements, modifying the internal powers of attraction."'—pp. 33—34.

There is one other subject connected with Mr. Quain's lectures, which we think it necessary to allude to, before closing this brief notice of them; that is, the mode in which medical knowledge may be most profitably taught and most successfully studied. The loose, immethodical, and unphilosophic manner in which this branch of education has been, and is too often taught, is one of the leading obstacles which have checked its progress towards the completeness of a science. The observer of a few facts, the physician of a few patients, assuming the importance of philosophers, soon weary with tardy and laborious investigations, and find it an undertaking of more easy accomplishment to guess at and generalize upon subjects, which require much time and talent to investigate; and the excited theorist, whose untutored ingenuity wanders at large over the expanded regions of speculation and conjecture, fancies he can solve by an hypothesis, problems which the most inductive inquiry has failed to unravel, and reveal truths by the wand of a poetic magic, which had lain for ages undiscovered in the well. Hence does it happen that more *discoveries* are often made during one year in medicine, than the labours of two centuries can consign to oblivion. The tedious process of watching attentively, comparing cautiously, and inferring slowly, is badly calculated for an enterprizing speculator, who cultivates his profession as the mechanic does his trade, and whose zenith of ambition is the accumulation of wealth, or the acquisition of friends. A few months spent in hearing a few lectures; as much study endured as is indispensable to escape public censure before a trifling ordeal; and as much money paid as can procure a few manuals, and secure the *entrée* to the prescribed round of classes, are deemed by most students, aye, and by most parents too, a sufficient preparative for the exercise of one of the most recondite and responsible professions to which an enlightened mind can be devoted! The effects of such a jejune system of education have been a long time *felt*, but are only beginning to appear. Now, that philosophy has overstepped the walls of chartered schools and sequestered colleges, and walks abroad in open day through every class and section of society; now, that the human understanding will be no longer trammelled within the fetters of prejudice, and will not submit to the unsupported authority of imposing titles and more imposing privileges, the consequences of such a wretched system of medical instruction cannot now remain unnoticed by the public, should even the faculty still feel inclined to encourage it. Our surgeons and physicians must cease to make merchandize of physic; medicine must be taught and studied as an inductive science, rather than as a mysterious medley of antiquated jargon; and disease must be studied and treated, more in the spirit of

enlightened philanthropy, than with the mercenary views of a hireling druggist. We quote some instructive observations of our author on this subject.

'The objects of study, from their very nature, must present themselves in different points of view, and require different methods of investigation. Thus you may consider the situation, form, and size, of a given organ—and then its relations to contiguous parts. When you have stated all the facts relative to these points, you have given a description of the part, inasmuch as you have followed the descriptive method of investigation; and this is all that is usually done in works on Descriptive Anatomy,—they give merely the topography of parts. It must be obvious that it not sufficient for our purposes thus to confine attention to the surface of things: our inquiries are not to be limited to external qualities, or mere relations of place. We desire to become acquainted with the composition and structure of the human frame, or, in other words, with the elements of which it is made up. With this view, we resolve it into its constituents, and then examine the character and properties of each of these separately, as a necessary preliminary to a just appreciation of their powers when combined. This is the method by analysis. Its application and use were indicated yesterday, when treating of what is termed General Anatomy, but which ought rather to be called Analytical or Structural Anatomy.

'As the phenomena included in a particular function, or in the derangement of it, do not present themselves to us at once, but occur in succession, it becomes necessary not merely to enumerate them, but to set them down in the exact order of their occurrence. When treating of the digestive function, for instance, we have to consider the mechanism employed in the prehension and mastication of food,—its impregnation with saliva,—its deglutition and conveyance to the stomach,—the changes which the mass undergoes in that viscus, and afterwards successively as it passes step by step through the different parts of the alimentary canal. When these particulars are fully stated, the narrative is complete, and we have conformed to what is termed the Historical Method.

'We cannot, however, confine ourselves to a mere statement of facts, or an enumeration of events. The very constitution of our minds compels us to make inferences from the facts we have observed: we cannot help thinking,—and to think is to theorise. This we at once recognise as the starting-place of all the speculative views, and all the visionary opinions which the history of medicine records; and, unhappily, they are but too numerous; some of them evidently flow from the disposition so constantly manifested to deduce general principles from inadequate data; others are referable to that proneness which persons evince when entering on speculations concerning the phenomena of life, and the functions of living beings, to carry with them, and even rigorously apply, notions and principles taken from such pursuits as had previously, and perhaps exclusively engaged their attention. Hence it is that the philosophers of old introduced into medicine their peculiar hypotheses: the heathen priests tinctured it with their superstitious rites, whilst, in more modern times, the mechanists sought to explain the functions of the body in health, and its derangement in disease, by principles deduced from hydraulics, and the chemists referred them to the affinities which govern the processes they were wont to observe in their laboratories.'—pp. 40—41.

Physiology cannot be said to have as yet taken its place amongst the demonstrative sciences, though there is scarcely any department of knowledge that more intimately concerns the well-being of man. Amongst its votaries, speculation and hypothesis have too long supplied the place of experiment and observation; and it is not too much to say, that these are the only guides which can be trusted in the conduct of researches concerning the laws of life, and the functions of the Animal Economy. Correct views of the circulation of the blood were first suggested to the mind of Harvey by an investigation of the structure of different parts of the circulating system, and these views were supported by an appeal to experiment. Those who follow in the same path of enquiry, and endeavour to tread in the steps of that eminent master, should never lose sight of the precepts which by example he has so forcibly inculcated, for they are in strict accordance with the principles which have been acted on in other departments of science, more particularly in modern times.

ART. II.—*Military Reminiscences, extracted from a Journal of nearly Forty Years' Service in the East Indies.* By Colonel James Welsh, of the Madras Establishment. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1830.

THIS is the work of a plain, unlettered soldier, who appears to have spent the best part of his life in the service of his country. Born a Scotchman, he adopted the erratic habits of his tribe at a very early age, having embarked for India as a cadet in his fifteenth year. Having returned home with the rank of colonel, he dedicated his earliest moments of leisure to the arrangement of these Memoirs, while repairing his shattered health at the renovating fountains of Cheltenham. To literary polish he makes no sort of pretension. This is an unvarnished statement of facts, selected from a journal in which they were noted down as they occurred, without, of course, having been originally intended for publication. But, as usual, 'the kind, though perhaps mistaken, advice and entreaty of friends,' &c., put it out of his power to commit his memoranda to oblivion, and, behold!—here we have them in two goodly volumes, printed in capital style, and embellished with maps and numerous engravings.

He appears to have joined the 3d European regiment at Vellore, as an ensign, in the year 1790, about the period when the war with Tippoo Sultan was at its height. He soon became a lieutenant, was present at the capture of Pondicherry, the conquest of Ceylon, and numerous other dependencies of our empire in India. Several of the details which he gives concerning Ceylon are the more interesting, as we do not know that any other writer has troubled himself so much about the interior of that island. Columbo, the capital, has, since that period, risen to considerable importance. The cinnamon gardens, which were then new to the eyes of our

soldiers, have since spread over nearly all India. The author relates one or two shocking instances of the desperate hostility which prevailed between the Dutch residents and the Malays. The latter, upon the cession of the island to our arms, conceived that it afforded them an excellent opportunity for putting into execution their *lex talionis*—for they never forget or forgive an injury or insult, real or imaginary. The object of their revenge has no chance of escape, such is the ingenuity and perseverance with which he is pursued. One of the districts of Ceylon, Matura, was under the government of a Mr. Van Schooler, who had the character of being an oppressive ruler. Among other acts of cruelty laid to his charge, he was accused of having ordered an aged Malay domestic to be flogged to death—at all events the old man died under the lash, leaving a robust young man, his son, named Gabong, still in the service of the governor. The prince of the Malays, who was much venerated by his countrymen, insisted that M. Van Schooler's Malay servants should take vengeance for this act; he gave his own dagger to Gabong for the purpose, and it was arranged that he and his accomplices should be admitted into the governor's house by Gaboo, his confidential slave. The result was horribly tragical.

'The lady and gentleman retired to rest as usual, and being more than ordinarily drowsy, he almost immediately fell fast asleep. Mrs. Van Schooler sat up reading her Bible for some time, and then prepared to follow him. She was in her seventh month of pregnancy, and, like many mothers in the same state, was under considerable anxiety of mind, imagining that she should not survive her confinement. She laid down, and was just falling asleep, when she was awakened by something moving under the bed; she immediately awoke her husband, told him what she had felt, and entreated him to get up and look there; but no entreaties could induce him to shake off his drowsy fit; he grumbled, and immediately slept again. Overcome with fatigue, she had at length fallen into an uneasy slumber, when, roused by a deep groan, she opened her eyes, to behold her husband weltering in his blood, and a man standing beside him with a creese in his hand. Regardless of all personal danger, but intent of saving her husband, this devoted wife sprang from the bed, ran round to the other side, and immediately seized the murderer by the hair. He struggled to get away, but twisting the locks round her hands, she persisted in holding him, and calling loudly for assistance. In this manner he dragged her to the door, when, turning about, he said, "Let me go, madam, I do not wish to hurt you;" but she screamed, and prevented his departure by main strength, until at length he turned round and stabbed her in the stomach. She fell, and he escaped. How long this unfortunate pair continued without assistance, was never exactly known; but the next day, they were found by our medical men, who had been called in, both lying in the same room, in which the husband shortly afterwards expired, and was carried out, when she waved her hand towards him, and said she should soon follow. The wound in her stomach was sewed up, and for some days hopes were entertained of her recovery; while in the mean time every exertion was made to trace the murderer, and the servants of the house being confined on suspicion, Gaboo volunteered a confession. It would appear that the murderer, Gabong,

had been turned off previously, and immediately after the perpetration of the bloody deed, had absconded. He was, however, speedily apprehended, and brought back a prisoner, though then having very short hair, it was feared that he was not the man. Being, however, along with several others, who had been confined on suspicion, brought into the room where the victims lay, Mrs. Van S. immediately pointed him out, and made oath to his identity. Still he asserted that she was mistaken, when solemnly, and with a firm voice, she exclaimed,—"No, Gabong! you cannot deceive me, although you have had your hair cut off since. I am now on the brink of eternity, and I swear, that this man is the murderer of my husband." She lived but to secure the conviction of the murderer, and her unborn child perished with her.

The traitor Gambo turning king's evidence, the rest were tried, and Noor John and Gabong found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged: which sentence requiring the confirmation of General Stuart, the English Governor at Columbo, great interest was made by both the Dutch governors for the Prince's life, but in vain; a feeling of great anxiety being evinced by the whole of the Dutch community, to have a public execution of both the criminals. They had their wish, as soon as an answer could be received; and both prisoners were hanged on two gibbets erected in front of the garden, where the deed was perpetrated, in the presence of all the men and most of the women of the place; many Dutch ladies of respectability being seen in the foremost ranks of spectators, exulting in the agonies of the poor mistaken wretches, who were thus hurried into eternity. The Prince died hardened in his guilt, and and not only refused all ghostly advice or assistance, but even kicked a Malay priest out of his cell; and insisted, that in hanging him for only aiding a fellow-creature in his just revenge, the English would be answerable for all the sins he had ever committed during his life. He was a remarkably handsome, active young man, and his dying struggles lasted for several minutes. Gabong, on the other hand, received the same priest with mildness, even acknowledged his error, prayed to Heaven for forgiveness, and died without a struggle.'—pp. 37—40.

The situation of Matura is highly romantic, upon the bank of a noble river; its neighbourhood produces oranges and plantains in great abundance, and a small hill mango, not larger than a gooseberry, of exquisite flavour. Here also numerous elephants are annually entrapped. After spending some time at this delightful place, it was a most unwelcome change for our hero to be transferred to Masulipatam, of which he was appointed first-adjutant and postmaster. He swears that its inhabitants are in a perpetual stew from one end of the year to the other. The soldiers say, such is its burning *locale*, that "there is only a sheet of brown paper between it and Pandemonium!" The land wind, at a particular season, coming over a parched plain, is heated to an insufferable degree, 'resembling air passing through a furnace.' Even the birds are said frequently to fall down dead, while winging their way through this eastern sirocco. Sometimes the thermometer was at 130. We fancy that the blood of our soldiers must have been occasionally boiled under such circumstances. Nevertheless,

strange to say, Masulipatam is considered rather disagreeable than unhealthy!

The author gives a very different account of the Tinnevelly district, whither he was next removed in the capacity of quarter-master of brigade. The country is well watered and wooded, and beautifully picturesque. It boasts of a singularly magnificent cascade (that of Papanassum), which 'falls from a very considerable height, in one large stream, into an unfathomable pool, from whence a new river seems to issue, meandering through a plain nearly level with the sea.'

'The sound of the fall is distinctly heard for a very great distance, even in the dry season; and about a mile from it is a handsome substantial Pagoda, built upon the bank, with several elegant stone choultries and steps down to the water's edge; where river fish, of all sorts and sizes, are to be caught, and tame carp from one to two, and even nearly three feet, came to the surface to be fed. There is also the ruin of a building here, asserted to have been the Palace of the famous Trimulnaig of Madura, in whose kingdom all Tinnevelly was then included. This is, indeed, altogether one of the wildest and most beautiful spots I have ever seen: and the neighbourhood abounds in game, particularly pea-fowl, tigers, and wild hogs. I have spent a month at a time in this sequestered retreat, merely putting up tent walls between the pillars of the choultries, and burning fires at night to keep off the tigers; but it can be visited with safety, only between the months of May and August, or September; as at all other times a dangerous hill-fever is extremely prevalent.'—vol. i. pp. 48, 49.

The view of Papanassum, given in the engraving, fully answers to this description. From the plate which follows it, we have an excellent sketch of another water-fall at Courtallum, which is worth a moment's attention.

'There is another river, and another cascade, in the same range of mountains, about thirty miles to the north of the last mentioned, and forty miles in a direct line from Pallamcottah. The features of the falls, as well as of the surrounding objects, are, however, vastly different, though both possess beauties peculiar to themselves. Here the fall is not near so high, but it is twice as broad; and is again so subdivided by projecting rocks, that one part of it answers all the purpose of a shower bath, and is much frequented for that purpose both by Europeans and natives. Here, also, although many beautiful forest-trees are left, to give life to the picture, the country is well cultivated, and there are many gentlemen's seats in the neighbourhood, which, however, can be inhabited only between the months already mentioned. There is a beautiful avenue, of some miles in length, as far as the fall; and several picturesque Pagodas and choultries, even to the very foot of it. Above the fall, tracing a wild, rugged foot-path, in a steep acclivity, between two mountains, with the river, a small insignificant stream, winding through rocks and bushes, the enterprising visitor will find a cave, about five miles from the foot of the cascade, called Paradise. This is formed by nature; and the contrast, after climbing a steep hill, exposed to a meridian sun, may well entitle it to such an appellation. It appeared to me to be twenty or thirty degrees cooler than the country below; and

here we found many trees growing wild, which could not thrive at the bottom; particularly lichees, a Chinese fruit; and a tree like the English horse-chesnut. This place is, however, so infested by tigers, that it behoves all visitors to go well armed.'—pp. 49, 50.

The details of the war in which our troops were engaged with the Poligars—a fierce tribe of native Ceylonese—about the beginning of the present century, are, we believe, for the most part quite new. The service seems to have been an exceedingly severe one. One of their forts—the author calls it the Gibraltar of the Poligars—cost our men not a little trouble. It was named Punjalumcoorchy, and consisted of an irregular parallelogram, built entirely of a very solid and adhesive mud; the wall, about twelve feet high, with small square bastions and short curtains, was mounted by a few old guns, and the whole was surrounded by a thick hedge of cock-spur thorns. Nothing could present a more unwarlike appearance to the eye, and, from its apparent size, five hundred feet in length and about three hundred feet broad, it could not have been supposed capable of containing numerous defenders. A breach having been made in one of the bastions, a storm was ordered. The assailing party advanced boldly, the whole line being close to them to the right and left, engaged in keeping down the enemy's fire, which was tremendous. The men fell rapidly; nevertheless the assailants passed the hedge, and attempted repeatedly to ascend the breach, but in vain. 'Every man,' says the author, 'who succeeded in reaching the summit, was instantly thrown back, pierced with wounds, from both pikes and musquetry, and no footing could be gained.' 'At length,' he adds, 'a retreat was ordered, and a truly dismal scene of horror succeeded; all our killed and many of our wounded being left at the foot of the breach, over which the enemy immediately sprung, and pursued the rear, while others pierced the bodies both of the dying and the dead.' It appears that 'the immediate defence of the breach was with pikes, from eighteen to twenty feet long, behind which, a body of men from an elevated spot, kept up a constant fire, whilst others in the bastions took the assailants in flank. The most surprizing part of this affair was the number of defenders in the breach and on the works.

'To a mind accustomed to think, our total failure of this day was perfectly inexplicable, and how the breach was defended appeared almost miraculous; for none of the actual defenders ever shewed themselves above the broken parapet, and certainly that was entirely destroyed, and a practicable passage apparently made to the *terre plein* of the bastion, long previous to our attack. Yet here a grove of pikes alone presented itself to our view; and the enemy appearing in every other part of the works, exposing themselves without the smallest reservation, were constantly shot by our men, who were covering the storm, and as constantly replaced by others; whilst they kept up a most unnatural yell the whole time, from upwards of five thousand voices, which only ceased with our retreat. Of one hundred and twenty Europeans on the storming party,

only forty-six escaped unhurt; and, including officers and artillery, one hundred and six were killed and wounded of the whole force. This was so very large a proportion, as to make the duty come heavy on the survivors for a considerable time, when our disheartened men required a constant and undeviating example of that cheerful devotedness to their duty, which can alone secure the confidence of soldiers in times of unusual difficulty and danger.'—p. 67.

The siege was now turned into a blockade, the commander having resolved to wait for reinforcements. When these arrived, new breaches were made, the storming party advanced under more auspicious circumstances, and, after a vigorous resistance, this Gibraltar was captured. About two thousand of the enemy escaped. The author gives a very curious description of the interior of the fort, the plan of which accounts for the number of the enemy who were concealed in it.

'To us, who had suffered so severely in our unsuccessful assault, a sight of the interior of this abominable dog-kennel was most acceptable: the more so, as this was the first time it had ever been taken by storm, though frequently attempted. Nothing could equal the surprise and disgust which filled our minds at beholding the wretched holes under ground, in which a body of three thousand men, and for some time, their families also, had so long contrived to exist. No language can paint the horrors of the picture. To shelter themselves from shot and shells, they had dug these holes in every part of the fort; and though some might occasionally be out to the eastward, yet the place must always have been excessively crowded. The north-west bastion, our old breach, attracted our particular attention; and a description of it will therefore serve for every other in this fort. It was about fifteen feet high on the outside, and nearly square: the face we breached was thirty feet long, and a parapet of about three feet thick at the summit, gradually increased sloping down into the centre, which was barely sufficient to contain about forty men; the passage in the gorge being only wide enough to admit two at a time. The depth in the centre, being originally on a level with the interior, was increased as the top mouldered down, so as to leave the defenders entirely sheltered from every thing but the shells and shot, which we had latterly used, more by accident than design. These were, of course, thrown over from the outside, and nothing else could have secured us the victory, since every man in the last breach was killed, and the passage blocked up, before our grenadiers obtained a footing above. Their long pikes, used in such a sheltered spot, must be most powerfully effective. No wonder, then, that every man who got to the top was instantly pierced and thrown down again. He could never get at his enemy, and indeed could scarcely tell from whence the blow was inflicted. The system of defence adopted by these savages would have done credit to any engineer. Nothing could surpass it but their unwearied perseverance. Had the bastions been solid, or their defensive weapons only muskets and bayonets, we should not have had the mortification to lie before it for two months; and had our cavalry been more efficient, we should not have had a continuance of this warfare for six months longer. The fugitive phalanx, making good its retreat to Sherewéle, was there joined by twenty thousand men of the Murdoos.'—pp. 76—78.

This place, once so formidable, is now ploughed over. The war was for some after continued, and was attended with some severe fighting in the jungles, the Poligars being now assisted by the Murdoos. Among the chieftains of these savages was a singular personage, whom the author pourtrays as one of the most extraordinary of mortals. He was both deaf and dumb, and was usually called by the English—Dumby, by the Hindoos—Oomee, a name bearing the same signification. Though thus unfortunate, he was looked upon by his countrymen as a Deity, and his least sign was a command, to which all rendered the most implicit obedience.

'He was a tall, slender lad, of very sickly appearance, yet possessing that energy of mind, which in troubled times, always gains pre-eminence; whilst, in his case, the very defect which would have impeded another, proved a powerful auxiliary in the minds of ignorant and superstitious idolaters. The Oomee was adored; his slightest sign was an oracle, and every man flew to execute whatever he commanded. No council assembled at which he did not preside; no daring adventure was undertaken, which he did not lead. His method of representing the English was extremely simple: he collected a few little pieces of straw, arranged them on the palm of his left hand to represent the English force; then, with other signs, for the time, &c., he drew the other hand across and swept them off, with a whizzing sound from his mouth, which was the signal for attack; and he was generally the foremost in executing those plans for our annihilation. Whatever undisciplined valour could effect, was sure to be achieved wherever he appeared; though poor Oomee was at last doomed to grace a gallows, in reward for the most disinterested and purest patriotism. He had escaped, as it were, by miracle, in every previous engagement, although every soldier in our camp was most anxious to destroy so notorious and celebrated a chieftain. On the 24th of May, when the fort was wrenched from them, and the whole were retreating, pursued by our cavalry, poor Oomee fell, covered with wounds, near a small village, about three miles from Punjalumcoorchy. As soon as our troops had returned from the pursuit, Colonel Agnew instantly ordered the Eteapooreans to follow them till night, offering rewards for any men of consequence, dead or alive. Our allies, consequently, set out with great glee, somewhat late in the evening; and in the meantime, an appearance of quiet induced some women of the village to proceed to the field of carnage, in the hope of finding some of the sufferers capable of receiving succour. Amongst the heaps of slain they discovered the son of one of the party, still breathing, and after weeping over him, they began to raise him up, when exerting his little remaining strength, he exclaimed, "Oh mother, let *me* die, but try to save the life of *Swamy*, who lies wounded near me." The word he used, fully justifies my assertion of their adoration, as its literal meaning is a deity. The woman, animated by the same feelings, immediately obeyed her dying son, and speedily found Oomee, weltering in his blood, but still alive; and these extraordinary matrons, immediately lifted, and carried him to his mother's house, where they were busily employed staunching his wounds, when they were alarmed by a sudden shout from the Eteapooreans, in pursuit. There is nothing like the ingenuity of woman at such a crisis. These miserable, and apparently half-imbecile creatures conceived a plan, in an instant, which not

only proved successful, but most probably saved the lives of several others. They covered the body over with a cloth, and set up a shriek of lamentation peculiar to the circumstances. The Eteapooreans on their arrival, demanded the cause, and being informed that a poor lad had just expired of the small-pox, fled for their lives out of the village, without ever turning to look behind them. How he was afterwards preserved, I could never learn; but certainly, he was present, and was active as usual, on the 7th and 10th of June; and was taken alive at the conclusion of the campaign, and hanged along with his gallant and ill-fated relation, on the tower we had erected in the plain, before Punjalumcoorchy; now the only monument of that once dreaded fortress, if we except the burying-ground of six or seven hundred of our slaughtered comrades, in the vicinity.'—vol. 1. pp. 131—133.

After the conclusion of the Poligar war our hero returned to the Indian continent, and after a variety of excursions, joined, in 1803, the army under Major General Wellesley (now Duke of Wellington), which was then about to proceed against the Mahrattas. The particulars which the author gives of this war, being less novel than those which we have already noticed, we make no apology for passing them over, although we may recommend them, especially to military readers, as by no means unworthy of notice. The state of his health rendered it necessary for him to make a voyage to Madeira, in 1807, whence he returned once more to the scene of his military labours, in which he was engaged for several successive years without interruption. Among the *curiosities* which he mentions, the petrifactions near Trevycary, a village about seventeen miles from Pondicherry, are worth the attention of the naturalist.

'Of all the curiosities I have witnessed in the East, the petrifactions in the vicinity of this insignificant village, are the most interesting and extraordinary. There being no shelter for Europeans in its neighbourhood, it is necessary to pitch tents near a small Pagoda, on ground somewhat above the level of the plain. This building is evidently of great antiquity, though it possesses no beauty or attraction at present; but close to it are several rude rocky hillocks, which, on a near approach, prove to be of a circular form, and hollow in the centre, resembling the craters of volcanoes. These craters were all more or less choked up with weeds and bushes, so that we could not penetrate to the bottom, though they did not appear to be of any great depth; but still, considering them in that light, our wonder was the greater, to find the surface covered with large fragments of petrified wood, instead of coals and lava. On a nearer examination, the soil of these cavities proved to be a whitish loose sand: and that of the exterior surface, a compound of sand and clay, completely transformed to stone; extremely porous, and perforated in a thousand places, like rocks under water, in a stream, with enormous masses of trees of various forms and descriptions, some of which were actually buried in them, and others scattered about, as if they had been thrown down by some sudden eruption of nature, and broken by the fall. When these rarities were first discovered, or by whom, I have no idea; and it was only on our return from Poonah that I first heard at Madras, of "the petrified

tamarind wood," as it was always designated. Masses being cut out, into various ornaments, and highly polished, very much resembled Scotch pebbles, and were then much in fashion, as a novelty. Yet this very name, given indiscriminately to all these stones, however varied in shape or colour, proved to my mind, that the spot from whence they were taken had never been visited by any European, or person capable of examining and distinguishing the original petrifactions, for I found them so perfectly different, and some so nearly entire, as to be able to pronounce positively, as to their variety; and actually carried to my tent, with much difficulty, part of a branch of a cocoa-nut tree, which bore the strictest examination, and could not possibly have been mistaken.'

'It is natural in such situations, to endeavour to trace the causes of such extraordinary transmutations; but I could find no native capable of assisting my research, nor any other signs, to enable me to form any correct conclusion. I therefore venture a diffident opinion, that, when formerly flourishing and planted with trees, the ground on which these hill-looks now stand, was inundated by a sudden flood, many centuries back; and after continuing under water for several hundred years, was as suddenly dried up again by some volcanic eruption, and left in that state, in which, with little alteration, I found them; for all the lapidaries in the east uniting together, could not clear the ground of these fragments, which would most likely require a thousand waggons to remove to any distance.'—vol. i. pp. 300—302.

We do not remember to have met before any description of the ceremony of 'walking through fire,' which the author witnessed at Bangalore, and which will be novel to most of our readers.

'On the 12th of March, 1813, being invited by the Hindoos of our corps to see the ceremony of walking through the fire, I mounted my horse, accompanied by Captain Pepper, and rode to the spot, in rear of the native lines, where an oblong pit was prepared, eighteen feet by twelve. I am not aware of its depth, because on our arrival it was full of live coals perfectly red hot. A procession then arrived on the opposite side, and every one of them either walked or danced deliberately through the fire lengthways, having only two landing-places in the centre of each of the smallest faces. This fire was actually so intense that we could not approach its margin, but sat on our horses at a few yards distance, watching every motion. I had seen a little, and heard much more, of this strange feat, but never had such an opportunity of positive proof before. It was in the middle of the Hooly Feast, and I understood the particular ceremony was in honour of the small-pox deity, Mariamah, to whom they sacrifice a cock, before they venture in the furnace. Then, besmeared all over with some yellow stuff, they go back and forward, both quick and slow, without any apparent suffering; and one man carried an infant on his shoulders, which did not even cry. The puppets of this extraordinary shew were of all ages; and I saw a very fine boy slip down at the landing-place, and the others pulled him up uninjured immediately. I have now stated the fact from ocular demonstration; it remains for chemists to explore the nature of the stuff with which they are besmeared, for every Christian will at once attribute this apparent miracle to the true cause, and give them due credit for every subtle trick. I never could get any

Native to explain this; and I suspect that the Mussulmans, who can have no interest in keeping up the deception, are quite as ignorant of the means used as we are.'—vol. ii. pp. 49, 50.

Towards the end of 1818, the author was obliged to proceed to China for the benefit of his health. He sojourned some time at Canton, which he describes after the usual fashion, with great minuteness. Having recovered strength, he once more returned to India, which he did not quit until last year, when he bade it a final adieu.

Although these volumes are filled with a great deal of small talk, they must, we should think, possess considerable interest for persons residing in India. There are very few military stations within the precincts of our empire in that vast region, which the author does not appear to have visited, either upon duty or amusement. The work is illustrated with nearly a hundred engravings, respectably executed, and they afford very distinct ideas of the various scenes, forts, and jungles, which particularly attracted the Colonel's attention.

ART. III.—*The Life of Titian; with Anecdotes of the Distinguished Persons of his time.* By James Northcote, Esq., R. A., 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

WE cannot believe it possible that Mr. Northcote ever intended to publish the Life of Titian, in the form which it assumes in the volumes before us. Their contents are so ill arranged, and altogether so destitute of the appearance of care and consideration, that we feel compelled to regard them as the crude collection of materials merely, from which the author was to have elaborated a biography, of reasonable dimensions, of his illustrious subject. Upon no other supposition than this, can we account for the extraordinary fact, that very nearly three parts of the second volume are substantially a duplicate of the first, differing only as to their denominations respectively,—one of the narratives being called 'a Life;' the other, 'Illustrations.' In addition to this, we have upwards of one hundred pages devoted to the Letters of Vasari, which are thrust in unceremoniously, under the pretence of throwing a light on the state of the arts in Titian's time! and then we find some thirty or forty pages more, occupied with extracts from a book on Picture Galleries, by Mr. Hazlitt; which, as some of our more curious readers well know, may be bought for a few pence at any book stall in the metropolis. So that, dealing plainly and openly with the public, we are constrained to say that this pompous affair of the Life of Titian, by an R. A. of modern celebrity, is nothing better as to one half at least, than a mere catchpenny publication, quite worthy of the era in which we live.

For the accommodation of those, however, to whom general reasoning and vague assertion are but "as the idle wind which

they regard not," we shall employ a more practical and impressive method of persuasion. Arithmetic is a homely interpreter, whose language every one understands.

The number of pages in these two volumes is 782. Of these, Vasari's Letters (the useful contents of which might easily be put into a couple of pages) occupy 104 pages; the duplicate narrative, entitled 'Illustrations,' &c., takes up 250 pages more; and a further number of 60 are yielded to brief notices of Titian's brother and youngest son, together with an appendix from Mr. Hazlitt's Magazine articles! Thus, then, it appears that a great deal more than the contents of a whole volume of this 'Life of Titian,' is composed of mere book-maker's rubbish, every word of which, we venture to affirm, may be detected, this moment, in the lumber room of any extensive grocer in the Strand.

But an objection of a still more extraordinary nature lies against this production. Between the principal narrative and the duplicate which succeeds it, there is a great deal of discrepancy; indeed, so much as to leave the reader completely in doubt, as to which of the clashing statements, concerning material facts, he is to believe. One sample will be sufficient to illustrate our meaning. At page 1 and 2, vol. i. we find the following words regarding the date of Titian's birth: 'Indeed the precise time of his birth is left in uncertainty. De Piles, in his Chronological Tables, and the authors of the Abrégé des Vies des Peintres, fix it in 1477, and make him ninety-nine at his death; but as Giorgione was confessedly older than Titian, and was born in 1478, *I have preferred the joint authorities of Vasari and Sandrart*, who affirm that Titian was born in 1480, at Capo del Cadore.'

Here Mr. Northcote distinctly adopts the authority of Vasari, and assumes the date of Titian's birth to be 1480. If the reader will now turn with us to page 73 of vol. ii., he will find the opening sentence of the 'Illustrations,' to be as follows:—

'Titian was born in the Pieve (or parish) of Cadore, in the year 1477!'

But lest the contradiction between the dates should escape the acuteness of the reader, Mr. Northcote takes care to attract his attention to the passage, by appending to it a significant note, in the following terms:—

'All the most authentic documents, and all writers, with the *exception of Vasari* (!) *who was never* very *scrupulous as to dates*, fix his birth in 1477; the latter in 1480.'

And yet of this same Vasari, who was never very scrupulous as to dates, Mr. Northcote had already said, 'I have preferred the joint authorities of Vasari and Sandrart,' &c. We admit that the bare fact of Titian's birth is of comparatively minor importance; all that we propose to establish by adverting to the above passages is, that the work in which so much contradiction is found, could never have been destined to appear before the public, at least until it had undergone a due degree of castigation; and that, there-

fore the publication of it in its existing shape, is only an act of dishonour towards the memory of Northcote, whilst it is far from being respectful or decorous to the world.

Having now performed our conscientious duty to the public, we shall not be slow in acknowledging the claims to our applause, which some passages in these volumes undoubtedly possess. The remarks of a professional man, such as Northcote was, original and independent throughout his life, upon points connected with the arts, can hardly fail to command attention at any time, even though they should be presented to us under all the disadvantages of hasty effusions. The principal facts of Titian's life, have been long familiar to the world. He has found in contemporary and successive admirers a host of biographers, whose enthusiasm was too ardent to allow us to believe that any material information concerning the illustrious painter, would have remained unpublished to this day. It is, therefore, with no intention of reproaching Mr. Northcote, that we notice the absence of any novelty whatever in his narrative of Titian's personal history. Neither do we find him varying by any new statements, or the recital of fresh authorities, the well-known circumstances under which Titian's chief productions were undertaken and executed. We have in truth no other materials in these volumes, which can entitle them to a character of value or interest, than the occasional reflections, of a miscellaneous nature, which are scattered through the work. These reflections are chiefly applicable to the profession, in which Northcote must be admitted to be a very great authority. The course of Titian's life is by no means an exception to that of almost every man who has acquired an illustrious name by his own exertions, in affording the most pressing and profitable example to others. Mr. Northcote has regarded his hero principally in this point of view, and wherever a fair opportunity has occurred, he never fails to make it subservient to the ruling principle of instruction and advice.

But those remarks of Northcote's which derive so much value from his natural shrewdness and long experience of the world, are not wholly employed on mere professional matters. They are, in many instances, of a nature calculated to interest the public at large, and are sometimes especially worthy of being weighed by those who are accustomed to the consideration of questions of national import.

In what we have now stated, we hope a sufficient excuse will be found to justify us for having avoided the historical details of the work. The first narrative, as we have already hinted, contains an ample and nearly complete biography of Titian, and if left unassociated with, or rather unencumbered by the duplicate matter, and the irrelevant quotations which follow, it would have been such a legacy to posterity as would have reflected credit on Northcote, and no disgrace on Titian.

It is a very striking, and indeed a cheering fact, and one that is

scarcely ever found not to have occurred in the history of a great man, that, amongst the elements of his ultimate achievements, habitual industry is always to be detected. And this is but reasonable and natural to expect in almost all vocations, but especially in the Fine Arts.

'I will,' says Mr. Northcote, 'in this place venture to give my opinion, that there is no way so improving to a student, as to finish his pictures to the utmost minuteness in his power; by which means he will acquire a thorough knowledge of the exact forms and character of the parts. If he has a genius for the art, he will soon discover what he may treat slightly or leave out of his work; and if he has none, he will be enabled, by this method, to give such an air of truth to his productions as will pass for merit with a large part of the community, by which he will be secure of employment, and will also have a certain claim to respect. But a careless, and what is often supposed to be a bold manner, when practised by the ignorant, is detestable, and shews a kind of unfeeling assurance, as if the artist said, "Anything is good enough for the public!" '—vol. i. pp. 11, 12.

A little afterwards, he adds,

'The diligence with which he pursued his studies is sufficiently evident from his success. Statesmen and warriors may grow great from unexpected accidents, and from a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, neither procured nor foreseen by themselves; but reputation in the fine arts or the learned world must be the effect of industry and capacity. Titian never lost an hour—always endeavouring to add excellence to excellence. His works were various and exact, profound and agreeable.'—vol. i. p. 14.

The account which Northcote proceeds to give of the splendid progress of Titian, of the rapid expansion of his fame, of the voluntary patronage and friendship of the high and mighty, which poured upon him, and which with unparalleled constancy remained to cheer the decline of his laborious life, is drawn up in a very able and interesting manner. Mr. Northcote observes—

'I cannot but think that Titian had a considerable advantage in the improvement of his taste for colouring, from having been in his first studies taught fresco-painting, by which his eye was early inured to that fresh, clear, and unadulterated tone which is unavoidably preserved in all those works that are done without oil. It was by degrees he crept into the knowledge of the use of oil, without having had his eye familiarised by early habit to the heavy, dingy, slimy effect of various oils and megilps; which, as they more and more prevail, soak up and destroy the wholesome freshness and purity of the tints, and reduce them at last to the saturated appearance of an oilskin umbrella. Artists who paint in water-colours justly wish to give their pictures the force and finish of oil; as those who paint in oil should endeavour to impart to their tints, the clear and vivid purity of water-colours. And the clearness of the one, with the depth and solidity of the other, is what Titian possessed the power of uniting beyond any other painter that ever lived.

'At this time, painting arrived at a higher degree of perfection than the moderns have ever attained; having acquired from Michael Angelo the utmost boldness of outline, the forms of the most robust bodies, and the

highest grandeur of conception. In Raphael, it could boast invention, composition, variety of character, expression of the state of mind, and appropriate draperies to his figures. Titian perfected the knowledge of the colours of bodies, with all the accidents which the modifications of light can produce in them; and, finally, Correggio added delicacy and the gradations of *chiaroscuro;* a lovely style of painting, combining all the exquisite fascinations of grace and fancy.'—vol. i. pp. 60—62.

A trick, on the part of a brother artist, which the simplicity and good nature of Titian had in some measure brought on him, is thus related by Northcote.

'Alfonso Lombardi was at this time at Bologna. He was well known to Titian, who had a great friendship for him, both as a man and as an ingenious sculptor. Alfonso had a great desire to make a wax model of the Emperor: and as a very small apparatus was necessary for this purpose, he could easily conceal it. So without giving Titian the slightest hint of his intention, he earnestly entreated the latter to be so gracious as to permit him to be in the Room at the time his Majesty sat to him; and he would be contented to pass and act as his servant, to help him to his colours, &c. Titian being in a courteous humour, and having a kindness for Alfonso, as he was not a painter, readily consented to his request; and accordingly, the cunning Alfonso very humbly followed our artist to the Emperor's apartment, and placed himself behind Titian's chair, so as to see him at work but not be seen by him, as he was fully occupied by his own task.

'Alfonso having as good a view of the Emperor as Titian himself, now secretly took out of his sleeve a little box in the form of a medal, and began to make a portrait of his Majesty in clay or wax; and had just completed it when Titian, having also finished his, was making his obeisance. The Emperor rose from his seat, and Alfonso was hastily shutting up his little box, and putting it in his sleeve, when his Majesty said to him—"Show me what you have been doing." He was then obliged, though with fear and humility, to deliver his work into the Emperor's hands, who having attentively looked at it, appeared highly delighted, and asked him—"Can'st thou execute this in marble?" "May it please your Sacred Majesty; yes!" replied Alfonso. "Do it then," said the Emperor, "and when it is finished, bring it to me at Genoa."

'When Titian discovered this artful trick, I will leave it to any one's imagination to conceive his surprise, as he probably thought that Alfonso did it in a kind of competition with himself. But whatever Titian's feeling on the occasion might be, Alfonso was much encouraged by the Emperor's praise, and applied himself to his work with more diligence than ever; and in the end finished the head in marble, which was considered by all who saw it as most excellent. He accordingly carried it to the Emperor at Genoa, when his Majesty generously gave him three hundred crowns more.'—vol. i. pp. 82—84.

Mr. Northcote has devoted, as in duty he was bound to do, a few pages to the memory of Cardinal Hippolito, the generous patron of the arts. He says,

'In contemplating the character or rather the conduct of Hippolito,

I cannot omit the opportunity of making a few observations relative to patronage, its direction, and influence in respect to science and the fine arts. Good and evil, like the blending colours of the rainbow, are frequently so intermixed with each other, that it perplexes the reflecting mind to mark the line of separation.

'We hold the opinion that the Roman Catholic religion is big with evil: yet, on examination, we cannot deny that it has some peculiar advantages. If, for instance, we look into the records of history and science, to whom shall we trace the foundation of those numerous seminaries for the promotion of learning or those splendid buildings, which have employed industry and called forth taste in their erection, whether colleges, universities, public-libraries, schools, churches, or palaces? Are not our thoughts drawn immediately to a Wolsey, the Medicis, Bembo, Farnese, Este, Barberini, Montalto, Ximenes, Rovera, Richelieu, or Mazarin, with many others, who having had less power, are of less note? Yet all seemed to concur in one aim, which was that of adopting all men of talents and virtue as their family and kindred; and by proving asylums for those who should arise in after-time, to perpetuate their names to posterity as universal benefactors and everlasting patrons of every species of ability which can dignify mankind. Having themselves been bred in the school of science, they distinguished and valued it in others; and by means of their well-bestowed patronage, have given to the world many individuals eminent either for learning, science, or virtue, that without their fostering care would have been lost to society.

'Again, it may be observed, that when the prime minister of a country has been a Catholic prelate, it has been productive of several advantages: particularly, from his not having the same number of family-connections, so nearly allied to him by blood or marriage, as to produce in him a desire to aggrandise them even more than himself. Therefore that portion of natural affection which in others is warped or partially confined, as in fathers of families to their children, is in him diffused to the more general benefit of mankind at large, as he directs the influence of all his power, and bestows all his superfluous wealth towards the encouragement of learning, the sciences and the arts, which at the same time that they contribute abundantly to his own glory, most materially assist the welfare of the community.

'The good effects of such praiseworthy examples extend their favourable influence oftentimes where we might least expect it. We have an instance in the Venetian territory when under its former government. That country, though more absorbed in trade than any other, was yet not so lost to all refinement but that it could follow a laudable example. Hence we find the public halls of each fraternity richly adorned with appropriate paintings, executed by such of their countrymen as had gained the highest eminence in their profession, thus bestowing and receiving honour at the same time; and further, we often find annexed to those buildings a magnificent library, to which the most indigent student has free access.

'As a contrast to the above, we have only to turn to those states where the power and wealth of a kingdom are thrown into the hands of a few grasping individuals whose sole object is the advancement of their families, who must be accommodated with titles of honour, and who, of course, to support their rank, must be endowed with large pensions, and become a

burden on the public. Swarms of such adventurers roll in affluence, whose scanty portion of intellect would hardly fit them for the lowest employments of life. Hence no lofty examples of munificence are held out to excite emulation. The desire of fame by high achievements is never once thought of: nor the appropriating a small part of their abundance to the service of Apollo or the Muses, which they more readily devote to Bacchus. For need it be remarked, that it is the government in all states that forms the character and habits of the people, as parents mould those of their children?'—vol. i. pp. 127—131.

We are by no means disciples of that school of political radicalism with which Northcote's mind seems unfortunately to have been tainted; but we can concur in the spirit of these remarks. That some members of the aristocracy have sacrificed to the arts, and have been liberal and even munificent in their patronage of them, cannot be denied. But this fact does not take from the truth or the force of Northcote's statement. A nobleman who fosters a man of genius, and encourages him to achievements that may ensure him celebrity, is impelled to this course of liberality by the very same principle that actuates his general conduct—a desire to secure his own personal gratification. Great artists are encouraged, not so much for their abstract merits, as on account of their being capable of serving the immediate purposes of their patrons.

Titian was not exempted from the lot of humanity. He experienced numerous mortifications, and underwent many of those annoyances, which the envious and jealous world is sure to inflict, sooner or later, on every man whomsoever, who has approved himself entitled to their fullest gratitude and esteem. Mr. Northcote gives us the following account of an artist who had been obtruded on the public attention as a worthy rival of Titian, and whose pretensions, being so supported, were the source of much uneasiness to the illustrious artist.

'Pordenone, though not equal to Titian, holds an elevated rank among the painters of his country. Less tender in his tones and less seductive in his contours than the head of the Venetian school, he at least rivals him in the energy of his style and the boldness of his execution. His fresco works are preferable to those in oil; though he arrived at great excellence in both. To a grand character of design, he added the rich and glowing colouring of Giorgione. He was more successful in the robust and muscular delineation of men than in the softness and delicacy of female forms. In every thing he exhibited a daring and vigorous mind. He was an experienced and expeditious workman; and delighted in fore-shortening and terrible situations, having no fear of encountering the most arduous difficulties of the art. In his works at Venice he seems to have surpassed himself. There is a Mercury in front of the house of Talente that is very well fore-shortened; a battle-piece and a horse, which are much commended; and a Proserpine in the arms of Pluto, which is a most elegant figure. The rivalship or rather enmity which existed between him and Titian appears to have acted as a spur, which contributed to the excellence of both, like the competition between Buonarotti

and Raphael; to which it bears a further similarity, as the one is distinguished by energy and gravity, and the other by elegance and grace. To have contended with Titian for the prize of Fame, is no ordinary claim to glory; and it will be considered highly honourable to the reputation of Pordenone, that he is entitled to the second rank in the Venetian school, at a period when it was so fertile in able artists. He died at Mantua, in 1540, aged fifty-six, and was strongly suspected to have been poisoned.

'It was indeed necessary that Pordenone should have been possessed of great qualities, having to contend with Titian, to whom, after all, he was much inferior. Nor is it any wonder, since in Titian alone (be it said without disparagement to other painters) are collected together almost all the excellencies of the art, which are found dispersed in so many others. As to invention and design, very few have ever exceeded him. In colouring none ever was his equal. To Titian alone must be given the palm of perfect colouring. For it is highly improbable that the ancients could have attained it, being confined in their mode of execution. But if they did colour well, it has always been wanting in a greater or less degree among the moderns. It may be said of Titian that he almost equalled Nature herself; and that his figures seem to move, breathe, and live.

'Titian did not indulge in any vain or ostentatious display, but aimed at a propriety of colouring: there are no affected ornaments, but the modesty of nature given with a master's hand: there is no crudeness, but the tender pliancy of real flesh. In his pictures the lights always contend with the shades; and diminish and lose themselves in the same manner as in nature. Such was the painter that Pordenone dared to enter into competition with.'—vol. i. pp. 217—219.

How little the decrees of their cotemporaries, with respect to the merits of particular men, affect the judgment of posterity! Milton was much less esteemed in his day by the public, than some poetaster or another whose name has scarcely reached us. Dr. Blacklock had infinitely greater assurance given him of enduring fame than Pope himself; and the odds may be stated to have been considerably in favour of the longevity of poor Dennis's name over that of the illustrious Dryden, so long as the men of the age in which they lived had any control over their claims to immortality. Mr. Northcote puts beyond all cavil the historical fact that Titian had been invested with titles of distinction during his life. It seems that in 1553, Charles V. conferred on him the rank of Count Palatine of the Empire, and the document in which the dignity is granted, is now, for the first time we believe, presented to the world in the English language.

'The original legal document is written, of course, in barbarous law-latin, and filled with tautology; but the following translation is nearly word for word the same.

'"Charles the Fifth, by divine favour, august Emperor of the Romans, King of Germany and Spain, greets with the grace and blessing of Cæsar, our distinguished, faithful, and beloved Titian of Vicelli, knight and count of the sacred Lateran Palace, and of our Court and Imperial Consistory.

'"As it has always been our custom, since by the divine auspices we were

exalted to the lofty dignity of Cæsar, to bestow our regard, grace, and favour chiefly on persons remarkable for fidelity and attachment to us and to the holy Roman Empire, who possessed excellent morals, and who were celebrated and eminent above others in virtue, ingenious arts, and industry; observing therefore your remarkable fidelity towards us and the holy Roman Empire, together with your illustrious qualities and the endowments of your genius in that exquisite science of painting and in finishing portraits to the life, in which art indeed you appear to us to merit being named the Apelles of our age, &c. &c.

'"Therefore of our own intent, fixed knowledge, and deliberation, and assisted by the wise counsel of the princes, counts, barons, and others of our own beloved nobles of the sacred Empire, and with the plenitude of our Imperial power, we constitute, create, and elevate you, the aforesaid Titian, Count of the sacred Lateran palace, of our court, and Imperial consistory, and with clemency we distinguish you with the title of Count Palatine:—conformably to the tenure of these presents, we constitute, create, establish, elevate, and ran you in their order," &c.

'It seems by this instrument that Titian had been previously a Knight and Count of the holy Lateran Palace, of the Imperial court and consistory, and that the present instrument made him a Count Palatine.'—vol. i. pp. 309—311.

Titian, it would appear from this document, had been already a Knight and Count of the Lateran Palace, of the Court and Imperial Consistory. But the decrees of emperors and the records of solemn councils are long forgotten, and all the splendid rays of royal favour have been for ever dimmed in the effulgence of the glory of the artist. The illustrious painter was not, however, ungrateful for the patronage with which Charles had the judgment to distinguish him; and to this day the most splendid monuments of his unrivalled genius are to be found in the country where Titian's merits were so liberally rewarded. The Last Supper, in the Escurial, has long been celebrated as one of the most admirable of Titian's works. With respect to this celebrated picture, we have the following letter from the artist to Philip the Second, which may well be regarded as a curiosity:—

'To his Catholic Majesty Philip the Second, Madrid.

'"The *Supper of our Lord*, which I formerly promised to your Majesty, is now, by the grace of God, completed. I began it about seven years ago, and have laboured upon it almost continually, being desirous to leave to your Majesty, in this last stage of my life, the greatest proof of my early devotion to your Majesty that it is in my power to give. God grant that it may appear as good to your excellent judgment as I have endeavoured to make it, in the hope of giving you satisfaction. Your Majesty will receive it at an early day, consigned to your Secretary, Garzia Errando, according to your commands. Meanwhile, I supplicate your infinite clemency, that if ever, at anytime, any part of my very long services have been agreeable to you, you will deign to compassionate me; so that I may no longer be tormented by your Ministers, in receiving

my allowance sometimes by an express from Spain, sometimes from the Chamber at Milan; that I may live in more tranquillity for the few days which remain for me to spend in your service. And I trust your Majesty will not be less merciful to me than was the Emperor your father, (of glorious memory), but will make your Ministers execute your benevolent orders, which towards me have always been so condescending, by which means I shall be freed from a thousand continually harrassing cares, in striving to obtain my small pittance, and be able to spend the whole of my time in serving you with my labours, without being obliged to waste the greater part of it, as I am now compelled to do, in writing here and there to your different negociators, not without a very serious expense to me, and almost always in vain, or else receiving only some very trifling sum after a length of time. I am certain, most clement Sire, that if your Majesty knew in part the trouble I have had in this affair, your infinite piety would compassionate me; and peradventure would show some sign of your great benignity, in ordering a schedule to be written for me, as I assure you, that notwithstanding your goodness, I have never received any sum equal to your kind intentions, on account of their forms in paying me. And this is the reason that I am now obliged to seek relief at the feet of my most Catholic Lord, supplicating your compassion to provide for my misfortune by some gracious expedient; so that you may no longer be wearied by my complaints, and that I may be in future freed from these vexatious cares, and enabled to employ myself wholly in your service.—I kiss your Catholic Majesty's hands. Your most devoted and most humble servant,

'" *Venice, August 5*, 1554. TITIAN."'

—vol. i. pp. 322—*324.*

Mr. Northcote has a very striking chapter on the encouragement of Art in England, as compared with Italy. He is of opinion that the difference between the works of English and Italian artists, lies altogether in the different degrees of encouragement which each class respectively receives. He thinks, that from the success with which the British have already cultivated every department of genius which was open to them, they would have most certainly triumphed over all the nations of the earth in painting, 'had the requisite demand been made to call their efforts into action.' He proceeds to argue that it was interest alone that caused the rise of the arts in Italy, and he characteristically observes, that '*could* the fine arts in England be brought to aid the power of the government as much as the rotten boroughs, we should soon see them patronized to such a degree as would quickly cause them to mount to the highest heaven of invention.' We must allow Mr. Northcote to speak for himself on this interesting topic; and the reader who fails to profit by his reasoning, we are quite sure, will be amused by the quaint and homely manner in which he treats *the* subject.

'It was the interest of the Romish Church to impress its subjects *by* every means in its power with an awful conception of the mysteries of their religion, which it claimed the sole privilege of inculcating. And the chapel of the Pope, in which is displayed the representation of the Last

Judgment, with colossal figures of prophets and sybils, by the hand of Michael Angelo, strikes the mind (as was foreseen) with profound reverence.

'All governments, from their nature, act the same; and our own is not exempt from this rule. As we see that in place of the Last Judgment our artists have to represent something relative to the battle of Waterloo, &c., and instead of saints and holy apostles, which fill Catholic cathedrals, ours are supplied with sculptured heroes of our army and navy, and in such prodigious abundance, that at first sight the church in which they are clustered together has the appearance of a sculptor's work-shop. But paintings, unluckily, are not considered as of any use to the purposes of Government in this country, and therefore that department of art is neglected, and left to shift for itself. For as to the patronage of private individuals, it cannot be expected that even the seven Cartoons of Raphael, or twenty more if added to them, could vie in interest with the portrait of the husband, the portrait of the wife, the child, the horse, the house, the garden, or the dog of the employer; and of course for these luxuries the demand is perpetual and unlimited, and thousands of artists, of all degrees of ability, find by it a decent maintenance.

'On the politic revival of the arts in Italy, although at first appearing in weak and imperfect efforts, yet the pleasure excited by the novelty alone much assisted their progress. The phenomenon struck the astonished world with wonder, veneration, and delight: it seemed to produce a new era in the creation; and thus admiring and adoring crowds called forth a degree of emulation in the artists equal to its cause; and what might not be expected from such motives? The patronage soon became immense: every church was void of those ornaments, and every altar was to be supplied; and genius thus became animated by the united force of ambition, enthusiasm, and interest; and artists, unawed by critics, brought all their energies to a focus, producing works which seemed to be beyond the powers of man. But the fascinating qualities which novelty possesses are soon set aside by time. The churches at length were filled; and works of art, from their frequency, ceasing to be matter of wonder, they therefore operated with less effect, and were less the object of attention: for mankind will not be surprised more than once with similar results. However, it is to be remarked that the high credit which so much excellence had acquired, still assisted by the powerful prejudices of religion, kept the arts alive some time after most of the public places had been occupied, and votaries of superstition still required works of art to furnish oratories and private apartments with the representations of grand and awful events, such as they had been accustomed to contemplate, and such as are best suited for the pencil of great masters. But this state of the arts also had its period. The vulgar became familiarized to it, and assumed the importance of the critic and the judge, exacting fresh miracles to draw their notice and respect. But what power was ever able to satisfy the unlimited demands of ignorance? which, like a froward child, rejects the toy it possesses and cries for something new, though not of half the value. Thus the ill-fated arts, being deprived of their proper and wonted nourishment, naturally sunk by a slow and gentle decay till they seemed again to expire. As we may perceive that in their present state, even in Italy itself, in the very bosom of that church which caused their re-ani-

nation, and gave them a second existence, scarcely a semblance in point of excellence can be found, nor in the degenerate offspring can we trace a distant likeness to to the parent. Fallen from the dignity of being the teachers and directors, they are become the instruments of pleasure only or the ministers of vice. If such is their degraded state even in Italy, what can be expected from modern efforts in other countries, where works are executed under a patronage (if such it can be called) at once both scanty and precarious? Perhaps some private individual, influenced by the whim of the moment, or else some tasteless dealer, whose sole view is gain, gives a casual commission for a work, but effects from such causes can manifest only the stunted growth of avarice or folly.—*Nothing can come of nothing.*'—vol. i. pp. 373—377.

From that portion of Northcote's remarks, in which he gives directions and cautions to those who have determined to devote themselves to the service of 'this dying art,' as he calls it, we select the following passage:—

'As an address to the imagination is the principal and highest office of the art, the painter in the treatment of his subject is to consider himself as a poet, and not a mere historian or antiquary: and when it thwarts his great design, he must not be slavishly bound down to give literal information on the trifling circumstances of costume or antiquarian research.

Those things are held as the means only, not as the end. The painter's great business is to move the nobler passions and affections by the best means in his power, otherwise he sinks into the mere relater of a fact; and that also with very limited and inadequate materials to attain the end. By conforming to such practice, painting would no longer be the sister of poetry nor even of history, but rather the hand-maid. Painting, considered as history, is very contracted in its powers; but as poetry, it is almost unbounded.

'The painter, who justly comprehends what are the first requisites in his work, will with propriety and a due subordination add all those lesser qualities; as there is no question but that all historical information that can be given without infringing on the first and most important excellences, will increase the value of his labours. But he who aims at standing in the highest rank of his art, or whose first desire is to touch the soul, will remember that they are subordinate and of a mean and inferior quality, by as much as mere industry or dry acquired knowledge is below genius or invention.

'But it is also necessary to guard against falling into an error which is totally the reverse of the former. There is a class of painters, and some of them not without talent, who, from an abhorrence to *common-place* ideas, and to avoid them in their works, have adopted novelty in the place of invention; having persuaded themselves to confound it with excellence, and in their capricious designs are fond of introducing such extravagances as indeed are new and never before seen in picture. But, why are they new? Not because they had never been thought of before, but that when they were thought of by judicious painters, they had been rejected as unfit materials for the pencil to work upon. Yet such artists are not without their little party of admirers, and that even to enthusiasm amongst the weak-minded! The novelty, the bombast, the violation of all simplicity and nature, strike with force on puny imaginations, as frightful tales

and romances of every kind do on children. But to such admirers no regard is to be paid, as being totally unable to feel or comprehend the exquisite beauties and high difficulties which are achieved in those profound and powerful works of art, where the truth and simplicity of nature is so unostentatiously displayed, that to their ignorance it seems no longer art, and as if nothing arduous had been done, though the accomplishment of this is the greatest of all difficulties. Even simply to represent in painting a passing moment, or what the poet calls "the Cynthia of a minute," though it may seem trifling to the uninformed, is one of the hardest tasks in the art: on the contrary, that which painters distinguish by the term of *still-life*, namely, the imitation of things stationary and inanimate, is the most easy to be accomplished. The first gives you that which lasts but for an instant; the latter represents the unchanged duration of hours, with full time to touch and retouch, and where there is no instantaneous beauty to be caught and executed with "heedless haste and giddy cunning."

'Another species of subjects I shall speak of, as I am apt to think that too much merit is ascribed to them, or rather that their degree or rank is not justly settled, by which not only the spectator is deluded, but the student is misled to his hurt. I mean to instance all those compositions which, from their nature, require a multiplicity of figures, battle-pieces, &c., for it is to be remarked that in such complicated subjects the attention is so distracted, that great errors may and often do creep in unobserved. For all that exquisite distinction of character or exact discrimination in the expression of the passions, which works of the highest order absolutely require, would, in those instances, be lost or undiscernable in the mighty bustle which makes up the whole. You cannot distinguish the superiority of a wise man over a fool when mixed in a crowd. Consequently, compositions of this kind seldom contain, and perhaps scarcely require, any higher degree of merit than that of a masterly execution in handling, added to a few other parts of the art, such as may be acquired by those of a very moderate portion of ability. For it is the test of genius or good sense to prove with how few figures it is able to tell its story. And I should give it as my advice to students in the art, always to compose their historical designs with as few figures as possible, admitting that their subject be fully explained; and also that their figures should be large in proportion to the size of the canvass. The reason is this, that it will the better enable them to display the greatest difficulties and the highest refinements of the art, which are most assuredly comprised in the human figure. Faults too are more easily overlooked when the work is slightly executed, or if the figures are numerous or small.'—vol. i. pp. 383—387.

Mr. Northcote observes, that we are an exception to almost any other nation in this respect, that we exhibit but little partiality for our native artists. Our connoisseurs are particularly obnoxious to this charge, as will be seen by the following extract.

'Impartiality is not their foible; they, on the contrary, obstinately shut their eyes to the merit of their own countrymen only; and whilst they discover imaginary beauties in every thing that is foreign, endeavour to close up all avenues to the advancement of the arts in their own country. I will not add sciences, for in those they are generally too ignorant to

interfere, and in those, by the force of genius, we luckily excel. And so confirmed are they in their prejudices, that they will not endeavour to know what is praiseworthy in their own country.

'It must be observed that our modern *virtuosi* have not the excuse their predecessors had; for, notwithstanding the imputation of *grossierté* they have been pleased to bestow on their own countrymen so freely, the good sense and judgment allowed them by all nations have enabled them to excel even in the art of painting.

'Whoever shall examine most of the pictures offered to sale under great names, and compare them with nature, will not be a little surprised at the assurance of those that aim at and too often succeed in such gross impositions; and pass off paltry copies or often originals, whose beauties are either so lost by time, or totally effaced in cleaning, that the buyer pays for the venerable canvass or board, merely as a relic the devout hand of some great master has laid on: or else so painted over, that the real charms, like those of a French courtezan, are entirely hid beneath the artificial repairs.

'But what contributes to keep up the deceit, is the vanity of several of those distinguished by the title of connoisseurs, who are generally men that travel; and not having vivacity enough to join in the gaieties of the sprightly part of the world, or judgment enough to make those useful and interesting remarks which are necessary to the knowledge of mankind, to keep up their importance, they assume the character of arbiters in *virtu*, as it is called, though perhaps all their knowledge consists in a few hard names and as many hard words, which they throw out with great gravity and superciliousness: and being used to look at pictures grown dark with age, smoked in churches with lamps, or stained and altered by damps, mistake those defects for beauties, and enslaved by their prejudices, look with contempt on the clearness of colouring and the brightness of nature that shines through a modern picture: while the man of real taste, not caring to stem the torrent of nonsense, leaves them to carry on the farce without control.'—vol. i. pp. 390—392.

The following summary of Titian's professional character is, in our judgment, very discriminating and just, and reflects credit on the acuteness and on the taste of Northcote.

'As Titian contented himself with a faithful representation of nature, his forms were fine when he found them in his model. If like Raphael, he had been inspired with the genuine love of the beautiful, it might have led him to have courted it in selected nature or in her more attractive charms to be found in the polished graces of the antique: the purity of his design thus united with the enchanting magic of his colouring would have stamped him the most accomplished painter that the art has produced. But although Titian cannot with propriety be placed among those artists who have distinguished themselves by the excellence of their choice and the refinement of their expression, he is not altogether wanting in grandeur or dignity. Like Michael Angelo, he occasionally exaggerated or went beyond his model, but it was rather to render it more tender and fleshy, than like Buonarotti to render it more vigorous and muscular. A general feeling for colour rather than a correct principle of composition, induced him to make prominent the most beautiful parts of his figures, as

affording the finest masses and the boldest relief. His female figures and children are preferable to those of his men; and he has given them an air of *naiveté* and ease which, though not absolutely grace, is nearly allied to it; and it is generally supposed that N. Poussin and the sculpture Fiamingo, who excelled in the representation of infantine beauty, formed their idea of it by contemplating the works of Titian.

'As a colourist, Titian holds an unrivalled dominion over every competitor. No painter has viewed nature with so chaste an eye; and to none were the tender blandishments of her charms more confidentially communicated. In his pictures the tones are so subtlely melted as to leave no intimation of the colours which were on his pallet; and it is perhaps in that respect that his system of colouring differs so materially from that of Rubens, who was accustomed to place his colours one near the other, with a slight blending of the tints. He observed, that in nature every object offered a particular surface or character, transparent, opaque, rude, or polished; and that these objects differed in the strength of their tints and the depth of their shadows. It was in this diversity, that he found the generality and perfection of his art. Hence, as Mengs remarks, in imitating nature he took the principal for the whole, and represented his fleshy tones, chiefly composed of demitints, totally by demitints, and divested of demitints those passages in which few were discernible in nature. By these means he arrived at an indescribable perfection of colouring, which approaches to illusion.

'In invention and composition he confined himself to a representation of what appeared to him to be naturally necessary to the subject; and this strict adherence to individuality prompted him to introduce into his historical pictures, instead of ideal characters analogous to the subject, heads designed from life, with a precision which gave to the most interesting subjects of history the formality of portraiture.

'That he was capable of occasionally venturing beyond this boundary, he has given proof in his fine picture of St. Pietro Martire, in which his friend and admirer Algarotti asserts, that the most fastidious critic cannot find the shadow of defect. The composition of this celebrated picture is admirable; and though composed of very few figures, they are spiritedly designed, full of action, and marked with a grandeur seldom found in the works of this artist. As a painter of portraits, Titian is indisputably entitled to the highest rank. To the nobleness and simplicity of character which he always gave them, he added what Sir Joshua Reynolds calls "a senatorial dignity," a natural and unaffected air, which distinguishes his personages from those of every other artist; and to his transcendant excellence in this branch, he is indebted for a great portion of his fame.

'To the celebrity of Titian as a painter of history and portraits, is to be added his excellence in landscape-painting. Whether it is predominant or introduced as an accessory, it is always treated by him in the grandest and most picturesque style. Such is the admirable back ground of his famous picture of St. Pietro Martire, than which it would be difficult to find in the whole range of art a more sublime and impressive accompaniment so artfully conducive to the terrific effect of the subject.'—vol. ii. pp. 62—66.

No reader can have meditated on the passages which we have

now selected from this work, without coming to the conviction that, as to some portion of it at least, it is calculated to make a very useful, and, indeed, a very necessary impression on the public mind. But no one who took up the volumes themselves to read, and was not possessed of the patience which we own we have exercised in separating the grain from the accumulated chaff under which it lies buried, could rise from the perusal of the whole contents without entertaining a very indifferent opinion, although a very unjust one, of Northcote's mind. No one but a malicious enemy of that artist could have put his hasty manuscripts before the public in such indiscriminate and disorderly profusion, as has been the case in the present instance. A goodly octavo, of very moderate thickness, would have floated to distant posterity every valuable thought and word which Northcote had consigned for their use, through the medium of this Life of Titian. But we acknowledge that we have the most conscientious apprehensions, that the massive volumes before us will too soon assert the irresistible power of their own gravity, and will carry with them to premature oblivion what was certainly worthy of a better fate.

ART. IV.—*Narrative of the Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati, native of Ferrara; who, under the assumed name of Mahomet, made the campaigns against the Wahabees, for the recovery of Mecca and Medina: and since acted as Interpreter to European Travellers in some of the parts least visited of Asia and Africa.* Translated from the Italian, as dictated by himself, and edited by William John Bankes, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London: Murray. 1830.

THE sanction of a gentleman of Mr. William Bankes's character and station would have been sufficient to silence all doubts of the authenticity of the present publication; but we have, in addition to the guarantee of his name, a number of facts and coincidences specified in the preface, or appended, in the shape of notes, to the text, which, in our opinion, completely protect Finati from all suspicions of bad faith.

Mr. Bankes, no doubt, felt himself peculiarly bound to satisfy the public on this fundamental point, since he must have anticipated that the strangeness of the adventures which are recorded in these volumes would, every now and then, have startled the belief of the sensible reader. We acknowledge that we have been startled ourselves; and we should have, most undoubtedly, given Finati a very respectable berth amongst the multitudinous host of spinners of long yarns, which we tender amongst the most precious inhabitants of our library, if it were not that we were exceedingly posed by one or two stubborn facts which are connected with the rise and progress of this work. It seems that Finati is an author by compulsion almost, rather than by choice. Book-manufacturing is therefore out of the question. To make a figure in print, could scarcely

have been within the objects of his ambition or vanity, since the only country in which his "hair-breadth escapes" are destined to be celebrated, is one that he had visited with reluctance, and abandoned with pleasure. Mr. Bankes has further added, that he himself is a witness to many of the incidents which the author relates; and, in confirmation of various statements which Finati makes, the editor quotes passages from a French writer, between whose work and that of Finati, there prevails just such an agreement as to substantial matters, and such a variation as to immaterial details, as would be expected from two witnesses of integrity who had given evidence of the same events, without any concert or communication with each other.

Having premised thus much as to the authenticity of this narrative, we proceed at once to the various, rapid, and highly interesting scenes which it unfolds. Finati was a native of Ferrara in Italy. He was destined for the ecclesiastical profession. He was disinclined to this calling, and while yet he was meditating the most effectual means of escaping from the preparatory studies to which he had been condemned, Italy became a vassal of Buonaparte's. Finati was drawn as a conscript, and after the most obstinate attempts on his own, and on the part of his family, to resist the fate which had thus been marked out for him, he was forced to follow to the field. The regiment which Finati was obliged to join was, shortly after his entrance into the French army, ordered to embark, at Venice, for Spalatro* in Dalmatia, near the confines of Russia, where Marmont was then quartered. From this place, Finati made his escape, with fifteen other Italians, into Albania, where he met with a variety of comical adventures. Finding that his personal safety at Antivari, where he had been sojourning, was not guaranteed to his satisfaction, Finati embarked on board a merchantman, and proceed to Alexandria. Here he was induced to enlist as a volunteer in the service of the Pasha. He subsequently proceeded to Cairo, where he was promoted to the rank of corporal of the body guard of the Pasha. This same Pasha, who was no other than Mahomet Ali, was kept busily engaged at this time in repressing the jealousies subsisting between his Turkish and Albanian troops, but more anxiously still, in attempting to extinguish the remains of the Mamelukes, who, in different parts of Egypt, were carrying on their old practice of extortion against the natives. The arms of Mahomet succeeded against the Mamelukes, and some of their chiefs were taken into favour and employment in Cairo. But they began to cabal, and became so troublesome that the Pasha determined to destroy them root and branch. The following is the ac-

* It is by no means an uninteresting fact which Mr. Bankes mentions, that the *a* in the second syllable of this word, as well as the same letter in the words Otranto and Taranto, is pronounced short. Thus we should in strictness say, the "Castle of Otrănto"

count of the sanguinary plan which was carried into execution on the occasion.

'Dissembling all suspicion upon his part, and at the same time shunning everything that might excite it on the part of the Mamelukes, the Pasha invited their chief, Saim Bey, to an audience, and led him into familiar conversation, opening to him first his own views on this holy war, and inviting him to join in it.

'The Bey had always passed for a man of craft and penetration; but he was over-reached in this instance, for acceding at once, and seeming flattered at the proposal, he entered freely afterwards into many details, and enumerated those whom he considered to be more or less under his disposal and influence, speaking at the same sime in so high and confident a tone of the attachment and union of his followers, as to leave no doubt at all of his ambitious views on the mind of Mahomet Ali; who, therefore, proceeding in his scheme, as concerted with Hassan Pasha, concluded the interview by inviting him, with all his adherents capable of bearing arms, to present themselves in the citadel on the following Friday, in order that arrangements might be made as to the part which this important body should bear in the campaign.

'On his return from the audience, the Bey communicated the whole substance of what had passed to such of the Mamelukes as were most in his confidence, one of whom, who had more discernment than the rest, cried out immediately, "We are betrayed!" "So much the worse," replied Saim, "if it be so:" and, rebuking him with a look, added, "if there be danger, we shall not want courage to meet it." Then calling together the principal, as well as inferior officers, over whom he presided, he recommended to them that they should all accompany him to the citadel, at a certain hour on the forenoon on the day appointed.

'In the mean while the Pasha was not idle in concerting his measures for receiving them.

'Before dawn, upon the Friday named, (1st March, 1811,) the drums were beating throughout the city to call the troops together as for some great parade; few, if any of us, had received any intimation of this beforehand, so that all hurried from their quarters to know what it meant, and were marched off to the citadel as they arrived, and stationed there.

'No specific instructions were given, but each man was strictly charged, after his arms had been examined, on no account to quit the post assigned him, and to wait there for further orders.

'The hour of audience was at hand, and a procession of about five hundred Mameluke officers, of higher or lower degrees, presented themselves at the gate of the citadel, and went in; they made rather a splendid show, and were led by three of their generals, among whom Saim Bey was conspicuous: when entered, they proceeded directly onwards to the palace, which occupies the highest ground; and as soon as their arrival there was announced to Mahomet Ali and Hassan Pasha, who were sitting in conference together within, an immediate order was given for the introduction of the three Chiefs, who were received with great affability, both Pashas entering into a good deal of conversation with them, and many compliments and civilities passed.

'After a time, according to Eastern custom, coffee was brought, and, last of all, the pipes; but at the moment when these were presented, as if

from etiquette, or to leave his guests more at their ease, Mahomet Ali rose and withdrew, and sending privately for the captain of his guard, gave orders that the gates of the citadel should be closed; adding, that as soon as Saim Bey and his two associates should come out for the purpose of mounting, they should be fired upon till they dropped, and that at the same signal the troops, posted throughout the fortress, should take aim at every Mameluke within their reach; while a corresponding order was sent down at the same time to those in the town, and to such even as were encamped without, round the foot of the fortress, to pursue the work of extermination on all stragglers that they should find, so that not one of the proscribed body might escape.

'Saim Bey, and his two brothers in command, finding that the Pasha did not return to them, and being informed by the attendants that he was gone into his harem (an answer that precluded all further inquiry), judged it to be time to take their departure. But no sooner did they make their appearance without, and were mounting their horses, than they were suddenly fired upon from every quarter, and all became at once a scene of confusion, and dismay, and horror, similar volleys being directed at all the rest who were collected round and preparing to return with them, so that the victims dropped by hundreds.

'Saim himself had time to gain his saddle, and even to penetrate to one of the gates of the citadel; but all to no purpose, for he found it closed like the rest; and fell there pierced with innumerable bullets.

'Another Chief, Amim Bey, who was the brother to Elfi, urged the noble animal which he rode to an act of greater desperation, for he spurred him till he made him clamber upon the rampart, and preferring rather to be dashed to pieces than to be slaughtered in cold blood, drove him to leap down the precipice, a height that has been estimated at from thirty to forty feet, or even more; yet fortune so favoured him, that, though the horse was killed in the fall, the rider escaped.

'An Albanian camp was below, and an officer's tent very near the spot on which he alighted; instead of shunning it, he went in, and throwing himself on the rites of hospitality, implored that no advantage might be taken of him; which was not only granted, but the officer offered him protection, even at his own peril, and kept him concealed so long as the popular fury and the excesses of the soldiery continued.

'Of the rest of that devoted number, thus shut up and surrounded, not one went out alive; and even of those who had quietly remained in the town, but very few found means to elude the active and greedy search that was made after them, a high price being set upon every Mameluke's head that should be brought.

'All Cairo was filled with wailing and lamentations; and, in truth, the confusion and horrors of that day are indescribable, for not the Mamelukes alone, but others also, in many instances, wholly unconnected with them, either from mistake, or from malice, or for plunder, were indiscriminately seized on, and put to death; so that great as the number was that perished of that ill-fated body, it yet did not comprehend the total of the victims.

'For myself, I have reason to be thankful that though I was one of the soldiers stationed in the citadel that morning, I shed none of the blood of those unhappy men, having had the good fortune to be posted at an avenue where none of them attempted to pass, or came near me, so that my pistols and musket were never fired.'—vol. i. pp. 103—113.

Finati was next engaged in the expedition sent by Mahomet Ali against the Wahabees, for the recovery of Medina. The troops were unsuccessful and Fanati returned to Cairo. We should have mentioned that, before leaving the capital, he had been married to a beautiful slave, who, it seems, during his absence upon the campaign against the Wahabees, acted in a manner so inconsistently with her conjugal vows, as to compel Finati to give her up. He determined on a divorce, the wife consented, they went before a person in authority, to whom they confided their intention, the woman received back what was settled on her at her marriage, and the marriage was dissolved.

'Thus easily is this matter disposed of among Mahometans, so soon as the parties become indifferent to one another; and it seems to be perhaps the only mode of preventing those lamentable disorders which abound in countries where matrimony once contracted becomes indissoluble.

'Not that I have any desire to make a panegyric upon Eastern customs or morals, for I know very well that the too great facility with which divorce is there obtained, tends to make wedlock lightly thought of, and engaged in heedlessly, and is attended with many inconveniences: but still, I cannot help thinking, that where divorce is attainable, under *certain* wholesome restrictions, it may be of great practical advantage.'—vol. i. pp. 192, 193.

The discomfiture of the Egyptian troops by the Wahabees, created a great disappointment in Cairo, insomuch, that Mahomet Ali himself, proceeded to the seat of war, in order, by his conduct and presence, to enable his army to repair their lost character, and to conclude the object of the expedition. Finati also proceeded to join his regiment; but, in the course of operations, the detachment to which he belonged was so unsuccessful, and was exposed to so much suffering, that Finati judged it prudent to abandon the army and proceed to Mecca. His journey to that far-famed city was perilous and fatiguing; but his account of its curiosities, and of the other objects of interest which he observed in it, savours but little of the weariness which our author complains of having endured. His description cannot be abridged.

'The principal feature of the city is that celebrated sacred inclosure which is placed about the centre of it; it is a vast paved court, with doorways opening into it from every side, and with a covered colonnade, carried all round like a cloister, while in the midst of the open space stands the edifice, called the Kaaba, whose walls are covered entirely over on the outside with hangings of black velvet, on which there are Arabic inscriptions embroidered in gold.

'Facing one of its angles (for this little edifice is of a square form) there is a well which is called the well Zemzem, of which the water is considered to be so peculiarly holy, that some of it is even sent annually to the Sultan at Constantinople; and no person who comes to Mecca, whether on pilgrimage, or for more worldly considerations, ever fails both to drink of it, and to use it in his ablutions, since it is supposed to wipe out the stain of all past transgressions.

'There is a stone also near the bottom of the building itself, which all the visitants kiss as they pass round it, and the multitude of them has been so prodigious as to have worn the surface quite away.

'Quite detached, but fronting to the Kaaba, stand four pavilions, (corresponding to the four sects of the Mahometan religion,) adapted for the pilgrims: and though the concourse had of late years been from time to time much interrupted, there arrived, just when I came to Mecca, two caravans of them, one Asiatic, and one from the African side, the two together amounting to not less than about forty thousand persons, who all seemed to be full of reverence towards the holy place.

'Such an influx of strangers, added to the garrison kept there by our Pasha, (which was in itself pretty numerous,) tended prodigiously to throng this little Arabian city; and its accommodations becoming quite insufficient to lodge a multitude so much exceeding the usual average, the greater part passed the night outside the walls in tents, or huts, or on the bare ground; and so during the day time resorted in crowds to the place of devotion.

'There arose also of course an extraordinary demand for all sorts of provisions and necessaries, which were in consequence sold at the most extravagant prices; but this seemed to diminish nothing of the fervour and zeal of the visitants, nor at all to shorten their stay.

'Over and above the general ceremonies of the purification at the well, and of the kissing of the corner-stone, and of the walking round the Kaaba a certain number of times in a devout manner, every one has also his own separate prayer to put up, and so to fulfil the conditions of his vow, and the objects of his own particular pilgrimage.

'Both within and without the circuit of the sacred inclosure, there is an immense quantity of pigeons, which are considered to be in some measure under the special protection of the Prophet, and consequently no person presumes to kill or molest them; but many bring with them, even from the most distant countries, some small quantity of grain, with which they may take the opportunity of feeding these birds.'—vol. i. pp. 251—256.

The performance of all the ceremonies is not confined to the city. The pilgrims must go in procession to Mount Arafat, and, on their return, they must run for the space of a mile. The road passes near a spot where formerly a well existed, and on it each pilgrim throws a stone. The spot is represented, in the traditions of the country, to have been cursed by the prophet. A similar practice to this is quite common in Ireland, and the cause is exactly identical. In the neighbourhood of those mounds in the sister country, there is a great scarcity of stones,—a circumstance which is mentioned as being observable also in the neighbourhood of the site of the well in Arabia, on which the prophet had set his malediction. Finati concludes the description of the ceremonies as follows:—

'Beyond this point stands a column, which is set up as the extreme limit of the pilgrimage, and this every pilgrim must have passed before sunrise. While all such as have not gone beyond by that time must wait till the next year, if they wish to be entitled to the consideration and privileges of complete Hadjees, since, without this circumstance, all the rest remains imperfect.

'The hill of Arafat lying at a distance of no less than seven hours from Mecca, it is necessary to set out very early, in order to be there in time; many of the pilgrims, and especially the more devout amongst them, performing all the way on foot.

'When they have reached the place, all who have any money, according to their means, sacrifice one or more sheep; and the rich often furnish those who are poor and destitute with the means of buying one.

'Such a quantity of sacrifices quite fills the whole open space with victims, and the poor flock from all the country round to have meat distributed to them.

'After which, at the conclusion of the whole ceremony, all the names are registered by a scribe, appointed for the purpose; and when this is finished, the African and Asiatic caravans part company, and return to their own several countries: many detachments of the pilgrims visiting Medina in the way.'—vol. i. pp. 258—260.

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'Many of the pilgrims go through the ceremony of making the entire circuit of the city upon the outside, and the order in which this is performed is as follows:—The devotee first goes without the gates, and, after presenting himself there to the religious officer who presides, throws off all his clothes, and takes a sort of large wrapping garment in lieu of them to cover himself; upon which he sets off, walking at a very quick pace, or rather running, to reach the nearest of the four corners of the city, a sort of guide going with him at the same rate all the way, who prompts certain ejaculations or prayers which he ought to make at particular spots as he passes; at every angle he finds a barber, who, with wonderful quickness, wets and shaves one quarter of his head: and so on, till he has reached the barber at the fourth angle, who completes the work. After which the pilgrim takes his clothes again, and has finished that act of devotion.

'There is also near the holy city, an eminence called the Hill of Light, as I imagine, from its remarkable whiteness. Upon this the pilgrims have a custom of leaping, while they repeat, at the same time, prayers and verses of the Koran. Many also resort to a lesser hill, about a mile distant from the city, on which there is a small mosque, which is reputed as a place of great sanctity.

'An annual ceremony takes place in the great temple itself, which is worth mentioning before I quit the subject altogether.

'I have already spoken of the little square building, whose walls are covered with hangings of black and gold, and which is called the Kaaba. Once in the year, and once only, this holy of holies is opened, and as there is then nothing to prevent admission, it appears surprising at first to see so few who are willing to go into the interior, and especially since this act is supposed to have great efficacy in the remission of all past sins. But the reason must be sought for in the conditions which are annexed, since he who enters is, in the first place, bound to exercise no gainful trade or pursuit, nor to work for his livelihood in any way whatever; and next he must submit patiently to all offences and injuries, and must never again touch any thing that is impure or unholy.'—vol. i. pp. 265—268.

We do not follow Finati through the remaining details of the campaign, which he has given in a very spirited manner: it is sufficient to say that, having returned to Cairo in good health, and

having abandoned all military prospects, he was led, by accident, to become one of the suite of Mr. Bankes, in 1815, during that gentleman's voyage on the Nile into Nubia. A very interesting account is then given of the different objects which the party visited in the vicinity of the banks of that celebrated stream; and traits are recorded of the conduct of the natives, which sometimes are favourable, at other times quite the contrary, to their character.

There is nothing of very peculiar interest in the details which Finati presents to us of the progress of the war against the Wahabees. He himself found means to return to Egypt. At Cairo he was accidentally introduced to Mr. Bankes, by whom he was engaged as his guide, on an excursion to Upper Egypt. The results of this journey we should prefer taking from Mr. Bankes himself, without any disparagement to Finati's powers of description. It is well known that the object of Mr. Bankes was to investigate the architectural and other interesting remains of Upper Egypt, and a tolerable idea of the perils and vicissitudes to which his thirst after antiquarian lore exposed him, may be taken from the itinerary of this preliminary expedition alone. After a sojourn in Nubia of three months, the party returned to Cairo, and thence set out on a new journey of curiosity into Syria. Finati was now regularly installed into the office of Janissary and Interpreter to Mr. Bankes. By the advice of the celebrated Burckhardt, the latter gentleman now assumed the turban, and in this disguise he was able to visit the mosques and other places in Cairo, from which strangers are excluded under the severest penalties. The party crossed the desert to Jaffa, and thence proceeded to Jerusalem, which city, it appears, Mr. Bankes examined with his usual perseverance and industry.

'The way,' (from Jaffa to Jerusalem) says Finati, 'is wild and barren, and so steep in parts, that we often chose to dismount; and when, at the distance of about half an hour, we first came in sight of the walls and battlements of Jerusalem, all alighted, as is the custom, and kneeled down, and then continued on foot to the gate.

'We were kindly received in the Roman Catholic convent, and lodged there during our stay; but the monks soon got weary of the poor Hanoverians, and of the childish and inconsiderate scrapes to which they exposed themselves, particularly after the disappearance of one of them during a whole night, who, being locked out of the city gate, had shewn a piece of money under it to the soldiery within, as a bribe, which was snatched out of his hand during the treaty, and he was left there to his reflections till morning. Within a few days they took their departure very unwillingly, Mr. Bankes hiring some return mules for them to Acre, and we heard no more of them.

'Some days were occupied in visiting the holy sepulchre, the Mount of Olives and Sion, the vale of Jehosophat, and tomb of the kings (which last is a large excavation, yet far inferior to those in Egypt); but as the Christmas of the Greeks was fast approaching, Mr. Bankes determined to witness their ceremonies at Bethlehem, where more than a thousand pilgrims of that persuasion were collected.

'We, therefore, removed thither early in the preceding day, and saw this multitude dining on the terrace-roof of the monastery, chiefly on olives and snails, for it was fast-time.

'We were lodged ourselves in that division of the same building which belongs to the Latins, for different shares of it are assigned to the different persuasions; the great Church of the Nativity, a handsome and spacious building, with three aisles, remaining common to all.

'The friars, whose guests we were, strongly discountenanced our attendance at a mass that was heretical, and gave us warning, that should we persist in going into the church, we must not expect to find any egress until morning.

'It proved indeed a very great fatigue, for the birth-place of the Saviour is under-ground, and very small, and was crowded with lights, and an immense throng of people even from dusk, the women sitting squatted on the floor, and men climbing and straddling over them, so that there were sometimes screams, and generally loud disputes, and even blows going on in some part or other of this little sanctuary all night long; but the interest greatly increased as midnight approached, there being a superstitious belief that the lamps hanging at the altar are seen to tremble of themselves at that moment.

'Though our position, however, was very close to them, we could observe no such thing, yet nevertheless heard eye-witnesses asserting it afterwards on that very night.

'To conciliate the Latin fathers, it was agreed that we should stay for their Epiphany; and in the mean time we witnessed a great humiliation of their rivals, both Greek and Armenians; for both these communities had lately raised a small superstructure in their quarter of the convent, which they were peremptorily ordered by the Aga of Jerusalem to demolish immediately with their own hands, under pretext that his special permission had not been obtained for it, and soldiers were sent over to superintend this work of destruction, which was completed in the sight of all their collected flock, and of the Latins, who, far from bearing any share in their mortification, were even accused by them as the instigators.

'The great tanks near Bethlehem, called the pools of Solomon, are well worth seeing, and I was shewn close to the village a field remarkably stony, which it is asserted cannot be cleared, it being the punishment of a churlish husbandman, who, upon the Virgin Mary inquiring of him what grain he was sowing, had answered "pebbles," and was promised in return that "he should reap as he sowed." Such is the legend that I was told upon the spot.

'After the Epiphany, (which presented a fresh scene of religious contests,) the Greek baptism was to take place in the river Jordan, and was very naturally an object of curiosity.

'The pilgrims, having women and children amongst them, moved at a slow rate; therefore Mr. Bankes, under the guidance of protection of four Christians of Bethlehem, armed with guns, did not set out till many hours after them, and travelling (as they also did) through the night, reached the spot on the river in good time for the ceremony in the morning.

'Whilst it was going on, and great numbers in the water, seven mounted Bedoueens, armed with lances, appeared on the other bank. I was directed to make them a sign of peace, which they soon answered, and came to a parley, in which it was agreed that two of them should join us

as an escort, which might make a longer delay, and further researches practicable in those dangerous parts.'—pp. 133—140.

Finati parted from his master near Antioch, and returning to Cairo, he remained some time in the service of a Bey. On the death of his new employer, Finati followed Mr. Salt, Belzoni, and others, whose invitation to accompany them he could not sooner act upon, into Nubia, where, from the knowledge derived during former excursions, he proved a valuable companion to these enterprising explorers. One of the most remarkable events of this journey was the opening of the Temple of Abousombal, of which the writer gives a very lively account.

'In my former journey I spoke of the condition in which the great temple of Abousombal then appeared; it is, in fact, the whole face of a vast rock cut down, and shaped into architecture, of which no more than the cornice and upper members of the front, and the bust only of one out of four colossal figures attached to it, emerged from the sand, which, in the course of ages, had flowed down from the higher level of the desert, and had buried all the remainder, sloping from thence in an inclined plane quite down to the water's edge, very white and loose, and during the day-time, heated to an intense degree by the sun.

'The position of the door, if there were any, (for even that was uncertain), might be guessed at from observing the centre, which was very sufficiently marked; but the total depth of the drift that had poured down could hardly be calculated, from the proportions, at less than from fifty to sixty feet, and so much of it at the least must be removed as should enable us to clear the upper part of the opening.

'We availed ourselves of such implements and contrivances as seemed adapted to facilitate the labour, and so soon as some appearances of the great architrave of a portal came to light, trunks of the palm-tree were driven down as piles, at the distance of two or three yards from it, which bore the loose mass from behind, and enabled us to scoop out a sort of well in front of them, which we consolidated, from time to time, by the pouring in of water.

'After a continuance of these exertions and expedients during upwards of three weeks, a corner of the doorway itself at last became visible.

'At that very moment, while fresh clamours and new disputes were going on with our crew, and the attention of all distracted, I, being one of the slenderest of the party, without a word said, crept through into the interior, and was thus the first that entered it, perhaps, for a thousand years.

Unlike all the other grottos in Egypt and Nubia, its atmosphere, instead of presenting a refreshing coolness, was a hot and moist vapour, not unlike that of a Turkish bath, and so penetrating, that paper, carried within, soon became as much saturated with wet as if it had been dropped into the river. It was, however, a consoling, and almost an unexpected circumstance, that the run of sand extended but a very little way within the aperture, and the remainder of the chambers were all unencumbered.

'With this favourable intelligence I came out again, still creeping flat upon my face, and assisted the rest in extending the orifice.

'My first stay within had been very short, both for the want of a light,

and from the fear of fainting, or being stifled in that strange atmosphere. But it was not long before we had all gained a somewhat easier admittance, and each being provided with a candle, were enabled to form a definite conception of the internal structure and details.

'The great hall, on entering, is, perhaps, about thirty feet high, and has eight colossal statues, standing four on a side, in lieu of columns, that seem to bear the ceiling upon their heads. We found in it two detached figures of lions with faces of birds, which were dragged out for the purpose of transmitting them to Mr. Salt, with a few other loose pieces of statuary, met with here and there in this and the other chambers, some of which, to the right and left, were less finely painted than the principal one, and seemed to have been sepulchral.

'Within the first there is a second hall, and then a sort of narrow vestibule, all opening in a right line to the holy of holies, in which an altar is still standing in front of four sitting deities, that are quite entire in every limb and feature, and with every colour remaining unimpaired upon them, but all worked, as well as the whole temple itself, out of the solid rock.

'The floor of all the apartments was covered over with a very black and fine dust, which, observing its resemblance to the remains of decayed lintels in most of the doorways, was conjectured to be pulverised wood.

'The joint labours of taking plans and measurements, and some views, as well as sketches from historical subjects upon the walls within side, drawn by Mr. Beechey, occupied several days, after which we proceeded upon our return, and touched at most of those antiquities that have been mentioned in a former chapter, on this portion of the Nile.'—vol. ii. pp. 202, 8.

Mr. Bankes having returned to Syria, and having resolved to avail himself again of Finati's services, the latter proceeded by appointment to Jerusalem, where Mr. Bankes was staying.

'My meeting with him, he says, at the Catholic convent, was a very joyful day to me; and I found there also in his company my two fellow-labourers at Abousombal, Captains Irby and Mangles, all Lord Belmore's family and suite, Mrs. Belzoni and her servant, and Mr. Legh, an English traveller, whom I had never before seen: so that perhaps there had seldom or never been at Jerusalem at any one time, so large an assemblage of Europeans.

'The festival of the Greek Easter, now close at hand, was the great attraction, and the number of pilgrims of that persuasion was unusually large. The crowd in the church of the holy sepulchre was prodigious on the day of the pretended miracle of the sacred fire, which took place, as usual, amidst the most noisy and indecent scuffling that can be imagined, every one striving who should first get his own taper lighted; and thus the little flames are seen spreading all over the church almost in an instant, and brandished about and twinkling in all directions, which has a singular and surprising effect. A very few mornings after, all this great multitude, still further increased by pilgrims of other sects, Copts, Armenians, and Abyssinians, preceeded to the Jordan, not less in number than about five thousand, escorted by the Turkish governor and a strong guard. There were men, women, and children, mounted—some two, some three, on the same beast of burden, horse, ass, or camel; and a still larger proportion of both sexes went creeping along on foot: so that the straggling proces-

sion stretched to a vast length in the narrow defiles on the road to Jericho, near which some pitched their tents in the plain, and some made shift to lie among the bushes for that night, but others hurried to the water immediately; for, taking lights with us, and going down to the river's edge before dawn, we found it already crowded with persons of both sexes, bathing or filling their bottles there, or cutting down branches to take home with them as relics.

'I, with the European party, passed on from thence to the Dead Sea, where the water is of a most nauseous quality to the taste, and most uncomfortable to the eyes and skin. We verified, however, that strange property imputed to it, of supporting bodies that will not swim elsewhere, for I myself saw Mr. Bankes, whom I know to be ignorant of that art, floating without effort upon its surface; and observed also, as remarkable, that scarce any part of the limbs is bedded in the water, but the whole seem to rest upon it as on a solid plane.

'The Greek devotees did not quit Jerusalem till they had had a very serious affray with the Catholic friars, within the very walls that contain the sepulchre; one of whom, bearing a high office in our convent, returned thither so beaten by them on the head, that he was bled immediately, and in our presence. He was an old man, and, being a Maltese, thought that he had some claim on English protection. The gentlemen accordingly finding that he had not been in fault) took up his cause, but could get no redress at all from the governor, who seemed to be better paid by the other party. The Society, therefore, had determined to abandon and lock up their convent, as well as their chapel in the holy sepulchre, and to retire elsewhere till they should be better protected; but our travellers dissuaded them from this step, promising to transmit strong representations on the subject to Constantinople and elsewhere, which conduced, several months later, to the displacing of that governor by the Pasha of Damascus.'—vol ii. pp. 225—229.

The account of the clandestine attempt to excavate the Tomb of Kings, by the Englishmen in Jerusalem, is very curious, as is also the description of the further adventures of the party in a journey beyond Jordan. At Jaffa, where they had arrived in the fruit season, Mr. Bankes, in consequence of incautiously indulging his appetite for water-melons and mulberries, was attacked with fever. His convalescence was signalized by the sudden commencement of a very singular enterprise, which, whether it was inspired in a dream, or undertaken in consequence of a vow, we have no means of knowing, but it is nevertheless very agreeably described by Finati.

'Some days previous to his departure for Ramah, emaciated and reduced as he was, he sat up in his bed, and after commending my care of him, asked if a handsome new Albanian dress could be bought in the bazar; I replied that it could, and as I always wore one, naturally conceived that it was intended for myself, so I brought one, and when asked if I had tried it on, replied that it fitted me, upon which I was ordered to change it, and look out for one that would suit a taller person, of my master's own height. I did so, and nothing more was said concerning

it, but it was carried with us to Ramah, where, within a day or two I remarked that he became very anxious to dispense with the doctor's presence, and to send him back to Jerusalem, a hint which the good man was at first very unwilling to take; but his patient, who was now well, did indeed recover strength surprisingly, and so, after many injunctions of rest and quiet, was left alone, as he desired to be, one single monk only remaining in the charge of the convent. No sooner was he thus freed from medical interference, than Mr. Bankes ordered that two hired mules should be got ready for Jerusalem about nightfall, specifying that he would not have a Christian conductor for them, but a Turk.

'After supper he shaved off all his beard, retaining only the hair upon the upper lip, and then calling for the Albanian suit, put it all on, with pistols in his belt, and a scarlet cap upon his head. It was the first and only time that I ever saw him in that garb, and from the alteration which illness had made in him, added to the loss of a bushy beard over and above, I feel confident that I should not have recognized him anywhere. Without direct inquiry on my part, or explanation upon his, we took the road to Jerusalem.

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'It was just dawn when we reached the western gate of the Holy City, which was not yet opened; so we alighted, and ordering the guide to stay there with the mules upon some pretext, went round the walls outside, till we came to St. Stephen's gate, which is the nearest to the Temple of Solomon. As we sat waiting there, Mr. Bankes disclosed to me that the sight of that forbidden temple was his object, and pressed me that I should go in with him, using as an argument, that since there was no chance at all that the keepers of the mosque would understand Albanian, and no necessity that an Albanian should speak either Turkish or Arabic (at least with any tolerable accent), the risk of detection, especially when a change in the government filled the city with strangers, must be very small, the soldiery, with whom alone it might be dangerous to be confronted, being but little frequenters of mosques, and at worst the device of the toothache might be resorted to.

'The penalty of the unauthorized entry of *that* mosque by a Christian, is death, and the same to the Mussulman who shall connive at it.

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'Fortunately there was no time for discussion or wavering, and if not done at once, the feat could not be done at all. St. Stephen's gate opened, my master went in, and I followed, after which I walked side by side with him into the great area of the temple, a noble square, with cypress trees here and there, and a great octagonal platform on steps in the centre, on which stands the edifice itself, the work of the Kaliph Omar. It is covered by a dome, and incrusted on all sides with porcelain glazed and coloured, fitted together into the most ingenious and beautiful patterns. On four corresponding sides of it are four brazen doors.

'We had admired this noble exterior together in silence for some time, when we saw a person wearing a green turban, who had the key, and who, as he unlocked one of the doors, asked if we wished to have the interior shown to us for devotion.

'I stepped forwards, and, assenting to this, engaged him in conversation (in Arabic) that he might not remark on my companion's silence, nor ask

him any questions. As we entered, however, seeing him disposed to satisfy his curiosity in that way, I boldly ventured to warn him that to a man fresh, as my comrade was, from Scutari, no language but Arnaout could serve, which checked him so effectually, that he took scarce any further notice of him from that time, and I found that I had not hazarded at all too much.

'Eight solid pillars correspond to the eight internal angles of the temple, and serve, with sixteen marble columns disposed between them, to support the dome, and to inclose a space within them, where a huge mass of rock stands up from the marble pavement, quite rough, and is commonly said to hang in the air unsupported, but rests, in fact, partly on two or three very small pillars placed under it, and is partly also still attached to the ground. We were shown also in the pavement itself what are called the gates of Hell and of Paradise, and the place where the skull of Adam was found, and where Cain killed Abel; while the great rude rock in the midst passes by tradition for that on which the angel sat who stopped the plague in the days of King David. At every one of these several sacred spots we both knelt down, and offered a few paras. When all had been seen and examined, nothing would satisfy Mr. Bankes, but that he must have the customary certificate of his pilgrimage; we were, therefore, shown by our verger to the foot of a little narrow staircase near the door, and he following in no further, Mr. Bankes thought it a good precaution to bind up his face again as he ascended; and it is perhaps well that he did, for in a little room over the porch we found four Ulemas squatted in a row, who motioned to us that we should sit down, and then served us with coffee, which my comrade with the bandaged face touched only with his lips, I speaking for him, and describing his sufferings. A long Arabic writing was then drawn up for each of us, with an enumeration of the holy stations we had just visited, and was signed and sealed in due form.

'On the delivery of the instrument there was an unforeseen risk of detection, for it is customary to place it out of respect on the crown of the head. Mr. Bankes's hair was full grown under his cap, which, had that been lifted off, must at once have betrayed him, so, representing the inconvenience of disturbing the bandage, I placed both the certificates respectfully side by side on my own shaven scalp.

'My heart bounded within me when we got clear out of the sacred octagon, and the more, since many of the town were now coming into it to pay their devotions.

'My companion, however, persisted still in lingering within the great inclosure, and before he quitted it, visited also the mosque of the Purification (then under repair), formerly a church built by the Frank kings, which Mrs. Belzoni seemed to have confounded with the Temple of Solomon itself, though it only opens to the square.

'The tomb of David, on Mount Sion, is also prohibited ground; and without this the exploit was considered to be incomplete; it became, therefore, our next point, and we entered there and offered our paras. But Mr. Bankes, thinking soon after that he had not observed something with sufficient accuracy, had the imprudence to return with me, much against my wishes, a second time.

'In the mean while the muleteer, whom we had left outside, had strayed in quest of us to that very spot, and had said enough to the keeper of the

place to excite his suspicions and rouse his fanaticism, so that we found all discovered, and ourselves in imminent danger.

'It was lucky that we were without the walls and well armed, and the concourse not yet collected in sufficient numbers to lay hands on us. We got instantly on the mules, and in spite of all remonstrances of our conductor, rode to the desert of St. John, where we lay that night in the handsome convent there, seeing the muleteer, and concealing from the solitary monk there what had happened.

'A long ride next day brought us back first to Ramah, and before night to Jaffa, where our adventure was known to the Turks, all over the town next day, and it was not thought safe for either of us to appear in the streets.'—vol. ii. pp. 281—294.

We must be pardoned for closing our extracts here, although we are conscious of leaving much that is highly interesting and agreeable, altogether unnoticed. We have, however, furnished enough of the contents of these volumes to satisfy the reader how very well worthy the entire contents are of his perusal. Finati seems to be a man of very great good sense, and though possessed of talents and information, has modesty and judgment enough to understand his own station in society. Hence the work is totally exempt from those traces of vanity and self-importance which are so often unfortunately the characteristics of those who have the least pretensions to call the public attention to themselves. The style is nervous, clear, and even occasionally illuminated with the flashes of an ardent imagination. Much, however, of this excellence must be awarded to Mr. Bankes; so much indeed, that it makes us anxious to see that gentleman once more in the field of literature.

The firm attachment which Finati avows for his late master is alike honourable to both; and Mr. Bankes may be proud of the good qualities which could have fixed the partiality of one who seems to distinguish characters with so much discrimination and truth. We are glad to hear that a permanent occupation is destined for Finati. We should be still better pleased if his friends showed that they were prepared against such a casualty as the abandonment of such a stationary employment as that of governor of a hotel. The man was born with a locomotive soul; and when did a true Scythian ever submit to the laws of location? We should state in justice, that the work is in a neat form and is elegantly executed, and a map of Lower Egypt and the adjacent country is prefixed to the first volume.

ART. V.—*The Bengal Annual, or, Literary Keepsake, for* 1831. Edited by David Lester Richardson. 8vo. pp. 352. Calcutta: Smith & Co.

WE look upon this volume as a literary curiosity. It is the first of the kind that has yet appeared in the east; it is beautifully printed

upon India paper; and contains several compositions that would stand a favourable comparison with some of the earlier numbers of similar works which have been published nearer home. There being no professed engravers in Bengal, the editor, whom we are glad once more to meet in the paths of periodical literature, was prevented from embellishing his volume in the usual fashion: he hopes, however, to be able to get over this difficulty in time. He has done well in making a beginning, and we trust that he may ultimately succeed to the full extent of his wishes.

The obstacles against which Mr. Richardson has to contend are, indeed, numerous and formidable. He states them at length, like a determined speculator, who looks all dangers in the face—thinking only how he may best encounter them. British literature is an exotic in India; it is destitute of nearly all the accompaniments which tend to its prosperity on its native soil. There are no literary men in that quarter of the world: that is to say, no tribe of intelligent, educated, and practised individuals, who derive a livelihood from their writings. The men of intellect are all employed in official stations; they have little leisure for reading books, still less for composing them. They look constantly to England as their only home. The time they spend in India they consider as entirely belonging to the manufacture of their fortunes; it is a place of exile: the purgatory, as it were, through which they are to pass to a happier state.

The Asiatic Society, indeed, furnished a host of literary men to India, but they belong to the history of the past, upon which it is not our present purpose to trench. All we propose is, to exhibit a few specimens of this Indian Annual, without subjecting them to any of our canons of criticism. It would be hardly fair to treat them otherwise than with the greatest indulgence; although some of those which we shall produce, do not stand in need of any apology. There is a picturesque beauty in the following stanzas, which entitles them to unqualified admiration.

'EVENING.

'Hast thou ere seen a sunset in these climes,
And marked the splendour of our evening's close,
And heard the knell which lonely *faqueer* chimes
To daylight, when it sinks into repose
With blush more deep than what adorns the rose,
And calmer smile than that of dying saint,—
Reflected on the glowing mountain snows
In tints no artist's pen may ever paint,
Lovely, and lovelier still, as they become more faint?

'They soften into twilight; and the peaks
Of high Himâleh mingle in the grey
Of evening,—till the slowly fading streaks
Of light, concentrate in one lingering ray,

Upon the broad horizon. Doth it stay
To promise, e'en as now it yields to night,
Another and another happy day?
Lo! it has fled;—that last, loved trace of light;
And darkness reigns alone, where all so late was bright!

'Spreads the black shadow o'er a cheerless sky;
The dew-drop on the leaf hangs like a tear;
The jackall wails, with wild and mournful cry,
O'er nature's gloom; and all is sad and drear;—
Until yon crescent, mounting in her sphere,
A bark of light on blue and waveless sea,
Sailing through the wide heaven, so pale, so clear,
Blesses the earth's deep slumbers, o'er which she
Loves unobserved to dwell in silver radiancy!

'*Rohilcund.* 'RAVEN.'—pp. 38, 39.

The editor has devoted upwards of sixty pages to a tale of the Scotch Highlands. We say nothing of the manner in which it is executed; but with respect of the matter, we may suggest, that to us at this side of the Ganges, subjects entirely Indian, or at least Asiatic, would be in general much more acceptable than those which we can easily obtain in our own northern climate. British readers in Bengal have doubtless a strong sympathy in every thing, whether true or fictitious, that relates to their native country: abundance of food of that description they will find in the piles of books which they import from its shores. We ask them, in return, to transmit to us in their Annuals, or in any other description of periodical which they may think proper to prefer, all that they can collect of local history and fable, connected with the regions in which they are for a season condemned to roam. For the same reason that we pass over this Highland tale, we must also omit to notice a Ballad of European Chivalry, by Miss Emma Roberts, a name not unknown to our literature, in order to afford room for an extract from Mr. J. Grant's energetic 'Lines written in the Bay of Bengal, after an absence of several years in the interior of Hindoostan.'

'Long years have fled—and years of pain
Since I beheld thee, dark blue main!
And I had deem'd, I ne'er again
Should greet thy living waves;
For fate ordain'd that I should lie
Where glares the burning tropic sky,
Where hopeless breathes the Exile's sigh,
A distant land of graves!

'The time I well remember now
When from our bark's surge-cleaving prow,
I first beheld the land stretch low
On the horizon's bound:

'Twas Saugor's isle;—my feelings sank
As on the eye, its dreary bank,
Fring'd with dark green foliage rank,
Grew desolate, and frown'd!

'"Farewell!" I said, "thou dark blue sea;
The die is cast—and far from thee
I now must wander, ne'er to see
Thy smiling billows more;
Nor sport on the Atlantic's strand,
And mark the summer zephyr bland
Ripple the tide upon the sand,
As I beheld of yore."

'So on my pilgrimage I went,
And many a weary day I spent,
And hours of sad abandonment,—
No friend I trusted, near;—
My haunt the jungle drear and damp,
My bow'r the tent, my home the camp,
My watch the sentry's measur'd tramp,
The drum my chanticleer.

'And oh! when in some savage glen,
Surrounded by more savage men,
I've watch'd a dying comrade—then
Of days gone by I dream'd;
And long'd to pace the sea-beat shore,
To hear the waves' wild hum once more,
And gaze the fields of ocean o'er,
While moonlight on them gleam'd.

'How chang'd the scene! all hail! again
I gaze upon thee, dark blue main!
This hour of joy, for years of pain
Is recompense complete:
But there are eyes that welcome you,
Old Ocean; and of darker blue
Than thine,—they shame thy azure hue,
And beam a light more sweet!

'Blow, breezes! blow—while gay we glide,
And spy from our brave vessel's side,
The dazzling spangles far and wide
Of the moon-glittering main:
And track the huge sea-monster's lair,
And kiss the gales of halcyon air,
That life upon their pinions bear
Along the watery plain.

'Blow on! blow on! gay pirates we,
That rove upon the frank blue sea,
And chace the zephyrs merrily
To rob them of their balm!

Gay pirates we, that seek a prize
Which ne'er the golden mine supplies:—
Our meed, the dimpl'd bloom that lies,
Where health hath shed her balm.

'There is a rapture of the soul
That breaks the bonds of cold controul,
When we behold the wild waves roll
Rejoicing in their course;
And wondering view the mighty sea
Exult in its immensity,
And streaming like eternity
From its unfathom'd source!'—pp. 184—186.

We find in this volume a curious account of the capture of the Nawab Abbas Kooly Khan, by the Wahabee pirates. It is translated from the Persian, by Mr. Robert Neave, and from the light it throws upon the manners of those celebrated corsairs of the Indian seas, is really a valuable paper. We should have been tempted to transfer it to our pages, if it had been compressed within narrower limits.

From among some ocean sketches, admirable for their truth and grandeur, drawn by the editor, we select the description of Night.

'The day-beams slowly fade, and shadowy Night,
Now like a gradual dream, serenely steals
Along the watery waste. As low-breathed strains
Of far off music on the doubtful ear,
When solitude and silence reign around,
The small waves gently murmur.
Calm and pale,—
A phantom of the sky,—the full-orbed moon
Hath glided into sight. The glimmering stars
Now pierce the soft obscurity of heaven
In golden swarms, innumerous and bright
As insect myriads in the twilight air.
The breeze is hushed, and yet the tremulous sea,
As if by hosts of unseen spirits trod,
Is broken inro ripples, crisp and clear
As shining fragments of a frozen stream
Beneath the winter sun. The lunar wake
Presents to wrapt Imagination's view
A pathway to the skies!
In such a scene
Of glory and repose, the rudest breast
Were pure and passionless—the holy calm
Is breathed at once from heaven, and sounds and thoughts
Of human life would seem a mockery
Of Nature's mystic silence. Sacred dreams
Unutterable, deep, and undefined,
Now crowd upon the soul, and make us feel
An intellectual contact with the world
Beyond our mortal vision.'—p. 283.

We have read with pleasure, a poem of considerable length, entitled 'The Renovating Fount; or, Love that lasts a Thousand Years,' written by Rà̀e Màn Kisèn, a native of India. Its subject, machinery, and principal illustrations, are founded on the ancient customs and existing faith of the Hindoos. It is written in blank verse, and a very respectable composition.

Many have thought—ourselves amongst the number—that no nation, however savage, was now in the habit of making human sacrifices. Mr. Richardson has, however, inserted a communication from Captain Gavin R. Crawford, from which it appears that this horrid practice is still continued in the principality of Bustar. The details will be read with a painful interest.

One or two poems of considerable merit, from the pen of Captain M'Naghten, grace the pages of the Bengal Annual. We have, however, no room for further extracts, those already given being sufficiently numerous to shew our hearty desire to encourage the labours of our literary brethren in India.

ART. VI.—*Speech of John Poynder, Esq. at a General Court of Proprietors of the East India Company, on Wednesday, September* 22, 1830, *containing Evidence in Proof of the direct Encouragement afforded by the Company to the licentious and sanguinary system of Idolatry; and demonstrating the net amount of pecuniary Profits derived by the Company from the Tax imposed on the Worshippers at the different Temples.* 8vo. pp. 163. London: Hatchard and Son; and Baldwin and Cradock. 1830.

THERE is in this metropolis a mansion of very considerable size and splendour, to which, about twice in the twelve months, (oftener, however, for other purposes,) a large concourse of persons repair, their object being the very legitimate one of receiving the monies which become due to them at these auspicious periods of the year. The funds from which these payments are made, are constituted in rather a singular way. They are composed, to a great extent, of small contributions, levied on every man, lady, and child, of these realms who cannot breakfast without tea, or take their soup without pepper. This is laughable enough; but it is not half so ridiculous as another branch of the revenue, which goes to complete this annual fund: we mean the profits which are derived from entertainments prepared on a grand scale in the East Indies, for imposing on the stupid and savage Hindoos! We are not drawing on our imagination, we can assure the public; we speak only of absolute matters of fact, which can be testified to exist as undeniably as the planet that gives us the light of the day.

We are, then, most distinctly alluding to the East India Company, and the revenue which it draws, in the shape of a tax on the native pilgrims in India, who resort at stated periods to the several temples of their worship in that country. The subject, we readily

admit, is a very convenient one for clamour; for fine religious indignation; for clap-traps and wise saws, with quotations from the classics. But we are not to be repelled from the task of investigation, and exposure on that account. Much as we dread the concurrence of the shallow and the unreasoning; tremblingly alive as we are to the terrors of mob co-operation, even with such calamities for our companions, we do not hesitate to enter upon the toilsome journey that leads to truth.

The question to which we are about to call the public attention, has been very amply illustrated in the speech of Mr. Poynder, spoken under the circumstances which the title indicates; somewhat too diffusely however, and even unconnectedly; and with considerable lack of argument too, on one of the most important points involved in this whole subject. But as reasoning and resolving are, in natural order, subsequent to facts, it will be convenient that we apply ourselves first to the statement of such information on the subject matter as has been indisputably established to be true.

By far the most explicit, ample, and (as it would appear from numerous eye witnesses) authentic account of the Hindoo worship, as it is practised in the Indian dominions of his Britannic Majesty, is that to be found in the work of the Abbé Dubois. This ecclesiastic is now living; and his manuscript was thought worthy of being purchased for 800*l.* by the East India Company, on the recommendation of some of the first oriental scholars of our day. The Company, whose munificence, in matters of science, outstrips the generosity of any other body in the universe, granted to the Abbé the privilege of printing his work in Paris, a few years ago. It would be impossible for us to give a consecutive passage descriptive of the Hindoo worship, from this work, without grossly violating decency. We shall therefore select our extracts from British authors chiefly; and those shall be such men as can well afford to incur the resposibility of diffusing this sort of knowledge amongst their countrymen.

Mr. Ward, author of the History, Literature, and Religion of the Hindoos, says—

'"In the year 1806, I was present at the worship of the Goddess Doorga, as performed at Calcutta. Four sets of singers were present; who entertained their guests with filthy songs, and danced in indecent attitudes before the Goddess. The whole scene produced on my mind sensations of the greatest horror. The dress of the singers—their indecent gestures—the abominable nature of the songs—the horrid din of their miserable drum—the lateness of the hour—the darkness of the place—with the reflection, that I was standing in an Idol Temple, and that this immense multitude of rational and immortal creatures, capable of superior joys, were, in the very act of worship, perpetrating a crime of high-treason against the God of Heaven, while they themselves believed they were performing an act of merit—excited ideas and feelings in my mind, which time can never obliterate.

' " I would have given, in this place, a specimen of the songs sung before the Image; but found them so full of obscenity, that I could not copy a single line. All those actions, which a sense of decency keeps out of the most indecent English songs, are here detailed, sung, and laughed at, without the least sense of shame. A poor ballad-singer in England would be sent to the House of Correction, and flogged, for performing the meritorious actions of these wretched idolaters."—vol. i. p. 117.'—p. 18.

Again—

' " As soon as the well-known sound of the drum is heard calling the people to the midnight orgies, the dance and the song, whole multitudes assemble, and almost tread one upon another; and their joy keeps pace with the number of loose women present; and the gross obscenity of the songs. Gopalu, a Pundit employed in the Serampore Printing-Office, and a very respectable man among the Hindoos, avowed to a friend of mine, that the only attractions on these occasions were the women of ill-fame, and the filthy songs and dances;—that their songs were so abominable, that a man of character, even amongst them, was ashamed of being present;—that if ever he (Gopalu) remained, he concealed himself in a corner of the temple. He added, that a song was scarcely tolerated which did not contain the most marked allusion to unchastity, while those which were so abominable, that no person could repeat them out of the temple, received the loudest plaudits. All this is done in the very face of the idol; nor does the thought 'Thou God seest me!' ever produce the slightest pause in these midnight revels. In open day, and in the most public streets of a large town, I have seen men entirely naked, dancing, with unblushing effrontery, before the idol, as it was carried in triumphant procession, encouraged by the smiles and eager gaze of the Brahmins. Yet sights even worse than those, and such as can never be described by the pen of a Christian writer, are exhibited, on the rivers, and in the public roads, to thousands of spectators at the Doorga Festival, the most popular and most crowded of all the Hindoo Festivals in Bengal; and which closes with libations to the Gods, so powerful as to produce general intoxication. I have more than once been filled with alarm, as this idolatrous procession has passed my house, lest my children should go to the windows and see the gross obscenity of the dancers. What must be the state of morals in a country, when its Religious Institutions and Public Shows, at which the whole population is present, thus sanctify vice, and carry the multitude into the very gulph of depravity and ruin!" *Introduction*, p. 49.'—p. 22.

The account of the female dancers attached to the temples, we are obliged to take from the Abbé Dubois, as no other author has described their real character with more confidence. We are anxious that this class of the "ministers" of the Hindoo worship should be completely understood, for reasons which will be apparent before the close of this article. The Abbé says—

' " To every temple (he adds) are attached female dancers, called the Attendants of the Deity, but really prostitutes; who are regularly retained, to grant their favours to any who may choose to pay for them; although, it appears, they were originally confined to the service of the Brahmins. These profligate women are, however, peculiarly consecrated to the worship of the Indian Gods; and every temple of any consideration has a band of

eight, twelve, or upwards. Their official duties consist in dancing and singing twice every day, in the interior of the Temples, and in all the public ceremonies besides. Their attitudes and gestures are lascivious, and opposed to decency; while their songs consist of obscene poetry, descriptive of the amours of their Gods. They assist at marriages and other domestic ceremonies, in displaying their talent; and employ all the time which remains at their disposal in intrigues of infamy: nor is it unusual to see the residence of their Gods become the theatre of their licentiousness. They are trained from infancy to this disgraceful trade. Some of them belong to respectable families: and there are commonly found, among them, pregnant women, who, in order to obtain a safe deliverance, make a vow, with the concurrence of their husbands, to devote the child, if a female, to the service of the Idol. They are far from considering this impious vow as repugnant to the laws of female delicacy, or the obligation of maternal affection; and it is certain, that no unfavourable opinion attaches to the parents whose daughter embraces this course of life. These Priestesses of the Temples receive a regular stipend for their official duties; but its amount is moderate; and they supply the deficiency by the sale of their persons; for the aid of which commerce, they are perhaps better acquainted than in any other country with all the arts and resources of attraction, in the employment of perfumes, of elegant and costly decorations, the use of odoriferous flowers, and abundant jewellery, with every other incentive to voluptuousness.

' " At Mougour, in the Mysore, a place in the southern vicinity of Seringapatam, is a Temple dedicated to Tipamma, a Female Deity; who has an annual festival of great celebrity, when the Goddess is borne in procession, on a superb palanquin, through the streets, with a Male Deity before her." '—pp. 34—35.

The remainder of this passage we prefer giving, after the good example of Mr. Poynder, enveloped in the veil of the author's language:

' " Ces deux figures, representées entièrement nues, sont posées dans l'attitude la plus contraire à la pudeur, et à l'aide d'un mécanisme, un mouvement infame leur est imprimé, tant que dure la marche du cortège. Ce tableau hideux, bien digne de la multitude abrutie qui le contemple, excite des transports d'hilarité qui se manifeste par des acclamations, et des éclats de rire." —vol. ii. p. 369.'—p. 35.

"I have never," exclaims the Abbè, "beheld an Indian procession, without its presenting me with an image of hell."

This testimony will be sufficient to describe, for general purposes, the character of the worship which generally prevails in Hindostan. It remains for us to supply an account of the temples in India, and the rites which are habitually practised in them; from which, revenue is directly levied in the name, and for the benefit, of the East India Company. The edifice more particularly dedicated to Juggernaut, claims an infamous precedency before all the other structures of the same class. This temple is situated in that part of the province of Orissa called Cuttack; and the district first became subject to British rule during the administration of the Marquis Wellesley. The account which is given by Dr. Buchanan of the

ceremonies of Juggernaut, so far back as 1806, requires no commentary.

'"*Juggernaut*, 14 *June*, 1806.

'"I have seen Juggernaut. No record of ancient or modern history can give, I think, an adequate idea of this valley of death. The idol has been justly considered as the Moloch of the present age; for the sacrifices offered to him, by self-devotement, are not less criminal, perhaps not less numerous, than those of the Moloch of Canaan. As other temples are usually adorned with figures, emblematical of their religion; so Juggernaut has representations, numerous and varied, of that vice which constitutes the essence of *his* worship. The walls and gates are covered with indecent emblems, in massive and durable sculpture. I have also visited the sand-plains by the sea, in some places whitened with the bones of the pilgrims: and another place, near the town, called, by the English, the Golgotha, where the dead bodies are cast, and where dogs and vultures are ever seen.

'"*Juggernaut*, 18 *June*, 1806.

'"I have witnessed a scene which I shall never forget. The throne of the idol was placed on a stupendous car or tower, about sixty feet in height, resting on wheels, which indented the ground deeply, as they turned slowly under the ponderous machine. Attached to it were six cables, of the size and length of a ship's cable, by which the people drew it along. Thousands of men, women, and children, pulled by each cable: infants are made to exert their strength in this office, for it is accounted a merit of righteousness to move the god. Upon the tower were the priests and satellites of the idol, surrounding his throne: there were about 120 persons in the car altogether. The idol is a block of wood, having a frightful visage, painted black, with a distended mouth of a bloody colour: his arms are of gold; and he is dressed in gorgeous apparel. Five elephants preceded, bearing towering flags, dressed in crimson caparisons, and having bells hanging to them. When the worship of the god began, a high priest mounted the car, and pronounced obscene stanzas in the ears of the people. A boy was then brought forth, to attempt something yet more lascivious; who exhibited such gestures that the god was pleased; and the multitude, emitting a sensual yell of delight, urged the car along. After a few minutes, it stopped again. An aged minister of the idol then stood up, and, with indecent action, completed this disgusting exhibition. I felt a consciousness of doing wrong in witnessing it. I was appalled at the magnitude and horror of the spectacle. The characteristics of Moloch's worship are obscenity and blood. After the tower had proceeded some way, a pilgrim was ready to offer himself a sacrifice to the idol: he laid himself down in the road, before the tower as it was moving along, on his face, with his arms stretched forwards: the multitude passed around him, leaving the space clear, and he was crushed to death by the wheels of the tower. A shout of joy was raised to the god. He is said to *smile* when the libation of blood is made. The people threw money on the body of the victim, in approbation of the deed. He was left to view for some time; and then carried to the Golgotha, where I have just seen him.

'"20 *June*, 1806.

'"The horrid solemnities still continue. Yesterday, a woman devoted herself to the idol. She laid herself down in the road in an oblique direc-

tion, so that the wheels did not kill her instantly, as is generally the case; but she died in a few hours. This morning, as I passed the Place of Sculls, nothing remained of her but her bones.

'"21 *June*, 1806.

'"The idolatrous processions continue for some days longer; but my spirits are so exhausted, by the constant view of these enormities, that I must hasten away. I beheld, this morning, a poor woman lying dead, or nearly so; and her two children by her, looking at the dogs and vultures which were near. The people passed by, without noticing the children. I asked them where was their home. They said they had no home, but where their mother was. Oh! there is no pity at Juggernaut—no mercy—no tenderness of heart in Moloch's kingdom!"

'These sacrifices are not confined to Juggernaut. At Ishera, eight miles from Calcutta, once the residence of Governor Hastings, is a temple of the same idol.

'"*Juggernaut's Temple, near Ishera on the Ganges, Rutt Juttra, May*, 1807.

'"The tower here is drawn along, like that at Juggernaut, by cables. The number of worshippers at this festival is computed to be about 100,000. The tower is covered with indecent emblems, which were freshly painted for the occasion, and were the objects of sensual gaze by both sexes. One of the victims of this year was a well-made young man, of healthy appearance, and comely aspect. He had a garland of flowers round his neck, and his hair was dishevelled. He danced for a while before the idol, singing in an enthusiastic strain; and then, rushing suddenly on the wheels, he shed his blood under the tower of obscenity. This case was fully authenticated at the time, and reported by eye-witnesses at Calcutta."'—pp. 56—58.

In four years after this, when Dr. Buchanan was in England, so filled was his imagination with the horrible apparitions which he had witnessed in Hindostan, that his memory seemed to recur to those scenes as to an habitual theme of meditation. Even in the sanctuary and the pulpit they obtruded on his thoughts, and became the materials of his illustrations.

'"I resided many years in the heathen world, and was satisfied that the character of their idolatry corresponded with that which is given in the Scriptures. I resolved, however, to visit the chief seat of the Hindoo religion; for which purpose I made a journey to the great Temple of Juggernaut; which is to the Hindoos, what Mecca is to the Mahomedans, the stronghold and fountain head of their idolatry. I chose that season of the year when there is the celebrated great annual festival, called the Rutt Jattra.

'"On our entering the province of Orissa, we were joined with many thousands of pilgrims, who were proceeding to the festival. Some of these came from remote regions, with their wives and children, travelling slowly in the hottest season of the year; and are sometimes upwards of two months on their journey. Many of the pilgrims die by the way, and their bodies generally remain unburied; so that the road to Juggernaut may be known, for the last fifty miles, by the human bones which are strewed in the way.

'"On the great day of the festival, the idol was brought out, amidst the acclamations of hundreds of thousands of his worshippers. He was seated on a lofty throne, and surrounded by his priests. After a short interval of silence, we heard a murmur at a distance among the multitude; and beheld a body of men, having green branches in their hands, advancing with great speed. The people made way for them; and when they had come up to the throne, they fell down before the idol that sat thereon, and worshipped; and the multitude again sent forth an acclamation, like the voice of a great thunder.

'"Thus the worship of the idol began. It had the two characters of cruelty and impurity. Men and women devoted themselves to death before Moloch. I myself beheld the libations of human blood; and I give you this record, because I witnessed the fact."'—pp. 59, 60.

Mr. Stirling's account of the principal procession of Juggernaut, is as follows:—

'"Every part of the car ornaments is of the most mean and paltry description; except the covering of striped and spangled broad-cloth, furnished from the export warehouse of the British Government; the splendour and gorgeous effect of which compensate, in a great measure, for other deficiencies of decoration.

'"The contemplation of the procession (he says) cannot fail to excite the strongest sensations of pain and disgust in the mind of every Christian spectator. The speeches and actions of the charioteers of the god are often grossly and indescribably indecent."'—p. 63.

These descriptions are comparatively ancient; but in 1822 we have the following account from Colonel Phipps, of the 13th Bengal Native Infantry:—

'"The walls of the temple, which are not visible beyond the enclosure, are covered with statues of stone, in attitudes so grossly indecent, that it seems surprising how any superstition could debase its votaries to such a degree as to make them introduce into their most sacred places such filthy and obscene figures. The idol Juggernaut, which is so celebrated that pilgrims resort to worship it from the remotest parts of India, is probably the coarsest image in the country. The figure does not extend below the loins; and has no hands; but two stumps in lieu of arms, on which the priests occasionally fasten hands of gold. A Christian is almost led to think that it was an attempt to see how low idolatry could debase the human mind.

'"A very large establishment of priests, and others, is attached to the temple. One of the principals stated the number to consist of 3000 families, including 400 families of cooks to prepare holy food. The provisions furnished daily for the idol, and his attendants, consist of 220 lb. of rice, 97 lb. of kullye (a pulse), 24 lb. of moong (a small grain), 188 lb. of clarified buffaloe's butter, 80 lb. of molasses, 32 lb. of vegetables, 10 lb. of sour milk, 2½ lb. of spices, 2 lb. of sandal-wood, some camphor, 20 lb. of salt, 4 rupees' worth of fire-wood; and 22 lb. of lamp-oil for lights at night. This holy food is presented to the idol three times a-day; the gates are shut, and none but a few personal servants are allowed to be present. This meal lasts about an hour, during which period the dancing girls

tached to the temple dance in the room with many pillars. On the ringing of a bell, the doors are thrown open, and the food is removed.

'"There are, in all, twelve festivals celebrated at Juggernaut, during the year; but by far the most important season is the Rutt Jattra, when the idol is placed in a car, and visits the place where he was originally formed.

'"The pilgrims who attend the festival of Chundnun Jattra, and wish to remain for the Rutt Jattra, are termed Lall Jattrees, and pay 10 rupees to government; 3 rupees to the priest who brought them, if they come from the northward, and 6 if they come from the southward; and 3 rupees for the priest: this regulation occasions the receipts to be usually greater at this festival than at any other. Forty-three days after its commencement, the Chund Jattra is celebrated: the idol is brought outside the tower, and placed on an elevated platform within the boundary wall, but visible from the outside, and is bathed. A great many pilgrims attend this ceremony; and those who wish to remain a fortnight, and see the Rutt Jattra, are termed Neem Lalls. If they come from the northward, they are obliged to pay government 5 rupees; if from the southward, 3 rupees; and 1 rupee 8 anas to the Punda who brought them. Two rupees 6 anas is the tax for five days.

'"When the grand festival of the Rutt Jattra is celebrated, three cars of wood are prepared for the occasion. The first has 16 wheels, each 6 feet in diameter; the platform to receive the idol of Juggernaut is 23 feet square; and the whole car is 38 feet high from the ground; the wood-work is ornamented with images, and painted. The car has a lofty dome, covered with English woollens of the most gaudy colours; a large wooden image is placed on one side, as a charioteer or driver of the car; and several wooden-horses are suspended in front of the car, with their legs in the air: six strong cables are also fastened to it, by which it is dragged on its journey. The other two Rutts are like this, but a little smaller; one having only 14 wheels, and the other 12."'

'"On the 21st of June, 1822, the town of Pooree Juggernaut was filled with pilgrims. At noon, every one crowded to the temple, to see Juggernaut, his brother Boloram, and his sister Shubudra, carried to their cars, which were drawn up close to the gate.

'"A loud shout from the multitude announced the opening of the gates, and the approach of Juggernaut. A number of priests were seen dragging the ponderous and clumsy idol slowly down the steps, stopping very frequently. The manifest helplessness of the block of wood weakened not the faith of the infatuated pilgrims; and the idol was lifted into his car, amidst the shouts of his votaries, who were eager to worship the image. The idols, Boloram and Shubudra, were likewise carried to their cars, in the same manner.

'"The loss of life occasioned by this deplorable superstition probably exceeds that of any other. The aged, the weak, the sick, are persuaded to attempt this pilgrimage, as a remedy for all evils. The number of women and children, also, is very great. The pilgrims leave their families, and all their occupations, to travel an immense distance, with the delusive hope of obtaining eternal bliss. Their means of subsistence on the road are scanty; and their light clothing, and little bodily strength, are ill calculated to encounter the inclemency of the weather. When they reach the District of Cuttack, they cease to experience that hospitality shewn elsewhere to

pilgrims; it is a burthen which the inhabitants could not sustain; and they prefer availing themselves of the increased demand for provisions, to augment the price. This difficulty is more severely felt as they approach the temple; till they find scarcely enough left to pay the tax to government, and to satisfy the rapacious Brahmins.

'"The pilgrim, on leaving Juggernaut, has still a long journey before him; and his means of support are often almost, if not quite, exhausted. The work of death then becomes rapid; and the route of the pilgrims may be traced by the bones left by the jackals and vultures. The country near the temple seems suddenly to have been visited by pestilence and famine. Dead bodies are seen in every direction. Dogs, jackals, and vultures, are observed watching the last moments of the dying Pilgrim, and, not unfrequently, hastening his fate.

'"It is true, that there are, at Pooree and Cuttack, hospitals where the sick may get medicines gratis; but the starving pilgrim is not supplied with food: there is no establishment to carry the sick to the hospital; and, at Juggernaut, by some strange arrangement, the hospital, instead of being entrusted to the military surgeon residing at the place, has been put under the civil surgeon at Cuttack, who has important duties to perform at that place, distant 50 miles.

'"There is no doubt that this deadly superstition is a curse on the country, and tends much to its impoverishment. The enormous loss of human life, and the evils felt by numerous families from a long cessation of useful labour, cannot but prove a great calamity.

'"When it was decided that a tax should be levied from the pilgrims, every precaution was taken to make it yield as much as possible. Alterations were made in the regulations, from time to time. One of the principal was the mode of rewarding the Purharees and Pundas; who have a great number of subordinate agents, who travel about in search of pilgrims, and bring them in companies to Juggernaut.

'"The Government, at first, authorized these people to collect, at the barriers, a fee from the pilgrims, for their own benefit; but afterwards, it was resolved that the British Collector should levy, besides the tax for the state, an additional one; the amount of which he subsequently paid over to the Purharees and Pundas, in such proportions as they were entitled to, from the number of pilgrims which each had succeeded in enticing to undertake the pilgrimage.

'"Under the present arrangement, the English Government collects a fund for the special purpose of securing to the attendants of the temple so high a premium, as to stimulate their cupidity to send agents all over India to delude the ignorant and superstitious Hindoos to undertake a pilgr mage which is attended with greater loss of life than any other superstition in India, and which annually involves in ruin a great many families. This is the more extraordinary, as the President of the Board of Controul, in his correspondence with the Court of Directors, argues that the tax cannot be considered as introducing or tolerating the practice of idolatry. The truth is, that the priests of the temple would not take much pains to collect pilgrims, if they were not secure of a large pecuniary benefit; and the Hindoos would not undertake long and dangerous journeys, attended with great personal inconvenience, unless their enthusiasm was strongly excited by the priests.

'"The Purharees and Pundas will neither employ agents to entice pilgrims, nor will they treat them kindly and properly, unless it is made their interest to do so. Hindoos will seldom come, if left to themselves; and, if the pilgrimage becomes unpopular, the tax will be so unproductive as not to be worth collecting. It is the opinion of the best-informed persons in the province, that the dreadful scenes which occur annually, on all the high-roads leading to Juggernaut, would soon cease, if the temple was placed on the same footing as numerous other places of idolatrous worship, which are left without any kind of interference on the part of government.

"At present the temple has all the outward appearance of being under the immediate control and superintendence of the British authorities. The regular troops guard the barriers: and are placed on duty at the very gate of the temple. The endowed lands for its support are in the immediate possession of government. The expences of the temple are fixed by the same authority. The cars of the idols are decorated with English woollens from the Company's stores; and at their expence, a tax is regularly levied from the pilgrims: and an additional one, of one-fifth of the other, is raised for rewarding the Purharees and Pundas. In the year 1822, these people were understood to have received, from the British collector, 40,000 rupees. One of the principal natives, in order to shew the good policy of securing so large a sum for the Brahmins, related, that a Purharee, named Juddo Tewarree, had, in the year 1821, detached one hundred agents, to entice pilgrims; and had, the ensuing year, received the premium for 4000 persons: he was at that time busily employed in instructing one hundred additional agents in all the mysteries of this trade, with the intention of sending them into the Upper Provinces of Bengal. The attendants of the idol are fond of boasting of the efficient support which they receive from rulers whose own religion teaches them to abhor idolatry. They say, that under the Mahratta Government, when a Hindoo determined to undertake a pilgrimage to Juggernaut, his family commended him to the protection of God, with little expectation of ever seeing him again; but that now, under the British Government, every encouragement is held out, and every exertion made, to revive the popularity and sanctity of the place." '—pp. 65—70.

Still later is the communication of a Missionary of Balasore, in the neighbourhood of the Temple of Juggernaut. It is dated 16th July, 1829, and contains the following account:—

'"The yearly festival is past, and the ugly blocks are again deposited. It has been customary for one or other of us to give some account of the abominable transactions at this celebrated festival; and, indeed, these transactions ought to be proclaimed in the ears of England, till she shall demand that they shall be encouraged and fostered no longer by her authority. It is one of the most astonishing facts in modern history, that a high-spirited professedly Christian government, celebrated for the wisdom of its councils and the benevolence of its proceedings, should lend its patronage and prostitute its power for the support of the most degrading, most cruel, and most obscene system of idolatry that ever disgraced mankind; and not only lend its power and influence for its support and splendour, but condescend to fatten on the spoil, and sell its dignity for a few rupees! I cannot help feeling indignant at the conduct of my coun-

trymen who are connected with the worship of Juggernaut. Here we have a high-minded English gentleman, who would challenge and shoot a man for the least expression derogatory to an imaginary honour, stooping to be a cart-wright or car-builder for an ugly wooden idol; and, superintending the payment of the Brahmins' food, and the hiring of prostitutes for their service. There is another, standing at the gateway, and taking toll from the poor wretches, the victims of the Company's and the Pundas' duplicity, and offering arguments to prove that it does no harm. It will scarcely be believed, that a gentleman, high in the service of the Company, is to be seen as busy as possible, conducting, with apparent pleasure, the abominable idolatries, and waving his cap, encouraging the car-drawers to proceed. These gentlemen deserve to have their names published to the world; so that, when they return to England to enjoy their ill-gotten gains, their countrymen may treat them as their conduct deserves. The natives glory in this dereliction of Christian principle; and they loudly proclaim: '*How the company honours Juggernaut!*'—'*See here,*' exclaim the Pundas, '*how we are filling the Company's treasury!*' '*Dekho, Padre Sahib, amblemane kemante Companyr Khajanakeo bhurte karre!*'

'"As it respects this particular jattra, I do not know that there is any thing to detail, different from what has taken place at the other *four* yearly festivals which I have witnessed. The ceremonies have been conducted in pretty much the same way; the same obscenity, the same noisy revelry, and the same misery and death, have followed in their train; excepting, that I have not heard of any voluntary sacrifices this year. It was at first supposed, on account of the lateness of the festival—and, in consequence of it, none but Ooreas from the provinces attending—that there would be but little mortality this year; and till the day of the idols being brought out, no deaths occurred; but, as if the appearance of these blocks were the signal for death's dominion to commence, on that very day the cholera began its destructive rage; and awfully did it triumph! Many, apparently stout, healthy young men and women were suddenly attacked, and carried off in a very few hours. I was extremely sorry that the suite of the commander-in-chief left Pooree so soon. They were here for the first or second day of the jattra, and saw Mr. L—— and myself at our work. One or two of the gentlemen spoke kindly to us from their elephants, and appeared to wish well to our endeavours; but if they had remained a few days longer, they would have had a very different impression of the nature of the jattra. Oh that the day may soon arrive, when some powerful friend to the interests of humanity shall attend, and investigate the whole of this idolatrous business! then may we hope for our testimony to be fully substantiated, and the government to blush at having supported this wickedness so long. But, till such a friend shall report on this business, no European will or can furnish a just account. Those who have lived longest in the place know but half, or a third part, of its enormity; and to what they do know and witness, they seem to have become hardened and insensible. The fact is, when European gentlemen or ladies wish to see the idols, they ride, on their elephants, to the front of the car; a way is made for them through the people; and all that the Brahmins know will be offensive to them is suspended—and they are good judges of human nature; hence they know nothing but the name of the system. As for the death and misery of the

place, they know as little of that: for they are confined to their houses on the sea-shore during the day: and when they go out, for an airing, in the evening, they do not go where death and misery reign. Even the doctor, who knows more of these things than any one else, sees, comparatively, a small portion of it. In the first place, his business is in the hospital: he has a few of the lowest of the natives to go out and fetch the sick to the hospitals; but we all know how industrious *they* are! Now, suppose he visits the hospitals for one hour and a half or two hours, morning and evening, and has from two to three hundred patients to attend, how is it possible he can go and search out the multitudes of dying wretches who have crept into holes and corners, and who perish unpitied and unknown? To which I may add: I have proof that this native doctor, and others in the hospital, are deceived as to the number who die in the hospital itself. I have gone before him in a morning, and seen twelve or fifteen carried out; but when he has come, they will tell him, 'Four or five dead, Sahib:' and how has he known to the contrary? I do not say this to reflect on him; I believe he is an attentive and humane man; but it is impossible for a single European to attend to half the misery of Juggernaut, on many occasions; to say nothing of the sick at the gates, and on the road. But if the poor wretches were ever so well attended to, and food were administered as well as medicine, the disease is of such an inveterate nature, that I apprehend but a small portion would recover."'

"'The mortality this year was very great; especially considering the jattra was small, and the people came from so short a distance. It continued to increase all the time of the festival; and when that was over, it seized the inhabitants of the place. Many awful sights I witnessed, where the dead lay in numbers, rotting and exposed! Many looked horrid and ghastly. Nearer the European bungalows, where the dead were buried in the sand, numbers of bodies were again and again scratched up, and the putrid stench was intolerable. Mr. L—— and myself could scarcely bear the horrid smell, as we went to the town morning and evening: we were glad to gallop through the place as fast as we could. We one morning asked the men who were bringing the dead out from a hospital, how many they had brought out that morning. They said, "Chagunde" (twenty-four), and many the evening before. This was from one hospital, where, of course, we might expect the sick to be best taken care of. I went one evening, with Mrs. S——, a bye-way, to visit one of the schools, in hopes of avoiding these unpleasant sights; but in vain; a number of dead bodies lay exposed, swollen, and putrifying; some half-eaten and the entrails drawn out, close to where we had to pass. Wherever we looked, they were there. The sight was dreadful, and the smell intolerable.

"'I may add, that I noticed this year what Dr. Buchanan mentioned; a lad, about twelve or thirteen years of age, came forward to the edge of Juggernaut's car, and made all manner of abominable gestures; and when he had fulfilled the pleasure of the god (or the multitude rather); about a dozen Brahmins surrounded him, and fell upon one another, making all kinds of indecent gestures. Such is Juggernaut's *pure worship*, as the natives call it, at Pooree; and with such things, and the abominable songs, they say Juggernaut is greatly pleased. You wish for particular accounts of these things. I cannot write more particularly; but this boasted gate of Heaven is the vestibule of Hell. It occurs to me, that

many, who read the accounts of this horrid festival, will suppose that the anger of God is peculiarly displayed in the misery and mortality which annually take place. I do not know that I have ever intended to convey such an idea, though I cannot conscientiously say it is not so. Yet it must be understood, that similar scenes may ever be expected to occur; and that the natural causes are sufficient, at least go a long way, to effect it. Let it be remembered, that vast numbers of the people generally come from a great distance, and are often worn down with hunger and fatigue; that multitudes cannot possibly find shelter from the damps by night, and the sun by day; that provisions are often very dear: and that many, probably, make a point of conscience of living, during the Jattra, on holy food, badly cooked, of which they can obtain but a very scanty supply; to which it should be added, that, from the filthy customs of the Hindoos, the neighbourhood emits a stench, which, joined to that of putrid bodies, is enough to poison the living. Add these things together, and then the excitement of the occasion, and it will be seen to be nothing surprising if cholera should seize and carry off vast numbers, who have no means to prevent its destructive rage. This, though it may *explain*, does not *extenuate* the evil, as it wholly arises from the festival itself; nor can any thing excuse the support given by Christian Britain to the vast extent of vile idolatry, and execrable murder.'—pp. 98—100.

Thus far as respects Juggernaut. There are many other temples in India from which the East India Company receives tribute, of which the principal are Gya, Allahabad, and Tripetty. The total amount of revenue received from all these sources is unknown; but that supplied from the four temples already enumerated amounts to a prodigious sum. Mr. Poynder estimates it as follows:—

Clear profit for the 17 years ending in 1829 inclusively, for Juggernaut	£99,205	15	0
Clear profit for the 16 years ending in 1829 inclusively, for Gya	455,980	15	0
Clear profit for the 16 years ending in 1829 inclusively, for Allehabad	159,429	7	6
Clear profit for the 17 years ending in 1829 inclusively, for Tripetty	205,599	18	3
Total tribute received from idolatrous worshippers for 17 years	£920,215	15	9

This tribute, as the reader may have been informed in the course of reading the above extracts, is paid by the pilgrims who crowd at certain periods of the year from all parts of India to attend the Hindoo festivals. The amount here specified is only a small portion of the actual sums levied on the wretched votaries of superstition, the difference between these gross sums and the net produce, being expended by the Company in contriving facilities and in getting up allurements of all sorts to entice the gross savages of Hindostan to frequent the temples, and therefore to become liable to the tax. The Company, therefore, take the greatest pains to make and repair the roads and ways which lead to these seats of

obscenity and abomination. They employ whippers in, who scour the country, and use every sort of influence on the half animated natives, to make a journey to the nearest or the most popular temple. That no disappointment should ensue, but that each pilgrim, on his return home after his visit to one of those, should have something to communicate to his kindred worthy of being treasured up in the family traditions, and calculated to promote future pilgrimages, the Company provides that the idol and his satellites shall be duly provided with an ample and picturesque costume. The table of the idol is furnished forth by the Company. The dress, or wearing apparel of the idol, is expressly provided by the Company, and is composed of the very best English broad cloth. The horses and elephants, and their caparisons, are ordered and superintended by a servant of the Company; and the wages of the *servants* are paid by the Company: they are regularly inserted in the bill of charges; are examined and audited by the Company's officers. Now the simple reader has to be told that the ladies, who appear in the bill under the innocent designation of "servants," are really no other than courtezans of the most degraded character, who, nevertheless, are high priestesses in the ceremonies of the Hindoo worship, and who are dressed up for the lucrative show, of which the East India Company is the sole proprietor. The processions from those temples, in which every sort of wickedness and abomination is practiced, take place under the superintendence and immediate protection of the Company's officer, who, at the time of the festival, literally identifies himself with the brutalized slaves of Juggernaut, and never fails to lend his strength to push forward the disgusting idol at its onset, and to cheer it in its progress.

The reader is not to allow himself to imagine that the East India Company, of whose operations he has been all this time reading, is the Company of a hundred years ago. No, it is the Company composed of his own cotemporaries; they are men to be met with in the open day in the streets of this civilized metropolis; and they form no small portion of the civil, aye, and the religious community too, of this country, which shares in and acknowledges the blessings of a free government and a divine faith. To attempt to set up any justification for the policy of the Company in their patronage of Juggernaut and his dreadful orgies; even to strive to excuse their conduct, would be only a mockery of the common understandings of mankind. We have never seen a serious apology tendered on their behalf, to mitigate the odium which their unwarrantable encouragement of brutal idolatry has so generally excited; and we confess that our imagination is unable to conjure up the shadow of a pretence which would be of the slightest avail to their defence. There is, however, a species of sophistry to which recourse may be had, and which requires only to be exposed to shew its weakness.

In a country like this, where there is such a diversity of religious

opinions, it must often become a serious point of debate with many sincere men, how far they are at liberty, by their acts, to encourage and support others in a system of belief which the former believe to be wrong. There are conscientious individuals who consider the most inconsequential of such acts, as highly improper, and to be avoided. This is, perhaps, going too far, as the practice, if carried into extensive use, would completely undermine the foundations of all social intercourse. The circumstances under which an act of this nature is performed, very much determine its propriety. We read occasionally in the newspapers, of Protestant landlords, in Ireland, bestowing sites for Catholic chapels, and otherwise contributing to the sustentation of a sort of worship of which they do not approve. In a religious view there is great inconsistency in this conduct, but when the circumstances are taken into consideration, the case then assumes a totally different aspect. A good landlord ought to be anxious for the welfare and happiness of his tenantry. He ought to cultivate their good wishes, and establish a relation between them and himself of a neighbourly and agreeable kind. Nothing then can be more natural than that the landlord should improve the accommodations which the tenantry require for the practice of their religious duties. In doing so, in the instance before us, the landlord feels that he is really affording no efficient encouragement to what he deems to be a bad religion; he knows that the peasant would be as good a Catholic in a mud edifice as he would in a vaulted temple; and it is only a question with the wealthy lord of the soil, therefore, whether he will assist his humble neighbour with his superfluous resources, or leave that neighbour to himself in the performance of something, which, in either case, the latter will inevitably accomplish. Besides this, the landlord, even at the worst, cannot reproach himself with encouraging a system of practical morals, violently, or even at all, at variance with that which he himself is obliged by his religion to practise. It is upon this rational view of the subject that Roman Catholics, who are not certainly very lax in their opinions of religious differences, justify their conduct, when they contribute in the same manner to the convenience of a Protestant or other congregation.

Let us apply the rule which is derivable from these remarks to the conduct of the East India Company, in fostering the corruptions of Juggernaut. It may be said that the Company has been, and still is, placed in a difficult position. The Hindoo population, which this body is called on to govern, are inalienably wedded to their system of worship; the conqueror is bound by reason and good faith to respect that worship, and if he disturb it, he not only violates his pledges, but he weakens, or, perhaps, destroys, the tenure of his sway. We concur, to the fullest extent, in this doctrine. But the East India Company go farther. They not only forbear from disturbing, but they positively interfere to facilitate and to

encourage the practices of the Hindoo religion. We have seen of what character those practices are. No one can pretend to think of them except as crimes against the moral nature of man; as delinquencies which human beings could never dream of perpetrating in the name of religion, if their common instincts had not been completely extinguished. If the Company had been mere passive spectators of the enormities thus habitually committed in this territory, we certainly should not approve of their neutrality, we should say that they were indispensably bound to take such overt measures for the suppression, or at least the restriction, of so foul a system, as would not endanger the object itself which these measures had in view. But unfortunately the case is not so favourable to them. They are, to all intents and purposes, the fast friends of Hindooism; it is the church which they liberally support, and which they avowedly maintain. But what is most remarkable, is that the Company itself felt the odium of its situation as the direct protector of Juggernaut. In 1809 they remonstrated with the government, 'observing,' says Mr. Poynder,

'"For a government which is not Hindoo, to elect the priests who are to superintend a Hindoo temple, to exercise a controul over its ministers and officers, or to take the management of its funds, would seem to the Directors a direct invasion of the Hindoo institutions; and for a government professing Christianity to do those things, would be to act incompatibly with its own principles." And again: "It is not our opinion—whatever the example of preceding governments may have been—that the British government ought to tax the Hindoos purely on a religious account; for instance, to make them pay merely for access to any of their places of devotion."

'These paragraphs—and I state the fact with sorrow!—were immediately expunged by the Board of Controul; and others substituted, having a directly contrary tendency; in which it was stated, that, as the tax on pilgrims resorting to Allahabad and Juggernaut was established during the Nawaubs, and the Mahratta government, there did not appear to be any objection to its continuance, under the British government.—See *Parliamentary Papers, on Juggernaut*, 1813: p. 19.

'Upon this, the Directors, greatly to their credit, remonstrated thus:—

'"It may have been allowable (say they) for a Hindoo government to interfere in the appointment of the ministers of the temple, and the management of its affairs; but for our government to elect its priests and officers—to assume a controul over their conduct—to take the direction of its funds, and the charge of preparing its annual processional car, whose emblems are so well known—was, in the opinion of the Court, to furnish, to the ill-intentioned, pretexts for alarming the scrupulosity of the Hindoos."

'And again:—

'"With regard to imposing a tax on the Hindoos for admission to a religious privilege—where the imposer believed, as the Hindoo government did, that the privilege was a real and solid good—it was, on his principles, allowable for him to put a price upon it: but where the government knew the supposed privilege to be a delusion, the Court must

question the propriety of its continuing the practice, though it may be ancient; that reason not having been deemed by our government, in other instances, sufficient to sanction customs repugnant to the principles of justice. And with respect to disbursing, out of the public treasury, any thing towards the support of religious establishments, Hindoo or Mahomedan, beyond what their own endowments furnish, the Court cannot but deem the principle objectionable."

'Again:—

' "Instead of interfering, by the direct exercise of the authority of government, in the contests between priests and different sects, about the expenditure and provision of its funds, the possession and pre-eminence of particular images, with other questions of that nature, it will be better to refer all such questions to the established Courts."

' In spite of this remonstrance of the Directors, the Board of Controul prevailed; and finally declared they would not yield their own views to the desire of the Directors [*Letter of 4th March*, 1809, p. 17]*: in consequence of which, the despatch which was substituted by the Board of Controul went out, in direct opposition to the recorded opinion of the Court of Directors; who, honestly feeling themselves the administrators of a Christian code, had thus refused to sanction, by so gross a measure, the promotion and perpetuation of Idolatry.'—pp. 44—47.

Is it after this that a Director of the Company will presume to justify the protection of Juggernaut? How much better would it be for the chairman at once boldly to declare that they desire to see Juggernaut extinguished, but that a higher power prevents the execution of their wishes. The world would then understand the conduct of the Directors. But to defend and attempt to justify a practice which they had already endeavoured to abolish, because it was absolutely indefensible, is a course which will marshall against them in an hour of adversity or danger—should it come upon them—every upright man in the country.

For the present we leave the case in the very sufficient hands of Mr. Poynder. The temper, discretion, and ability which his speech displays, allow us to entertain but little fear that the result of his labours will be such as he himself desires. The cause of truth and jusice, sooner or later, finds its competent advocate in every path and station of life; and from what we have seen of Mr. Poynder, we believe him to be the appointed deliverer of this christian land from the accursed embraces of Juggernaut.

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* This determination of the Board of Controul, under the late Lord Melville, to resist the upright and benevolent decision of the Court of Directors, bears an exact analogy to the subsequent determination of the same Board, under Mr. Wynn, to refuse to transmit to India the Resolution, not of the Court of Directors only, but of the Court of Proprietors at large, which was passed on the 28th of March, 1827, in reference to the disgraceful and atrocious practice of Widow-burning, and other Human Sacrifices in India.'

ART. VII.—1. *A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Holland on Foreign Politics.* By Lord John Russell. *(First published in* 1819.*)* Fourth edition, with a Preface. 8vo. pp. 47. London: Ridgway. 1830.

2. *Alarming state of the Nation considered; the evil traced out to its source, and Remedies pointed out.* By a Country Gentleman. 8vo. pp. 99. London: Ridgway. 1830.

3. *Hints suggesting the possibility of essentially altering and amending the Poor Laws in Great Britain and Ireland.* 8vo. pp. 20. London: E. Wilson. 1830.

THE recent changes of ministry in France and England are eminently remarkable, as indications of the rapid progress which the two countries have made, not only in the science, but in all the practical advantages of liberty. The theoretical notions of Guizot and the Duke de Broglie, not being fully commensurate with the ideas which were generated throughout France by her late revolution, they were obliged to give way upon an unequivocal demonstration of the will of the people. They looked upon the downfall of Charles X. as little more than an alteration in the names of the principal public officers, and in four or five of the provisions of the charter; and they conceived, that it became them to carry on the government of the king of the French upon executive principles, scarcely differing in any respect from those upon which that of the king of France had been previously conducted. They were for reducing to a shadow the newly recovered sovereignty of the people; for putting down discontent by the force of arms, and for the adoption, upon every exigency, of measures characterised by the utmost rigour. This was, to say the least of it, a bold, if not a presumptuous policy, considering that to the people alone belonged the glory of resisting the celebrated ordinances, and of expelling from their territory the tyrant who had dared to violate the few rights and privileges which the old charter had secured to them. No persons would more sincerely rejoice than we should, in hearing that the blood of Polignac and his coadjutors was to be spared, their names being already justly branded by all civilised nations as degraded, and for ever infamous. But the Guizots and the Broglies, misapprehending altogether the position in which they were placed, and counting the people as nothing, committed themselves by endeavouring before hand to provide a retreat for the state culprits, by the abolition in all cases of the penalty of death; and this they sought to bring about in a manner which shewed that they intended to practise a pious fraud upon the nation. They were soon convinced, however, that the course which they were pursuing, was one directly calculated to frustrate the very object they had in view; that the people were too enlightened to be deceived, and too proud of their recent achievements

to submit to dictation, however veiled in the form of law. An appeal to their generosity at a proper season might have been successful; but an attempt to hoodwink their understanding, and to cheat them into an act of mercy, they looked upon as an insult. Accordingly, the Guizots and the Broglies were soon taught that they misapprehended the position in which they were placed by the revolution, and they were compelled to make way for men who were supposed to be more capable of comprehending its spirit, and of acting in conformity with the great principles which it had consecrated.

A few days before the present session of Parliament was opened, no man in England appeared to have been more popular than the Duke of Wellington. He had, on two or three important points, shewn that he respected the spirit of the age. He had yielded with as much grace as he could, to the complete emancipation of the dissenters, from the remnant of intolerant laws by which they were aggrieved; he had introduced and carried into execution a very liberal measure for the relief of the Catholics; he had lowered the duty on an article which is consumed almost exclusively by the lower orders; and he had expressed his firm determination to retrench all unnecessary expenditure of the public money. He spent a portion of his vacation among the most active and enterprising of the manufacturing classes; visiting Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and other places, in which the ingenuity and industry and wealth of our countrymen are most conspicuous; and superintending the opening of that miraculous path of iron which may be said, without exaggeration, to bring into the immediate neighbourhood of each other, two important towns, that are more than thirty miles asunder.

It was generally thought that the Duke of Wellington and his respected colleague, Sir R. Peel, had not so far placed themselves in unison with the wishes of the times, had not personally inspected the manufacturing towns, and obtained a local knowledge of their wants, their means, and their superior intelligence, without being prepared to advance a few steps farther. They had already discarded the idea of sustaining the influence of the Government by patronage, and by the purchased assistance of Parliament. More than once, during the last session, they threw themselves upon the nation at large, declaring that they would stand upon its support alone, and that they would not court or desire any other. So popular had the Duke and Sir R. Peel become, and so solicitous did they appear to retain the good opinion of the country, that many sensible persons assured themselves that the King's speech, at the opening of the new Parliament, would announce, not only a further reduction of those taxes which press most severely upon the less affluent orders, but also some well digested, though moderate, measure, of parliamentary reform.

These anticipations could not be considered as altogether gratuitous, by any man who looked at the circumstances in which this

country was placed, at the commencement of the present session. It cannot be denied that the transactions in France and Belgium gave a new impulse to the feelings in favour of liberty, which have always prevailed in this nation; and that those events inspired the radical reformers with new courage, and taught all those men who were in favour of a limited improvement in our representation, that unless they placed themselves at once in the van, they might soon have to wage a formidable contest, not for reform, but against revolution. The overthrow of despotic power in two neighbouring kingdoms—an overthrow which had been foreseen ten years ago by Lord John Russell, and clearly foretold at that time in his very able and most remarkable letter to Lord Holland—caused our moderate reformers to shake off the lethargy by which they had been so long affected, and to apply their minds and hands, without delay, to measures, which should satisfy the real wants, and appease the rising discontent of the community.

And here it may be of importance to pause for a moment, and with the sagacious statesman whose name we have just mentioned, to look back from the events which have recently taken place upon the continent, to the causes of them, thus distinctly traced out in the year 1819. Speaking of the Netherlands, Lord John Russell then used these striking expressions:—

'The only change of importance which Lord Castlereagh made in the project sketched by Mr. Pitt in 1805, was to give the Netherlands to Holland instead of Prussia. Whether the original plan was a good one, may be doubted, but the merit of the alteration is still more equivocal. A proposition of joining the Netherlands to Holland was made to William III., but he rejected it, says Burnet, on account of the difference of religious opinions; and he seems to have acted with his usual knowledge and judgment. The Belgians require their government to be strictly Roman Catholic and intolerant; the Dutch wish no less for a Protestant king, and general toleration. Nor is this the only difference—the Belgians wish the land to be free from taxes; the Dutch will hear of no duties upon commerce. The Belgians are accustomed to the use of the French language; the Dutch will not be governed except in Dutch. The Belgians despise the Dutch as a covetous, unpolished, unfeeling people; the Dutch despise the Belgians as an ignorant, stupid, and bigotted race. The Belgians, in fact, wish to return to the French government, and in the scramble for the patronage of the combined crown, they are not able to contend with the superior ability and information of their neighbours. In 1816, of eight Ministers of State, only one was a Belgian; of twenty-eight diplomatic agents, one; of eighty-five generals, sixteen, &c.; so that of one hundred and sixty-nine of the first employments of government, the Belgians had only thirty. Add to this, that the Belgians are obliged to pay taxes for the interest of the Dutch debt, and the repairs of the Dutch dikes. It may easily be believed, that amongst the discontents which this arrangement has occasioned, the government cannot hold a very steady course. The sovereign authority is exercised neither with the youthful vigour of a new, nor the prescrip-

tive majesty of an old government. And what shall we say to this limited monarchy, in which the King by his first act abolished trial by jury, and named his own Chamber of Deputies? Or to a Parliament, of which the members rail at one another in different languages? Where a Belgian deputy, who proposes a financial question, is completely foiled by the unintelligible reply of a Dutch Chancellor of the Exchequer? Where one half of the house do not understand the other half, till they see their speeches translated in the newspapers of the following day?

'If the internal government of this country wants stability, its external situation is not more secure. Flanders, said Sir W. Temple, is not of a size to support a large army, nor of a figure to be defended by a small one. The union with Holland has not added much to its military strength. The Dutch force is chiefly naval, and the colonies require a large number of troops. The present army of the kingdom consists of 40,000 regulars, and 60,000 militia. Even with the additions which may be made in time of war, they will not be more than sufficient to garrison the fortresses. If the French were to invade Belgium, it would be utterly impossible for the King of the Netherlands to meet them with an army in the field. Austria and Spain would no longer empty their treasures to support Flanders. The only power from which money and men could be expected, would be England. So that after paying to build the fortresses, we should have to pay for defending them—perhaps, too, against the inhabitants.

'We have here an instance of two nations, possessing no natural attraction, but rather a very great repulsion to each other, pounded together in the great mortar of the chemists of Vienna. What is to result from the mixture of two equal parts of Catholic bigotry, and Protestant freedom, of land and commerce, of French and Dutch, of polished stupidity and vulgar talent, of natural servility and ancient love of freedom—no man can guess. It may be supposed, however, that one of the parts will fly off as soon as it can join any foreign matter. And this is the kingdom which is considered by all foreigners as raised out of deference to England, at the special demand of Lord Castlereagh!'—pp. 9—12.

The noble Lord did not exactly foresee that Belgium would have dared to raise the standard of independence for herself; but his estimate of the antipathies which existed between the two nations, and of the consequences to which their conflicting interests would give rise, was just in all its parts. So also, upon the subject of France, Lord John Russell says,

'As the constitution of France is at present balanced, there is no such thing as an aristocracy, and we have before seen that there *exist no means of forming one.* The constitution of England admits, as a leading principle, that the aristocracy prevents any collision between the King and people, resisting every illegal encroachment of the Crown, and every intemperate innovation of the Commons. And even when the King and people have united in projects unfavourable to law or liberty, the aristocracy have been found defending the ancient rights of Englishmen. But new France is constituted on a principle exactly opposite. An aristocracy does not exist, and yet there is a perpetual alarm lest it should exist, and have some influence in the state. The obvious danger of such a consti-

tution is, that the Chamber of Deputies may one day be prevailed upon to give the King an authority fatal to the constitution, or take away from him that which is essential to the monarchy. In the present state of France, the former of these dangers is not much to be feared. No Bourbon King would be gratified in his desire of unlimited power. But the latter is not so chimerical. The French people are now as eager to possess a free constitution, as they were lately enthusiastic for military glory, and foreign dominion. They have not, nor ever will again have, an attachment to the House of Bourbon. And, on the other hand, it is to be feared that the King may one day deceive himself. We saw the other day, that, after holding the crown three years by means of the foreign army, (whose presence he had requested from the allied powers,) he thought himself strong enough to admit the *Ultras* into his councils. Happily for him, and for France, the new ministers were sensible of their weakness, and would not hold the power offered to them. Should he, after another interval of good government, or should his brother or nephew, upon their accession, make a fresh attempt of the same kind, it may be fatal. Public opinion will by that time have doubled its powers; the press will be free; the army will be then, as now, attached to its glories, and its tri-coloured cockade; and the ancient friends of the Bourbons will be without power or inclination to save them. Such a conclusion to the French revolution would be a lamentable event. It is not easy to say, whether republicanism or despotism would rise again on the ruins of the Bourbon throne, but new alarms would be excited in every country in Europe. It would then become a question of vital importance, to know how far we were bound by treaties to support the Bourbons. It is clear, indeed, that no words are to be found which directly pledge the nation to the support of the present dynasty; but it is confidently believed that secret stipulations were entered into at Aix-la-Chapelle, which have not been laid before Parliament. And should no treaties have been signed at Aix-la-Chapelle, but those which have been laid before Parliament, it has been shewn, that even by the letter of those we might be called upon to go to war.'—pp. 40—42.

Here again mistake is mingled with prophecy. The noble Lord did not foresee (indeed who could?) that the French people, deriving moderation and magnanimity from the tremendous lessons of their former revolution, would have brought it to a conclusion, which, so far as we can yet perceive, no friend to liberty has any reason to lament. It could not be expected that human sagacity could discern in the womb of futurity, every possible circumstance that was likely to arise. Lord John Russell, however, went as far as it seems possible for the human eye to have penetrated into the years that were to come, resting his calculations upon causes which were discovered by his superior information and sagacity. And thus we may learn, that no maxim is more true, in politics, as well as in philosophy, than that causes will produce corresponding consequences, however protracted the period may be which the process employs. The seeds are sown, the harvest will one day undoubtedly appear; this is a law of nature, which no counteracting policy, no measures of precaution or force, can ultimately prevent.

It had been well for the Duke of Wellington, if he had made himself master of this simple truth, and had applied it to practical purposes, in considering our domestic condition, before Parliament had begun its labours. We agree with the author of the 'Alarming State of the Nation,' and with a great number of other pamphleteers who have written upon this subject, that much of the distress of which we hear so many complaints, may be traced to Mr. Peel's Bill, and the measures by which it was followed, for giving the country a gold and silver currency instead of a paper one. We may at once admit that that Bill and those measures have produced a very material alteration in the standard of value. But we ask these enemies of a metallic currency, whether, if we were still confined to bank notes, with all their appendages of country manufacturers of paper money, the distress of the country would not be a hundred fold greater, and a thousand fold more remediless? The contraction of the currency has undoubtedly thrown many persons out of employment, that is a fact which it is impossible to deny. But it is equally true that the expansion of the currency gave use to a quantity of nominal capital, which enabled innumerable establishments to speculate to an extent infinitely beyond their means, and to glut with the products of this country all the markets of the world. This overtrading would undoubtedly have gone on much farther than it did, and when the discovery would come to be made, as one day it certainly would be, that the wealth of the country was principally fictitious, the shock that would have been given to credit, in the absence of that test which a metallic currency furnishes, would have been far greater than any which the restoration of gold and silver has caused, and the consequences of that shock much more ruinous. After all, the nation would have been driven, in its own defence, to that very measure, Mr. Peel's Bill, which was prudently provided as a safeguard against the evils which were approaching, and the greater and more bitter portion of which, we are convinced, was, by that safeguard, repelled from the country. Upon this subject, therefore, we do not see that any blame is to be attached to the Duke of Wellington's ministry. The common sense of mankind would hoot them from their places, had they attempted to alter, or in any way to tamper with, the currency now happily established.

It is undoubtedly true that the greatest distress prevails amongst the farmers; that their capital has been for the most part swept away; that they are, in fact, verging on the brink of ruin, all over the kingdom. Prices for all agricultural produce are low; the markets miserable. The view which the author of the pamphlet just mentioned gives of the prospects of the agriculturists, is, indeed, darkly coloured.

'With respect to the capital of the farmers, that has been for the most part swept away already, and what remains will in all probability, go too; for what engagements can they form, with any prospect of meeting them,

in a constantly declining market, where a cheap bargain at Lady-Day proves a dear one at Michaelmas, and no standard exists for regulating the fair rent of land, or its value? The same process of absorption is thus destroying the whole race of farmers.

'The loss, too, in all manufacturing and commercial capital has been as great, if not greater than that in land, arising principally, we believe, out of the distresses of the agriculturists. For where are the customers in the home market to be found, whilst the land is so depressed, who will take off the products of the manufacturer? And as to the foreign market, how can our manufacturers (saddled as they are with such enormous taxes, as enter insidiously into the price of every commodity,) compete advantageously with the foreigner, who is, comparatively, free from any such burthens, were the foreigner even disposed to forego, in favour of England, (which he most assuredly is not,) that protection and encouragement which is due to the industry of his own countrymen, and admit English manufactures, duty free? Thus, it would seem, a like absorption has been, and is still going on, of the capital of our manufacturers, and, indeed, of the profits of all productive industry.

'And may not this process continue for years, in the way it is now accomplishing, till all agricultural prices throughout the kingdom, are, eventually, settled down to a level with continental prices, and the prices that existed in this country before the war? (It will take many years to effect this;) the best fresh butter will then be sold at 5*d*. per pound, butchers' meat at 3*d*., and wheat at 3*s*. 6*d*. or 4*s*. a bushel. But, in the mean time, the land-owner and the farmer will have to struggle on against constantly declining prices, with all their present burthens, heavily aggravated by daily-increasing poor's rates; and thus the whole of their properties will sooner or later be swallowed up by their creditors—namely, the funded and monied interests, and those who profit by the taxes. Bankruptcies and pauperism must increase, trade continue to decline, and at last, the revenue must fail, and all must end in confusion and revolution.'—pp. 7, 8.

There is some truth in this picture, though it be sketched with a bold hand. It seems now, we should think, pretty well ascertained, that the taxes and the poor-rates fall with the utmost severity upon the owners and cultivators of the land, while those who have money in the funds, and amassed otherwise in goods, or in the hands of private bankers, contribute, comparatively speaking, little towards the maintenance of public credit, the support of the state, or the sustenance of the poor. This is an enormous injustice towards the landowners and occupiers; and the horrid conflagrations now going on in the country, which began a few weeks ago in Kent, and have already carried the torch into five or six other counties, shew the penury to which the agriculturists are reduced. They are no longer able to give wages upon which the poor labourers and their families can subsist; and hence those commotions, bordering on, if they be not actually the commencement of, a servile war, which, if it is not speedily repressed, may produce the most alarming consequences.

It would be most unjust and irrational to blame the conduct of

the late ministry as connected with the causes of these outrages. That ministry, however, as well as those by which it has been more immediately preceeded, have much to answer for, in not having placed the taxes and the poor-rates upon a more equitable footing. Houses, windows, horses, carriages, servants,—every article in luxury, in short, in any manner calculated to afford employment to the industrious, are so highly taxed, that few but the very wealthy can afford to live in a style by which the artizan can profit. When reviewing Sir Henry Parnell's valuable work on the finances of the country, we entered so much in detail into this subject, that we deem it unnecessary to resume it. We believe that a measure was pretty generally expected from the Duke of Wellington, transferring the great burden of the taxes from the poor to the rich; and that the disappointment which that expectation met, was one of the ingredients in the cauldron of discontent which he has recently found so formidable.

The author of the pamphlet upon the alarming state of the nation, suggests a remedy for the evils of our taxation, very different, indeed, from any which we should dare to mention—one which we venture to predict, never will be proposed, much less carried into effect, unless there be a revolution. It may be right, however, to hear what he has to say, for in times like these, we should be prepared for the worst that can happen.

'What, then, is to be done, to ward off such a dreadful calamity? Various remedies are suggested; some say, reduce the taxes five, ten, fifteen, or twenty millions. Well, take off twenty millions, and what then? The necessaries of life might be reduced in price to the labouring classes, but this would not give them employment. Part of the pressure on foreign trade might be removed, but this would not raise up purchasers to the *home market;* whilst, as applied to the distresses of the landowner, and the farmer, it would be like a drop of water in the ocean. A reduction of twenty millions of taxes would have no sensible effect in arresting the progress of our present overwhelming national calamities, whilst it would impair the necessary establishments and defences of the country, never more necessary than in times of danger; and besides, it would be an insidious attack upon the public funds, quite unworthy of a great people.

'Others, again, say, depreciate the standard of value once more; return to a paper currency of small notes, and thus raise prices to their former level. This might do, could England be surrounded by a wall of brass, and the continental trade entirely excluded: but, situated as she is, it would only prove a short respite, as the Small Note Bill of 1822 has been truly called; it would be far worse in the end, as all temporary expedients are ever found to be. But will you dare once more to meddle with so ticklish and dangerous a thing as the currency? Are you quite sure two prices may not be the result this time—a gold price and a paper price; that the gold may not be secreted and hoarded, and that a general rush to the Banks for gold may not occasion a general stoppage and bankruptcy? Of this, indeed, we may rest certain, that if an intercourse is to be kept up with the rest of the world, and foreign trade encouraged, no expedients can be

devised so as to raise prices permanently, their inevitable tendency being to fall to a level with those of other nations, and as they existed in this country before the war; but in themselves *high prices* are no advantage. It is *low prices* that are wanted, to render England a cheap country, and enable her to enter into a fair competition with foreigners in the general market of the world, with all those advantages she might derive from her superior industry, skill, and intelligence. But these *low prices* are impossible to be attained under our existing taxes, charges, and burthens, without utterly ruining nine tenths of the community for the benefit of the remainder.

'We are thus driven to the last and only remedy, that remedy first suggested by Mr. Cobbett, and which ought to have been adopted in 1819, to which the nation must ultimately submit, sooner or later, to prevent a much worse catastrophe; namely, an *equitable adjustment* of all contracts. And why should this remedy not be applied even now? It would not, indeed, repair the mischief already committed; it would not set up again the thousands who have been totally ruined by the Bill of that day; but it would stop the progress of further mischief; it would prevent all further robbery, as it would have prevented all robbery, if adopted at the proper season. It is, therefore, an honest plan, such as is worthy of the nation, and would operate in its effects as a *fair contribution from all property towards a reduction of the National Debt.* Strike, then, at once, *one half* from all rents, compositions for tithes, the public debt, and the taxes, from all salaries, pensions, wages, and grants, the army and the navy, and from all *private debts and obligations* of every kind and degree between man and man, by an act of Parliament, declaring that the payment of one moiety of all such engagements shall be deemed and taken as a full satisfaction for the whole demand, and your end is gained. The nation might reel for a time under such a gigantic operation, but she would soon grow steady and firm, as she found the public disorder stopped in its course.

'Would the funded and monied interests suffer by such a measure? No; for the prices of all British produce must instantaneously settle *one half* throughout the kingdom; and within a month, 500*l.* would purchase as much, or nearly so, of every description of property, as 1000*l.* the month before; the interest of money, too, would rise with the prospect of beneficial employment; and, besides, how much would not be gained in *security?*

'Would the landowner suffer? No; his expences and burthens being reduced *one half* at the same time, he would be no worse off than he is now; and as leases expired, he would be enabled to make fresh contracts, with fair prospects of their being fulfilled; and with the revival of agriculture he might expect some advance upon his rents, to make amends for that heavy loss to which he has already been compelled most unjustly to submit. Whilst he may rest perfectly satisfied no legislative enactment on this subject could permanently depress the rent of land below that level to which otherwise it must, in the natural course of events, ultimately fall, any more than it could raise it.

'The strongest objection, perhaps, that can be urged against an arrangement being entered into now, that ought to have been made before any restoration of the standard of value was attempted, is that which respects foreign creditors, who have bargained to receive a *sovereign*, and would find themselves, by this arrangement, obliged to accept *half*. We

should bear in mind, however, that it will always be in the power of the foreign creditor to secure himself from loss, if he pleases, by simply taking payment of what is due to him in *produce* or *manufactures*, the most usual course of trade; at all events, the objection should not be allowed too great weight, when opposed to the safety of a *whole people*. The disgrace of the measure, if any, will attach, not to the *people* who have been betrayed into such an unfortunate predicament as renders the operation necessary for their salvation, but to those only who were the contrivers of the mischief?

'And how is it possible to estimate too highly the general benefit of such a measure to the nation? The interest of the national debt would be at once reduced from twelve to fourteen millions a year. Other taxes to about fourteen millions more. Though, if allowance be made for numerous reductions, and economical arrangements that might be very well carried into effect without impairing any proper establishments, or the national defences, these taxes might easily be reduced to eight millions. Thus, then, our whole taxation would be reduced to from twenty to twenty-two millions; to which add twenty millions more, (being five per cent. upon the principal of the public debt, as is hereafter proposed to go towards its reduction, and which the nation would easily be able to bear when relieved, as it would be, of so much pressure in various other quarters,) and it would then have to pay from forty to forty-two millions a year only for its whole taxation, decreasing annually at the rate of 1,600,000*l.* with a certainty that the whole of its enormous *debt* would be *entirely discharged in twenty years*. At present, it pays about fifty-five millions a year in taxation, with no prospect of any further effectual reduction in the *principal* of the *debt* ever taking place.

'What follows? England becomes at once a very cheap, instead of a very dear country, to live in; its absentees return, capital flows in from all quarters; for where could it be more safely or beneficially applied? Thus, full employment would soon be given to all labouring and working classes; agriculture would revive, as would trade and commerce, and the dormant energies of this most industrious and enterprising people would be once more called into full activity.

We will ask just one question of the man who proposes such an unprincipled and barefaced robbery as this. Suppose that Parliament were to-morrow to reduce the capital of the debt to half its amount, by a legislative measure, and that we were obliged, for our national interests, (honour we speak not of, as no sense of honour would then be remaining amongst us), to go to war the next day, who would lend us the funds necessary for the purpose? This consideration alone, we imagine, of honesty being the best policy, as well as the first of duties, ought to deter any man of common prudence from tampering with the inviolability of the public funds.

We observe, that the groups of peasantry who are engaged in enforcing their demands for higher wages, offer, in some instances, to give assistance to their employers, meaning the assistance of tumult, if not of open insurrection, in order to enable them to get the rents and the tithes lowered. These are subjects upon which, in the present state of agitation, we find it difficult to offer any

remarks. That the rents must be considerably lowered, is as clear as noon-day. That the tithes also, and the whole property of the church must undergo revision, is a proposition upon which no two men of sense, who consider the signs of the times, can differ.

The system of the poor-laws, also, is one essentially vicious. In its present state it is attended with enormous expence to those who pay, and with very limited and unsatisfactory relief to those who receive. The third pamphlet on our list contains some suggestions upon this subject, which we think well deserving of attention. The first enumerates the evils of the system as now administered.

'I. One very prominent objection to our Poor Laws, as at present administered, is *the great inequality of their application*. Instead of the assessment being *universal* and *national*, it is *limited* and *parochial*. From hence it follows, that *each parish* being liable exclusively to *support its own poor*, in those parishes which are large, with comparatively *few paupers*, the rate does not amount perhaps to more than 1*s.* 6*d.* in the pound, while in an *adjoining parish* of small extent, where the paupers are very numerous, the inhabitants are, in some instances, compelled to pay 9*s.* or 10*s.* in the pound.

'II. Another decided objection to this local application to the Poor Laws, arises from the *heavy expences* incurred by *litigation*, respecting the *right of settlement* and the *removal* of paupers from one parish to another: we say nothing of the lacerated feelings of those, perhaps once independent, but unfortunate individuals, who, in addition to their privations, are compelled to become a foot-ball of contending parishes, and the prize of a forensic contest in a court of justice. Oh, England! where is thy boasted detestation of slavery, and moral degradation of the human character?

'III. Their inefficiency is felt, inasmuch as there is no adequate check upon OVERSEERS, as at present constituted; for although the establishment of select vestries has been attended with incalculable advantage, where active individuals have done their duty, yet in many parishes, it is to be feared, that the neglect or indifference of those officers is attended with much loss.

'IV. In some parishes it is found very convenient to pay a standing salary to a person denominated, "Perpetual Overseer," to whom the *parish accounts, and disbursements of the public money are often entrusted*; and the old adage, "what is every body's business is nobody's business," being applicable to these parish affairs, as well as to others, this individual is *without any salutary control*; his books remain from year to year unexamined, and his upright principles exposed to strong temptation.

'V. Then again as to *illegitimate children*: the law, as it stands at present, absolutely holds out a *bonus* to the idle and the profligate to pursue their abandoned courses. A young female can boast of her *comparative independence*, by rearing her illegitimate offspring (owing to some dissolute young man, whose person is not worth confinement in the House of Correction,) *at the public expence*, while the *honest and laborious married pair* have, perhaps, *scarcely bread to eat* for themselves and family.

'VI. The allowance to the poor is often very inadequate to their support; and the manner in which it is doled out to them is exceedingly revolting and degrading to the character of a free-born Englishman.

'These are some of the evils which we should in future wish to avoid, and against which, we conceive, an adequate remedy may be provided; but

'VII. The greatest defect remains yet to be mentioned: and here we will simply put the question,—*Why is the entire expence of supporting the poor charged upon those only who possess real property*, while *personal chattels* possessed by the *fundholder*, the *mortgagee*, the *placeman*, and the *annuitant*, are totally exempt? And what just reason can be assigned why *the labouring classes themselves* (who possibly may, may, most probably, will, become chargeable to the parish,) should not have the *honour* and *privilege*, while in health and fully employed, to *contribute to their own support* when aged and infirm, by bearing their *just and equitable share* of this great national burthen.'—pp. 6—8.

The writer then proposes that Great Britain and Ireland should be considered as one kingdom, undistinguished by any variety of poor-laws, (he seems by the way to imagine that there are poor-laws in Ireland), and that the fund for the support of the poor, should be contributed by the whole nation. This plan would undoubtedly get rid of a great part of the expence of the present system, as the author shews by the details into which he enters. If the fund so contributed should comprise a provision for those of the poor who should wish to emigrate to the colonies, we conceive that it would be highly desirable, and not at all impracticable.

It must be admitted by the friends of the late Ministry,—and as long as it kept itself in harmony with the spirit of the age, we were among the number,—that the Duke of Wellington evinced a decided repugnance to any general inquiry into the state of the poor-laws, or the system of our taxation. Upon these points alone, however, he never would have been unseated. He owes his downfall (for he must have fallen if he had not resigned) to three great blunders, with which he may be said to have opened the new parliamentary campaign. He put words into the mouth of the king in praise of the king of the Netherlands, and censuring the revolted Belgians, and announcing that this country was about to interfere between the contending parties. The passage sent down the funds at once three or four per cent., for few persons would believe, that after taking part so unequivocally with the house of Nassau in the speech, the Duke would long confine himself to mere diplomatic mediation. The whole of the paragraph was most unfortunately worded, if the real intention was to reconcile the differences of the Dutch and the Belgians in a friendly manner.

The next blunder was the uncalled for, and most unexpected declaration of the Duke, in his place, in the House of Lords, not only against radical reform, but against reform of every kind and degree. In the present state of the country, and considering the impulse

which the question of reform had received from the late transactions in France and Belgium, as well as the expectations which had arisen from the Duke's visits to Birmingham and Manchester, such a declaration as this, so extensive and so irrevocable, was exceedingly unwise, and even wanton. It was rendered still worse by the elaborate eulogy, which the Premier pronounced upon the present state of the House of Commons, praising it as the most perfect representation that could be devised, of every interest that had a right to be represented in that branch of the legislature. This was flying directly in the face of the country, and that too, without any imperative necessity for so doing.

But the third blunder, which gives a ludicrous termination to the Duke's ministry, was his advice against the compliance, on the part of the King, with his promise to dine, on the 9th of November, with the corporation of London. The discussions which took place in both houses upon this subject, made it perfectly manifest, that if there were to be any tumults on that occasion, they were likely to be pointed, not against the king, than whom no sovereign that has ever swayed the sceptre of these realms, was more beloved by his people, but against the Duke himself. What was the reason of this universal odium which he had drawn upon himself, and which, from the most popular, made him, in a little week, the most unpopular of ministers? The reason is to be found in that ominous intervention paragraph of the King's speech, and in the Duke's own speech against reform. His doom was sealed. The ministers who had begun the session with challenging divisions upon different subjects, were, after the fatal city blunder, left in a minority upon the question of a committee, which they might have conceded with a good grace. The point was, apparently, one of form; but substantially they were beaten, and were obliged to quit the public service, because, like the Guizots and the Broglies of France, they were not prepared to march at the head of the ranks of the community, which are pressing forward, though yet unseen, under the banners of liberty, and before whose gigantic movements all opposition will be utterly in vain.

The change which the resignation of the Wellington cabinet has brought about, is, therefore, one that has been effected by the voice of the people. Unlike former mutations of cabinets, state intrigues have had nothing whatever to do with it. There was no subordinate officer officially connected with one set of men, betraying their secrets and their plans to another—a species of intermeddling, with which it is supposed Mr. Herries is not altogether unacquainted. There was no influence used behind the throne, no power of persuasion employed by a court mistress, or a titled or untitled minion. The change was one of principles; the principle of "things as they are," was obliged to give way to the principle of reform, of "things as they ought to be." Lord Grey succeeds the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Brougham replaces Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Palmerston holds

the seals resigned by the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Goderich follows Sir George Murray in the colonial department, and Lord Althorpe is Chancellor of the Exchequer. Not one of these noblemen or gentlemen has any explanation to give concerning his accession to office, as was the case when Canning was made First Lord of the Treasury. An exception, perhaps, may be thought of in the case of Mr., now Lord Brougham, against whom Mr. Croker made so intemperate an attack, for accepting the seals so soon, after declaring that nothing would prevent him from remaining in the House of Commons to bring forward his motion on reform. But, really, this is a very trifling affair. Had Mr. Brougham given the most solemn pledge that words could convey, of his intention to bring that motion before the House of Commons, he could have done so only for the purpose of forwarding the object of reform which he had in view. But would not that object have been still better secured by his immediate accession to a ministry which would set out by assuring the country that reform of a moderate, safe and practicable description, was one of the essential links which bound the new cabinet together? It is paltry and childish to tie a man down to mere phrases, when he adopts a different proceeding much more effectual than his unaided efforts could be for the accomplishment of the purpose to which his words referred. If any persons have a right to complain of Mr. Brougham's conduct, it is the people of Yorkshire; but they, on the contrary, hail his elevation as the best signal they could wish to witness, of the triumph of reform.

The formation of the new ministry, which has been effected with laudable expedition, has already given rise to the most favourable hopes throughout the country. Reform, retrenchment at home, and non-intervention abroad; these are the great leading principles which the new ministry are bound to carry into execution. They have the people at their side, and their adversaries will be placed in the unpleasant position of opposing a majority of the talents of Parliament and the will of the whole country. The new opposition consists of men who, with some few exceptions, sit for rotten boroughs; if they attempt to impede the progress of reform, they will only render the system which enables them so to oppose it still more odious to the people, and only assist in accelerating the flight of the Old Sarum incubus, and the destruction of their own party. The question is now really brought to an issue, for the first time in the history of this country, between the boroughmongers and the people; the former represented by the opposition, and the latter by the ministry. A few weeks will determine who are to be the victors.

From what we have said, it may be inferred that in such a contest, we shall not remain neutral. Having always been for the people, it may be imagined that we shall not now abandon them. At the same time we must earnestly recommend patience and mo-

deration—patience in waiting for measures which it will require time to mature, and moderation as to the extent to which those measures are to go. Sweeping alterations in national institutions are never safe, even if they be practicable. They cause violent shocks in the relations of society, and are more apt to generate new abuses than to remedy the old ones.

Art. VIII.—1. *The Literary Souvenir.* Edited by Alaric A. Watts. 32mo. pp. 346. *Twelve embellishments.* London: Longman and Co. 1831.

2. *The Amulet. A Christian and Literary Remembrancer.* Edited by S. C. Hall. 12mo. pp. 360. *Twelve embellishments.* London: Westley and Co. 1831.

3. *The Iris: a Religious and Literary Offering.* Edited by the Rev. Thomas Dale, M. A. 12mo. pp. 334. *Eleven embellishments.* London: S. Low: Hurst and Co. 1831.

4. *The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir.* Edited by Mrs. Alaric A. Watts. 18mo. pp. 240. *Nine embellishments.* London: Longman and Co. 1831.

We hear, upon all sides, that people are nearly tired of the Annuals; that there are a great deal too many of these publications, and that they begin to grow very insipid. It must be admitted that they are, for the most part, of a mediocre character this year, so far at least as their literary merits are concerned. The editors, though we believe all young men of good taste, seem to have become old in the labour of catering for their readers. Some of them must limp already upon crutches, take a profusion of snuff, and sleep the day through, otherwise we cannot account for the insufferably tame compositions with which they have filled their volumes. Perhaps, also, there is a limit beyond which these works cannot be eminently successful. When they first made their appearance, they were rendered attractive, chiefly by their novelty. The charm has been hitherto kept up by the splendour and perfection of their embellishments, but even these, transcendant though they be beyond the rivalry of foreign art, cannot long sustain a number of volumes coming out year after year. There is something in their very gorgeousness, which palls upon the sense; and unless they are accompanied, or rather we should say, supported by sterling literary excellence, they will assuredly vanish as quickly as they have sprung up amongst us. We clearly perceive the symptoms of their decline already, and cannot therefore assist in the work, which other journalists are very ready to take upon themselves, of forcing upon the public a description of supposed entertainment for which they no longer appear to have any great relish.

While the Annuals endure, however, it is our duty to assign to each what we believe it justly to deserve, in the way of eulogy or

censure. We are not among those critics who expect to find in these productions the best possible specimens of poetry and prose which the age is capable of yielding. But we should fix our estimate of the talents which are employed upon them at a very low standard indeed, if we did not maintain that volumes such as these offered to and expressly intended for the educated classes, ought to aim at literary as well as pictorial reputation. The editors would be unanimously offended, and justly so, if we swept away their labours at one fell sweep, and gave our attention only to those of Heath and Finden. We certainly do not expect to discover Byrons among their poets, or Addisons among their prose, like troopers; but we can have no mercy upon irredeemable dulness, and still less upon that species of mental quackery which offends, not less by its incompetence, than its pretension.

Mr. Watts seems to think that the mere name of his Souvenir ought to protect it from criticism. We believe that we are not among the ill-natured reviewers of whom he speaks in a manner not particularly amiable, in his preface. We have never hesitated to state our opinions frankly of the different Annuals which have come under our notice, either singly, upon their own merits, or in the way of comparison with others. When we deemed the 'Literary Souvenir' the best of its tribe, we proclaimed our judgment openly, without caring whom it might serve, injure, or offend. In the same spirit of unbiassed candour, we now assure Mr. Watts, that his new volume is, to our thinking, inferior, not only to several of its predecessors, but to most of its rivals for the present year, in literary merit. Some of its embellishments, though by no means the majority of them, certainly deserve the highest praise. We cannot conceive the power of the graver capable of surpassing West's print from Sir Thomas Laurence's picture of Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis. There is a tone of fleshy softness and fulness about the figures which seems to us nature itself. The folding of the drapery where it has been discomposed by the young patrician, the looping of the sleeve on the right arm, the bust of the mother and the figure of the child, are, we should think, as perfect as skill could make them. We admire much the sylvan scenery of the 'Narrative' for its depth and mellowness of shade; but it is ridiculously inconsistent to place such a group as the print exhibits, seated on the grass in our northern climate, amusing themselves with a poor imitation of the Decameron, the ladies attired like Italian dames, and the gentlemen in the garb of Troubadours. 'The View of Ghent,' is perhaps as good as so prodigious a congregation of vessels, towers, domes, houses, men, women and children, within so small a space, could allow it to be. The 'Trojan fugitives' and the 'Sea-side Toilet' are respectable; but of not one of the seven remaining prints can we speak in terms even approaching to praise. The 'Reading Magdalen' is a most unhappy attempt to represent one of the finest of Corregio's pictures. We have seen as good a lithograph

over the title of a song upon a sheet of music, as Mr. C. Rolls's 'Canzonet;' and as to the 'Lady and the Wasp,' we have not often met with any thing, not even in lithograph, so deplorably bad. It is monstrous. The 'lady' and her attendant are both of the race of the Titans.

We believe that we have been principally induced to extract the following lines by the consideration that they appear to have been written by a North American. It is gratifying to us to find that our kinsmen in blood and language, at the other side of the Atlantic, are making, at length, some strides towards the idiomatic tone of our own poetry. The author, Mr. G. Whittier, paints the grief of an Indian girl, assumed to be the last of the aboriginal inhabitants of Newfoundland.

'The moons of autumn wax and wane;—the hollow sound of floods
Is borne upon the mournful wind; and broadly on the woods
The changes of the changeful leaves—those painted flowers of frost—
Before the round and yellow sun, how beautiful, are tost!
The morning breaketh with the same broad pencilling of sky,
And blushes through its golden clouds, as the great sun goes by;
And evening lingers in the west, more beautiful than dreams,
That whisper of the Spirit Land—its wilderness and streams;
A little time—another moon—the forests will be sad;
The streams will mourn the pleasant light that made their journey glad;
The moon will faintly lighten up, the sun-light glisten cold,
And wane into the western sky, without its autumn gold;
And yet I weep not for the sign of Desolation near,
The ruin of my Hunter-race may only ask a tear:
The wailing streams will laugh again—the naked trees put on
The beauty of their summer-green, beneath the summer sun;
The morning clouds will yet again their crimson draperies fold,
The star of sunset smile once more, a diamond set in gold;
But never for the forest path, or for the mountain's breath,
The mighty of our race shall leave the Hunting-ground of Death.

'I know the tale my fathers told—the legend of our fame—
The glory of our spotless race, before the "Pale ones" came;
When, asking fellowship of none, by turns the foe of all,
With ocean rearing up around its dark eternal wall,
Companionless and terrible, our warriors stood alone,
And from the Big Lake to the sea, the green earth was their own.
Where are they now? Around the changed and stranger-peopled isle,
A thousand graves are strewn beneath the mournful autumn's smile;
The bow of strength is buried with the calumet and spear,
And the spent arrow slumbereth, forgetful of the deer;
The last canoe is rotting by the lake it glided o'er,
When dark-eyed maidens sweetly sang its welcome from the shore;
The foot-prints of the Hunter-race from all the hills are gone,
Their offering to the Spirit Land hath left the altar-stone;
The ashes of the council-fire have no abiding token,
The song of War hath died away—the Pow-wah's charm is broken;

The startling war-hoop cometh not upon the loud, clear air,
The ancient woods are vanishing—the pale ones gather there!
And who is left to mourn for this? A solitary one,
Whose life is waning into death, like yonder sinking sun!
A broken reed—a blighted flower—that lingereth still behind,
To mourn its faded sisterhood, and wrestle with the wind.
Lo!! from the Spirit Land I hear the music of the blest;
The holy faces of the loved are beaming from the west;
A voice is on th' autumnal wind—it calleth me away!
Ere the cheek hath lost its freshness, and the raven tress is grey;
Ere the weight of years hath bowed me, or the sunny eye is dim,
The Father of my People is calling me to him!'—*Literary Souvenir*, pp. 134—137.

Sir Aubrey De Vere's is a name not quite unknown in annual literature. We remember to have seen some promising compositions from his pen, and to have admired the solemn strain of feeling and of thought by which they were characterised. The picture presented in the following lines, of the Glen of Glangool, seems to have been taken on the spot. We recognise in it the vigour of a powerful mind, and the taste of an accomplished one.

'The hills are all around me—in a dell
Worn by a stream, a deep and winding glen,
On a bare rock beneath a waterfall,
I sit; and musing, lean upon my hand.
The song of birds and the low piping wind,
The distant voice of cattle, and the hum
Of labouring men, as the breeze dies away,
Make music with the stream's deep under-song:
A mountain music; that revives old thoughts,
And fills the eye of memory with tears.

'These shadowy steeps that lift on either hand
Their brows into the sun, naked of trees,
Yet wear a gorgeous mantle! the green grass,
The yellow gorse, the heath of purple bloom
With its brown foliage, group amid the rocks
In tufts on spreading banks; the lady-fern
Spreads out her delicate fingers; 'neath the stone,
Close by the torrent's side, on marshy spots,
The bright green flag shoots up; a thousand weeds
Of curious forms, and wild flowers of all hues,
Hang pendant from the fissures of the cliffs.

'Far 'neath my eye, even at the valley's gorge,
A ruined chapel, with its ivied walls,
'Mid the rude grave-stones of the villagers,
Lies sheltered; thence grey orchards, and green fields,
Spotted with cattle and the furrowed glebe
Where yet the tender wheaten shoot lies hid,
Waiting the warm breath of the tardy spring,
Bask in the day; beyond the healthy moor

Spreads out its dusky level—a wide plain,
Even like the ocean's breast when the wind sleeps,
And waves are stilled, and the full sun looks out,
For the cloud-shadows to disport upon.
Lo! how along the depths of heaven, like ships
With all their white sails crowding into light,
The vapours float magnificent! beneath,
In beautiful contention with the light,
Shadows are chasing shadows; like wild hounds,
That sweep the dewy mountain's side at morn.

'And now thy distant boundaries, dark plan!
Are sparkling in the sunshine; the blue hills
Rise with their bright crests in the azure skies,
And turrets start from groves between, and spires
'Mid clustering walls ascend; green hills swell on
Their bosoms, and the valleys sink in shade.

'Oh! how I love to watch yon mountain heights;
For there are eyes beyond, now fixed on them,
Thinking of eyes that gaze upon them here:
And there's a constant heart beyond, that beats
With a fond expectation, and doth count
Days, hours, nay, minutes as they creep away,
Pensively chiding the slow-footed time.

'With a long sigh, from my sweet dream I start,
And lo! beneath me smokes the sheltered cot,
The rose-clasped porch of hospitality;
Where Friendship pillows his tired kinsman's head,
And gentle Beauty smiles a welcome home.'—

Ibid. pp. 138—140.

By way of contrast to the lugubrious verses over which the reader has been just poring, we shall present him with a recipe for getting fat; which, besides being a very pleasant one, has in it the soundest principles of ethical philosophy.

I.

'There's nothing here on earth deserves
Half of the thought we waste about it,
And thinking but destroys the nerves,
When we could do so well without it;
If folks would let the world go round,
And pay their tithes, and eat their dinners,
Such doleful looks would not be found,
To frighten us poor laughing sinners.
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

II.

'One plagues himself about the sun,
And puzzles on, through every weather,
What time he'll rise—how long he'll run—
And when he'll leave us altogether:

Now matters it a pebble stone,
Whether he shines at six or seven?
If they don't leave the sun alone,
At last they'll plague him out of Heaven!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

III.

'Another spins from out his brains
Fine cobwebs to amuse his neighbours,
And gets, for all his toils and pains,
Reviewed, and laughed at for his labours:
Fame is *his* star! and fame is sweet;
And praise is pleasanter than honey,—
I write at just so much a sheet,
And Messrs. Longman pay the money!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

IV.

'My brother gave his heart away
To Mercandotti, when he met her;
She married Mr. Ball one day—
He's gone to Sweden to forget her!
I had a charmer, too—and sighed,
And raved all day and night about her;
She caught a cold, poor thing! and died,
And I—am just as fat without her!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

V.

'For tears are vastly pretty things,
But make one very thin and taper;
And sighs are music's sweetest strings;
But sound most beautiful—on paper!
"Thought" is the sage's brightest star,
Her gems alone are worth his finding;
But as I'm not particular,
Please God! *I'll* keep on "never-minding."
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

VI.

'Oh! in this troubled world of ours,
A laughter-mine's a glorious treasure;
And separating thorns from flowers,
Is half a pain, and half a pleasure:
And why be grave instead of gay?
Why feel a-thirst while folks are quaffing?
Oh! trust me, whatsoe'er they say,
There's nothing half so good as laughing!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!'—*Ibid.* pp. 181—183.

Many romantic stories are told in Ireland of the attachment which existed between Robert Emmett and Miss Curran, daughter of the celebrated advocate. We have met with none of these tales—which now may be called one of Ireland's national traditions,—so circumstantial as that which we are about to quote from the Souvenir.

'It is a comparatively easy task to recount the adventures of those whose celebrity renders the most trifling incident that concerns them of interest, and even importance, to the world; but the mere records of the heart and its affections, refined and exquisite as they may be, can only be gratifying to the few by whom it was intimately known and appreciated; and were it not that some circumstances had given to the unfortunate subject of this sketch a degree of celebrity which she as little contemplated as desired, I should scarcely have been tempted to pay this simple, but sincere tribute to her memory.

'Sarah Curran has already been the the theme of story and of song; and so long as "The Broken Heart" of Washington Irving be read, and the exquisite melody of "She is far from the Land," of our national poet, Moore, shall preserve its popularity,—so long must the real history of the inspirer of these pathetic records continue to interest the sympathies of the gentle and the good. When first I saw her she was in her twelfth year, and was, even at that age, remarkable for a pensive character of countenance, which she never afterwards lost. A favourite sister (to the best of my recollection, a twin) died when she was eight years old, and was buried under a large tree on the lawn of the Priory (Mr. Curran's seat, near Dublin), directly opposite to the window of their nursery. This tree had been a chosen haunt of the affectionate pair;—under its shade they had often sat together, pulled the first primrose at its root, and watched, in its leaves, the earliest verdure of the spring. Many an hour, for many a year, did the afflicted survivor take her stand at the melancholy window, gazing on the well-known spot which constituted all her little world of joys and sorrows. To this circumstance she attributed the tendency to melancholy, which formed so marked a feature of her character through life. Fondly attached to both her parents, her grief may be imagined when, at the period of her attaining her fourteenth year, Mr. Curran publicly endeavoured to obtain a divorce from his wife. As there existed no ground but his caprice of temper for this disgraceful proceeding, he, of course, failed in his attempt; and, as the public were acquainted with his early history, and the sacrifices which had attended Mrs. Curran's acceptance of his hand, his conduct attracted no small share of popular odium. Mr. Curran's origin was humble, and even his splendid talents might not have been found sufficient to have raised him to the position in society he subsequently occupied, had it not been for his marriage with a lady of family and fortune. He began his career as private tutor in the family of Doctor Creaghe, of Creaghe Castle, in the county of Cork; a gentleman of large property, as well as an enlightened and eminent physician. Miss Creaghe, a young lady of considerable taste and acquirements, proved but too sensible of the genius and talents of this accomplished inmate of her paternal dwelling, and a private marriage was the consequence. After a short time subsequent to its discovery had elapsed, Doctor Creaghe consented to forgive his daughter—received her

once more beneath his roof, and allowed her fortune to be expended on Mr. Curran's studies at the Temple.

'That he requited the affection of this amiable woman by attempting to repudiate her, will surprise no one in the least acquainted with the general details of his domestic conduct. The breaking up of his establishment, the dispersion of his family, and his own loss of character, were the consequence of this unhappy step. His appeal to a court of justice was heard with impatience, and repelled with indignation.

'In this perplexing position, my young friend shone conspicuous, and was as much distinguished among the members of her own family, as they were from the ordinary rank of society. Her engaging manners and amiable qualities attracted the attention of many, whose friendship never afterwards deserted her. Among these was the Rev. Thomas Crawford, of Lismore; one of the earliest of Mr. Curran's college friends. *To be unhappy*, was in itself a letter of introduction to which he was never inattentive. He was acquainted with every member of Mr. Curran's family; and the youth, the amiable disposition, and deep affliction with which his youngest and favourite daughter was overwhelmed by the separation of her parents, induced Mr. Crawford to offer her an asylum in his house. If any thing could have caused her to forget her father, it would have been the part this worthy man so generously acted towards her. She was to him, indeed, as a daughter; he loved her, and valued her as such. Under his protecting care she remained, until Mr. Curran recalled his banished children once more to their home, and formed a new establishment for their reception. But, alas! my poor friend's life was but an April day; or, rather, it consisted of "drops of joy, with draughts of ill between." The two or three years she spent under the paternal roof were the last she was permitted to number of enjoyment and happiness.

'During the long war, in which England, often single handed, struggled, with glory and success, for her own integrity and the liberty of Europe, her peaceful shores were repeatedly threatened with invasion by a foreign foe. The rumours of such an event, becoming very prevalent about the year 1802, reached the ears of a young enthusiast, at that time an exile from his native country, in Switzerland. In that cradle of liberty did Robert Emmett, as he said, endeavour to forget the miseries of his native country, and the dishonour with which his soul beheld her branded, and live the life of a freeman.

'When Switzerland, after a vain resistance, was fettered by the shackles of Buonaparte, Ireland was immediately menaced with a Gallic descent; and Emmett, in an ill-fated hour, landed on her shores, as he affirmed, to avert the calamity of her becoming a French province. His plans, by the little that is known of them, appear to have been perplexed and incoherent in the extreme; and had they been otherwise, the premature commencement of the insurrection would have rendered them abortive. After a slight disturbance, of only a few hours' duration, on the night of July 23, 1803, in which Lord Kilwarden and some other loyalists were unfortunately assassinated, peace and good order were again restored. A few of the ringleaders were punished; and, amongst the number, this unhappy worshipper of Utopian freedom became a sacrifice to his romantic dreams of liberty and patriotism. Previously to this eventful period of his life, Mr. Curran's eldest son, Richard, had been intimate with Robert Emmett,

at Trinity College; and their youthful friendship, on his return to Ireland, was unfortunately renewed. He introduced his friend to his father and sisters; and Emmett became a constant visitor at the Priory. An attachment, as ardent as it was unfortunate, was soon formed between him and Mr. Curran's youngest daughter. In the outpouring of his soul to this object of his idolatry, the enthusiast revealed all his plans and intentions respecting the overthrow of the Irish Government; happy would it have been for him, had he attended to the words of wisdom and of warning that fell from her gentle lips; but, alas! on this occasion they were of no avail. Dazzled with the splendour thrown by Roman story over deeds admired, because successful, he persuaded himself that, as tyranny was weakness, those whom he considered the enslavers of his country could be easily subdued; and he rushed with heedless impetuosity into the struggle.

'Mr. Curran's politics had formerly been what are called "liberal;" but from the time that his party had succeeded to power, he attached himself to the Government, under which he enjoyed a post of honour and emolument. His surprise and indignation could hardly be wondered at, when it was announced to him that he was an object of suspicion to his former friends, and that he was supposed to be implicated in Emmett's designs. He repaired instantly to the Castle of Dublin, and insisted on remaining in custody there, until every person arrested for the plot had been examined. As his loyalty had not always been so apparent, it was a severe trial to his feelings, both as a parent and a man of honour, to be assured, beyond all doubt, that at least one of his family was implicated; that letters from his daughter had been found amongst Emmett's papers; and that an order had been issued from the Lord Lieutenant, to have his house and correspondence examined! As Mr. Curran was conscious of his own innocence, he only felt as a father whose eyes were thus suddenly opened to domestic injury and affliction. Without taking time to inquire into the extent of his misfortune, he pronounced sentence of banishment for ever, from the paternal roof, on the innocent cause of his temporary vexation. Amongst Emmett's papers, were found various letters from Sarah Curran, all warning him against his fatal design, and pointing out to him its folly and impracticability. There was also one letter refusing the offer of his hand, and giving as her reason, the impossibility of leaving a father she so fondly loved. For a short time after the explosion of the plot, Emmett was concealed in a safe retreat in Dublin—his passage secured on board an American vessel—and the last time I saw my friend happy, she believed him to be "far away on the billow," beyond the power of his enemies, and destined to reach in safety the more hospitable shores of America. That very day he was arrested! I shall not attempt to describe her feelings, on receiving a letter from Emmett, informing her, that, as she had refused to accompany him, he was determined to remain in Ireland, and abide his fate. Thus, if possible, was another barb added to the arrow that smote these hapless lovers; nor could my poor friend ever forgive herself for being, as she thought, the certain, though innocent, cause of Emmett's unhappy end. Her arguments were not wholly disregarded by him, as, in one of his replies, he remarks:—"I am aware of the chasm that opens beneath my feet; but I keep my eyes fixed on the visions of glory which flit before them, and I am resolved to clear the gulf, desperate as may be the attempt."

'The circumstance of Emmett's trial and condemnation are too well known to render it necessary for me to recapitulate them in this place! After the delivery of his animated and affecting defence, Lord Norbury pronounced sentence of death upon him; and the ill-fated man was executed the following day, in Thomas Street, near the spot on which he had established the revolutionary depôt of arms and ammunition. Before his death, (when removed to Newgate, after his trial), he authorized a gentleman to announce to Government, as his own declaration, that he was the chief mover and instigator of the insurrection; and, out of the sum of 2,500*l.* which he had received on the death of his father, had expended 1,400*l.* in the preparatory outlay.

'A loss of reason, of some months' continuance, spared my poor friend the misery of travelling, step by step, through the wilderness of woe which Emmett's trial and execution would have proved to her; and when she recovered her senses, her lover had been for some time numbered with the dead. As soon as her health permitted, she left the residence of her father, whose heart remained untouched by those misfortunes and sufferings which excited the pity and sympathy of every one beside. Mr. Curran refused to see his daughter after her recovery, and she was again thrown on the world, which, with more than poetic truth, *had proved a broken reed, and pierced her to the heart.* But God raised up friends to this stricken deer; and, in a letter of her's, now before me, written at the time, she says,—speaking of that kind and amiable family who received her when deserted by her father,—"I find a pleasure in reflecting, that my father introduced me to the dear Penroses, as if it were to atone for his continued severity towards me." I received several letters from her during her residence at Woodhill, near Cork, the seat of Mr. Cowper Penrose, of whose tenderness and affection, as well as the kindness of the whole family, she makes constant mention. While under the protection of this gentleman's roof, she again became the object of an ardent and disinterested attachment. Among the many who met and admired her, was Colonel Sturgeon,* a person of peculiarly engaging manners and deportment; and who, with the "gay good-humour" of the military profession, possessed discernment and sensibility enough to appreciate and esteem merits such as her's; and, had not her heart been sered by early grief and disappointment, one who could not have failed to have experienced the most flattering reception. When he first made his proposals, Miss Curran did every thing in her power to induce him to desist from a pursuit, which, she assured him, could only terminate in disappointment. She confided to him every particular of her sad and eventful life,—her love, and her devotedness to Emmett;—and the utter impossibility of her ever being able to return any other affection, however it might deserve the best efforts of her heart; while, at the same time, she was not insensible to Colonel Sturgeon's merits,—well calculated, under other circumstances, to make the impression he desired.

'In vain did she employ all the eloquence of grief,—unfold the secret recesses of a heart, where one image reigned supreme, and plead his own

* Colonel Henry Sturgeon was the son of Lady Anne Wentworth, and grandson, by his maternal descent, of the celebrated Marquis of Rockingham.

cause for him, by proving how little he deserved, at least, but a divided affection.

'The constancy and tenderness of her attachment to Emmett, seemed to have rendered her the more interesting to Colonel Sturgeon; and as he continued a welcome guest at Mr. Penrose's, an intimacy still subsisted between them. She had hoped that his passion had subsided into the more placid sentiment of friendship, when a sudden call of military duty in a distant land, proved to her how fallacious had been her hopes. The peaceful but deceitful calm of her expectations were suddenly interrupted by Colonel Sturgeon's arrival, in haste, at Woodhill, and announcement that in four days he must leave Cork for London, and thence for immediate foreign service. He again renewed his suit with all the energy of despair. He had a friend in every member of the Penrose family; all of whom were anxious that the union of two persons so calculated to make each other happy, should not be deferred. They united their entreaties to Miss Curran to give a favourable answer, and in three days, she became the wife of a gallant soldier, than whom no second suitor could better deserve her hand.

'After yielding thus, as it were, a surprised consent, her heart failed her; and, the morning of her wedding-day, she implored her kind friends to allow her to proceed no further. They remonstrated with her, and told her she would be trifling with the feelings of one of the most amiable of men, should she manifest such a disposition. She was married at Glanmire Church, near Woodhill, and was, in truth, a *mourning bride*. One of our female friends who accompanied her in the coach to Glanmire, told me that she knew not who shed most tears upon the road. After 4 years' residence in England, Colonel Sturgeon was ordered to Sicily, where my poor friend endeavoured to make him happy and herself cheerful. Some, perhaps, who have casually met her, both before and after her marriage, have not considered her so remarkable a person as she really was; forgetful that the refinement of true genius is opposed to all intellectual ostentation,—that talents, in one so afflicted as she had been, must often be veiled by the darkness of cherished sorrow;—and that genuine sensibility flourishes not on the rugged highway of common life, but delights to expand its blossoms in the shelter and secrecy of fostering kindness.

'A sudden descent of the French on the Sicilian shores, in the year 1806, obliged the English to leave that country in haste. After a stormy and dangerous passage of several weeks, exposed to all the inconveniences of a crowded transport, Colonel and Mrs. Sturgeon arrived at Portsmouth. A short time before they landed Mrs. Sturgeon had given birth to a delicate and drooping boy, whose death, soon after, seems to have put a finishing stroke to her sufferings, at Hythe, in Kent.'—*Literary Souvenir*, pp. 331—342.

We omit a letter from the brother of the ill-fated lady, which follows, in order to make room for an unfinished and affecting communication from herself; as well as for the conclusion of this distressing narrative.

'"*Hythe, April* 17.

"My Dear M—

'"I suppose you do not know of my arrival from Sicily, or I should

have heard from you. I must be very brief in my detail of the events which have proved so fatal to me, and which followed our departure from that country. A most dreadful and perilous passage, occasioning me many frights, I was, on our entrance into the Channel, prematurely delivered of a boy, without any assistance, save that of one of the soldier's wives, the only woman on board except myself. The storm being so high that no boat could stand out at sea, I was in imminent danger till twelve next day, when, at the risk of his life, a physician came on board from one of the other ships, and relieved me. The storm continued, and I got a brain fever, which, however, passed off. To be short, on landing at Portsmouth, the precious creature for whom I had suffered so much, God took to himself. The inexpressible anguish I felt at this event, preying on me, has occasioned the decay of my health. For the last month, the contest between life and death has seemed doubtful,—but this day having called in a very clever man here, he seems not to think me in danger. My disorder is a total derangement of the nervous system, and its most dreadful effects I find in the attack on my mind and spirits. I suffer misery you cannot conceive—I am often seized with icy perspirations, trembling, and that indescribable horror, which you must know, if you have ever had a fever. Write instantly to me. Alas! I want everything to soothe my mind. Oh! my friend, would to heaven you were with me! —nothing so much as the presence of a dear female friend would tend to my recovery. But in England, you know how I am situated; not one I know intimately. To make up for this, my beloved husband is everything to me,—his conduct throughout all my troubles, surpasses all praise. Write to me, dear M—, and tell me how to bear all these things. I have, truly speaking, cast all my care on the Lord,—but oh! how our weak natures fail every day, every hour, I may say. On board the ship, when all seemed adverse to hope, it is strange how an overstrained trust in certain words of our Saviour, gave me such perfect faith in his help, that although my baby was visibly pining away, I never doubted his life for a *moment*. 'He who gathers the lambs in his arms,' I thought would look down on mine, if I had *faith* in him. This has often troubled me since."

'The last request Mrs. S. made to her father was, that she might be buried under her favourite tree at the Priory. She was spared the cruelty of a refusal; as after her death Mr. C. said "*he would not have his lawn turned into a church-yard;* and she was buried at the little village of Newmarket, in the County of Cork, where her father was born. Colonel Sturgeon did not long survive her: he was killed in Portugal during the Peninsular War, by a random shot fired from a vineyard, at a party of stragglers following our troops, who were often thus rewarded by the poor deluded natives, on account of their supposed heresy!

'In person, Mrs. S. was about the ordinary size,—her hair and eyes black. Her complexion was fairer than is usual with black hair, and was a little freckled. Her eyes were large, soft, and brilliant; and capable of the greatest variety of expression. Her aspect in general, indicated reflection and pensive abstraction from the scene around her. Her wit was keen and playful; but chastised; although no one had a quicker perception of humour or ridicule. Her musical talents were of the first order: she sang with exquisite taste; I think I never heard so harmonious a voice.'—*Literary Souvenir*—pp. 344—346.

These specimens of the literary contents of Mr. Watts's volume; the reader will perhaps not think so highly of as we do. They are, in our judgment, the most favourable samples which we could produce, after having examined the book with the most scrupulous care.

There are some charming embellishments in the new 'Amulet.' Among these, we would particularly instance 'the Countess Gower and her Child;' a worthy companion for the frontispiece of the 'Souvenir;' the 'Resurrection,' from a splendidly conceived design of Martin; the 'Florentine,' a gem from the brain of Finden; the 'Village Queen;' and a beautiful landscape composition, shewing the effect of sunset. Indeed the illustrations are in general excellent, with the exception of the 'Corsair's Bride;' to whom are given a foot and a hand that seem to have no immediate connection with her figure.

The reader will be much amused with Dr. Walsh's account of a few Irish legends and traditions. We have little doubt that this subject might admit of extension. It is a mine which has not been, at least as yet, overwrought; although Mr. Crofton Croker has explored it with considerable success. The tale of the 'Indian Mother,' by the author of the "Diary of an Ennuyée," is too elaborately written; much more so than we could have expected, seeing that the main attraction of this author's former work consisted in the happy simplicity of its style. Much of the picturesque and animated manner which distinguished the "Letters from the East," re-appears in the sketch which we have here of the story tellers of that original and interesting region. It was, we think, an oversight of the editor to append to the print of 'Sweet Anne Page,' only the description from Shakspeare. We do not take up an annual for the year 1831, for the purpose of reading in it quotations from our most distinguished poets. One publisher has, we understand, conceived the notable design of illustrating new engravings with matter selected from two or three volumes which are already before the world. We do not see why this scheme should not be prosperous, if the more respectable annualists may satisfy their judgment with taking their letter-press from Shakspeare. They will, at all events, go some way towards proving that there is a dearth of good writers in the present day. We meet every where with the name and the productions of Miss Jewsbury, and in the juvenile works, always with pleasure. She has a peculiar tact in writing for the instruction and amusement of children; and though we do not mean to say that she may not attempt higher things, yet we must confess that we usually prefer the humbler flights of her imagination. Hence we do not much like her 'History of a Trifler,' which, with an affectation of gaiety in some parts, is merely pert; and of the pathetic in others, is overstrained and silly. A very interesting account of the 'Seven Churches,' is given by the author of "Constantinople in 1828." This is one of those valuable fragments of history on which we have had more than once to give

the tribute of our praise to the 'Amulet.' We cannot congratulate Miss Mitford upon her story of the 'Residuary Legatee.' It may have all the merit of truth, but it wants the graphic comic touches which form the author's peculiar claims to distinction. The 'Roman Merchant,' by the "O'Hara Family," is but a mediocre performance. There is, however, towards the close of the volume, another Irish story, told by Mrs. Hall in her liveliest manner, for a few passages of which we must find room. By way of preliminary, the reader must suppose himself acquainted with Stephen Cormack, the nephew of a snug parish priest; with Alick, a miller's son; with a moral beauty, named Mary Sullivan, and her cousin Jessie, who had come upon a visit to her 'all the way from Dublin city. The following scene in the fields, where Mary had just thought proper to faint, in consequence of an ornament having been discovered upon her person, of which her undeclared lover, Alick, had hitherto been ignorant, will place the reader in the midst of the parties. We should further premise that Walter is a half-idiot.

'Previous to Mary's perfect recovery, even while Jessie was overwhelming her with apologies, assurances, and sorrows, Stephen joined the group, and seemed much astonished at the restraint visible on the countenance of each. Jessie undertook the task of explaining the events of the evening, which, like most chattering persons, she did, much to her own satisfaction, and the dissatisfaction of the rest of the party. Stephen thought she threw no light on the subject, and Mary and Alick fancied she threw too much; the fact was, Jessie herself was bewildered; and surmises, as opposite as the antipodes, crowded her pate in such quick succession, as positively to fetter her tongue. On their walk homeward, when they came within sight of the Bleach House, Jessie, at a turn of the lane, relinquished Mary's arm; Stephen, lover-like, availed himself of the opportunity, and placed it within his.

"'The path's too narrow for three, Stenie," observed Alick, somewhat sharply.

"'Walk behind or before, thin, if you like," retorted the other quietly.

"'I'll do neither one nor the other," replied Alick; but keep y'er own place, and make way for y'er betters."

"'I will when I see them," was the cutting reply.

'Mary pressed her cousin's arms to enjoin silence, but in vain.

'"If the girls were'nt here, I'd soon shew ye the differ, for all ye carry y'er head so high—offering freedoms where they're not acceptable, Mister Stephen Cormack!"

'"Stephen! Alick!—for the sake of the holy saints!" exclaimed both girls at once—as the young men regarded each other with menacing looks.

"'Whir—a-boo—boo!" shouted Walter, separating the thick and thorny furze edge that bounded the path-way, and springing between the contending parties—"What's the breeze now? and what are ye frightening my white lily for?" And circling his cousin's waist with his arm, he waved a hugh branch of oak over his head.

"'Saint Stephen, if you offer to lay hands on Prince Alick, I'll make as nate a little cock-throw of ye, as ever Saint Patrick pitched at."

'"For mercy's sake!" said Mary—rousing all her strength for the effort, and disengaging herself from her wild cousin's support—"do not quarrel for nothing. I have known you both all my life, and I never asked favour from either; but promise me, Alick—Stephen—promise to forget this foolish—"

'"To be sure they'll promise!" exclaimed Walter. "Prince Alick will do it for—I know what—and Saint Stephen will do it for—" He seized Stephen by the back of the neck, and again waved his bough, laughing and singing:—

'"Oh, brave King Brian! he knew the way
To keep the peace, and to make the hay;
For those who were bad, he knocked off their head,
And those who were worse, he killed them dead."

"'Oh, I'll promise," said Stephen, doggedly, "any thing to oblige Miss Mary Sullivan; not that I fear or care about a bit of a spree, more than any other boy living; it's fine exercise, and keeps a body in practice; only to oblige her—" He held out his hand, which Alick frankly took; and, peace restored, they proceeded to the Bleach Green—Walter jumping and singing with evident glee, but continuing, at the same time, a cat-like inspection of the party.

'"Come in, and take supper, Stephen; I see the potatoes are up, and my aunt promised me some beans and bacon, as a treat, to-night," said the kind-hearted miller's son; but Stephen declined, while Walter went to him, and, with a solemn look, pretended to brush something off his shoulder. "The black boy sticks like a buz on ye, astore—wash him off with holy water when he goes home," observed the half-witted creature, and then sprang over the rude palings that separated the green from the neat court-yard.

'Stephen Cormack went on his way, but not rejoicing; and when he entered his uncle's dwelling, he sat down on the three-legged stool, opposite the priest, in evident ill humour.—*Amulet*, pp. 313—315.

The reader sees that Stephen was altogether upon a wrong scent, and that the favourite of Mary was her cousin Alick. We are now introduced into the priest's house, the description of which is apparently, if we may say so, taken from the life.

'Father Neddy Cormack fitted as neatly into his arm chair as a nut does in its shell; he was a little tun of a man, upon which the head stood without any visible connection with the body; his face was seamed and browned in open defiance of beauty and art; his nose was puggish and purple; his brows heavy and moveable, and it was only when they were wrinkled up in two or three folds, that the peering, and really bright twinkling, of two little grey eyes, informed you, that if the creature possessed power in proportion to its cunning, it would indeed be fierce and dangerous. The thing would have made an admirable attorney, but a bad counsellor, and certainly was a very unfit director of the spiritual or temporal affairs of the parish, which he endeavoured to *rule*—not *guide*.

'It has been my lot to know, esteem, and love, true and loyal members of the Catholic Church. I have looked upon many priests and friars with veneration and respect—I have delighted in observing their kindness, their gentleness, and their honest discharge of what they considered duty—I

have known them to make great sacrifices, and endure much patiently; and I say it to their credit, that I never met but one among them in any way resembling the person whom I have endeavoured to describe. Without being gifted with the gentlemanly bearing of a Jesuit, he had a good deal of the tact and artifice belonging to that subtle sect—which he used to blind his humble associates—with a hot and fiery temperament that subdued when the other failed. He had not interfered much with the Sullivan's; they were liberal, and performed "their duties" regularly; had stations twice in the year at their respective houses, and paid to priest, as well as minister, "tythes of all they possessed;" but they were more enlightened than their neighbours, and so Father Neddy wisely thought that "it was better to let well-enough, alone." He had anxiously urged the wooing of his nephew with Mary. She was considered "the best fortune" for many miles round; and the match was decidedly desirable—for Stephen was one of those contented Irish spirits, who, disdaining either mental or bodily exertion, as incompatible with "genteel birth or breeding," trust first to their relations, and afterwards to chance, for bed, board, and all other necessaries.

'The priest's best parlour was furnished precisely as occasion required: when there was "grand company," the long settle was brought from the kitchen, and its dirt and deficiencies concealed by a flowered bed-quilt, thrown over and pinned round it by the old housekeeper, who had the Irish talent of making one thing, like Shakespeare's player, "play many parts"—then Father Ned's dressing table (as it was called) stood in lame helplessness between the dimly-shewing windows—and placed on it (the cracked portions turned to the wall) were two or three old-fashioned china jars, filled with a few flowers, that, conscious of being out of character, or affected by the smoky atmosphere, drooped and died "within an hour." On the evening to which I particularly allude, no such luxuries were present; a green bottle, a large, thick glass tumbler with a tin foot, and an empty jug, were on the solitary round oak table that graced the centre; to the right of this was the priest's high-cushioned easy chair, and the little footstool upon which his feet rested; he reclined perfectly at his ease—his hands just meeting over his rotund person, his mouth open, his eyes shut—a very Cruikshank of devotion.'—*Amulet*, pp. 315—318.

We decline entering into the conversation which is represented to have taken place between the priest and his nephew, as we cannot be parties to so ludicrous a libel upon the principles and habits of an Irish parish priest. Such a man might, naturally enough, have been anxious for the welfare of his nephew; but that he should have expressed himself upon the subject in the language attributed to him by Mrs. Hall, no one acquainted with such characters in real life, can ever imagine. Stephen having been, upon a second essay, finally repulsed, his next step was to force her away from her father's cottage. The story of the abduction is strikingly told.

'The inmates of the Bleach House had long retired to rest, when Mrs. Sullivan started from her sleep, and shaking her husband violently, asked him if he had not heard a scream. Before he could reply, "Father!—Father!" was shrieked, with all the wildness of despair—

and, merciful Providence!—in Mary's voice. He rushed to his room door, and endeavoured to force it open, but he strained every nerve in vain. Like many doors in Irish cabins, it opened from the outside; and it was evident that heavy pressure had been resorted to, to prevent its being pushed forward. Again the mournful wail, "Father!—Father!" burst upon his ear. He stormed in impotent rage—he conjured those without, by every holy and sacred tie, to let him go forth. He then bethought him of the little window that opened on the thatch.—Alas! his head could hardly pass through the aperture. With frenzied eagerness he endeavoured to tear out the casement; even as a maniac attempts to rive his fetters. At length he succeeded; and the mud wall crumbled beneath his hands. He listened—the affecting words were not repeated: within, the sound of footsteps had ceased, but suddenly without all was bustle; and as he renewed his exertions, the tramp of horsemen came heavily upon the ear. Again he flew to the door; it was unfastened: extended on the earthen floor of the kitchen, he beheld Jessie in a state of perfect insensibility; he rushed to the fore-court—even the sound of the horse's hoofs had died in the distance; he sped to his brother's house—they were not long in coming to his assistance, and accompanied him, speedily, to the plundered nest. His wife's state of mind may be better conceived than described; and the only account Jessie could give of the outrage was, that she was roused from her sleep by masked and armed men entering their chamber, and that, despite of her efforts, they rolled a horseman's cloak round her cousin, and dragged her forth.

'To rouse the neighbours—saddle, spur, and away after the lawless plunderers, was the universal resolve. It may readily be believed that Alick was foremost in the exertion; but the ruffians had anticipated pursuit. The saddles in the sheds, dignified by the name of stables, at both houses, were cut to pieces; and a brown farm-horse, with the exception of Alick's poney, the only good roadster in their possession, was cruelly maimed.

'"Oh, if Watty had been here, this could not have happened!" they exclaimed, "he has the ear of a hare, the foot of a hound, and the eye of an eagle;" but it was vain. And the grey morning had almost dawned, before a party, consisting of seven tolerably well-mounted and well-armed men, sallied forth in pursuit of the lost treasure. Various were the conjectures as to the probable authors of the abduction, and the course the miscreants had pursued. The Sullivans were silent on the former topic, but seemed to opine that Mary had been carried towards the very lawless neighbourhood of Keenahan's wood.

'The crime of conveying the daughters of respectable farmers from their own homes, and forcing them to marry, frequently persons whom they had never seen, was at one time not at all uncommon in Ireland; even in my own quiet district, I remember, about sixteen years ago, a circumstance of the kind that made a powerful impression on my youthful mind, although there was much less of villainy about it than characterized "the lifting" of Mary Sullivan. Unfortunately, the friends of the perpetrators, on such occasions, seem to argue themselves into the belief, that when such affairs terminate in *marriage*, no evil has been committed.

'The parties agreed to separate—four to pursue the by-roads, leading to a wild district of morass and hill, called Keenahan's wood; and three

the more direct and better known way, to the same place, in another direction. The neighbourhood of Keenahan's wood had been famed as the residence of a sort of Catholic Gretna-green Irish priest—a jovial outcast friar, who laughed, and poached, and married. Although none of the regular clergy associated with him, he concluded all sorts of run-away and forced matches; it was, therefore, natural to suppose that Mary had been borne in that direction. Alick, his father, and two friends, took the former road; and Corney Sullivan, and two others, the latter. As they passed Cormack's house, Alick looked fixedly at it; and his father almost involuntarily exchanged glances with him, when they perceived a head, which could not be mistaken, withdrawn from one of the windows, and an open shutter closed.

"Father Neddy's early at his devotion," observed Alick, in a low and bitter tone.

"I wonder what he thinks of seeing so many of us astir in the dim o' the morning," replied the other.

"May-be he knows by inspiration," continued the youth, with increasing bitterness; "but if it is as I think, I'll drive, and tear, and throw open—ay, the very altar; and I'll have justice and revenge before I lay side on a bed, or taste drink stronger nor water."

"Whisht! for mercy's sake, whisht!" exclaimed the father: "wait awhile, and don't be so rash."

They stopped at every hamlet— they questioned every individual, but for many miles received no intelligence. At last, a beggar-woman, who had slept under shelter of a ditch during the night, and was, to use her own phrase, "getting the children to rights, and making them comfortable," said, that about two hours before, three men had gone that way—she had looked up, upon hearing them pass—"they were riding easy," and one of them carried a slight woman before him on the horse, "which struck her, strange," as she lay more like a dead than a living thing. They took off the high road across the bog, in the direction of Keenahan's wood; "and she soon lost sight of 'em, as day-light wasn't clane in."

Our friends followed the track she told of, and heard again from some turf-clampers that the same party had passed them about on hour before. The information, however, did not appear to increase the chance of their search being crowned by success. In the direction pointed out by the turf-cutters, all trace of road was lost; the ground was uneven, and they were obliged to lead their horses. Scrubby, and often gigantic furze, thickened on the borders of the wood, so as to present almost a positive barrier to their progress; while every now and then a deep pit-fall, or a treacherous shaking bog, impeded their course; and it required all their strength and dexterity to extricate themselves from the clayey thickness of the soil.

Keenahan's wood shewed darkly in the distance, as it crept up the Slivoath mountain, whose craggy top frowned amid the thin and fleecy clouds.

"There can be no harm," observed the elder Sullivan "in going to Friar Leary's; sorra' a job of the kind done that he ha'nt a hand in; and something tells me we shall soon find our lost lamb."

It was agreed that one of the party should take charge of the horses;

while the others proceeded slowly and cautiously on foot, under cover of the wood. They could not expect any information from the beings who inhabited the dreary and dangerous district they now entered, as they were generally believed to subsist by plunder; for in times of national tumult, suspicious persons always found shelter in the fastnesses of Slivoath, and many bloody acts of violence had been perpetrated under the dense trees.

'The few half-naked urchins whom they met, either pretended total ignorance of the friar's dwelling, or, as they afterwards discovered, invariably set them wrong. Thus, fatigued in body and mind, they struggled through the tangled brush-wood; and although the sun was high in the heavens, its rays could hardly penetrate the deep thickness of the matted trees.

'A broad and brawling stream, occasionally bubbling and frothing over the impediments that huge stones and ledges presented to its impetuosity, divided the path, (if the course they had pursued might be so called,) and formed an opening, where the air, relieved from its wearisome confinement, rushed in a swift, pure current over the waters. The banks, on the opposite side, were steep and dangerous. Huge masses of the mountain rock, round whose base the stream meandered, rose abruptly from the surface: some were fringed by the thorny drapery of the wild briar and ragged nettle; others were bleak and barren, and the sunbeams glittered on flints, and portions of red granite, that, like many of the worldly, basked in the sun of prosperity, and yielded nothing in return.

'The party followed the course of the mimic river, and the mountain grew higher and higher as they proceeded. The depth of the water, too, had evidently increased; probably owing to the late rains; for it washed over a rustic bridge, well known in the district, by the name of "the friar's pass," and which, they rightly conjectured, led to the abode of "the Irish Friar Tuck."

'Above this simple structure, that consisted of two huge trees tied together, a portion of the mountain jutted, and formed a semi-arch of wild and singular beauty. Its summit was thickly imbedded in bright and shining moss, and its glittering greenery was a delightful relief to the eye that had so long dwelt on noisome weeds and rugged rocks.

'While the little party were gazing on the fair spot, a loud shout thundered on their ears: for a moment they were petrified; and then involuntarily rushed to cross the bridge. Their progress, however, was arrested by the scene that presented itself, in what, as they gazed for a moment upon it, appeared mid-air: Walter Sullivan—his black hair streaming like a pennon on the breeze—in eager pursuit of Stephen Cormack, who seemed anxious to gain the path that descended to the stream; but with another shout, or rather howl, Watty sprang on him, as the eagle would on the hawk, and both engaged in a fierce and desperate struggle. Neither were armed, but the fearful effort for existence gave strength to Stephen's exertions. With the ferocity of tigers they clutched each other's throats, and as they neared the edge, the half-maniac redoubled his exertions to throw his weaker antagonist over it. Alick and his father flew up the cliff; nothing but the supernatural energy with which Walter was imbued could have saved Cormack's life. He had succeeded in loosening the hold upon his throat, and then, taking him round the waist as if he had been an infant, upheld

him, for a moment, over the abyss, and hurled him forward; had he been pushed over, his doom must have been instant death; the pointed rocks would have mangled him into a thousand pieces; but the crime that would have attached to the hitherto "harmless innocent," was providentially prevented, and Stephen fell into the stream.'

We need not go on with the sequel. A dispensation having been obtained, the lovers were married by the bishop. We have given but the principal incidents of this Irish story. It is but justice to Mrs. Hall to add, that in the filling up of the outline she evinces no common powers.

The *poetic* portions of the 'Amulet' are not remarkable for brilliancy.

The 'Iris,' edited by the Rev. T. Dale, is undoubtedly a great improvement upon its predecessor. The head of Christ, in the vignette title page, is an exquisite bijou. It may, perhaps, be a subject of just complaint, that there is not a greater variety in the embellishments. Piety will not, we think, regret to find, that of eleven prints, six are devoted solely or chiefly to the Redeemer. But, speaking of the volume as a work of art, and we are sure that we shall not be suspected of irreverence, we think that it might have been more attractive if it had been less monotonous. The 'Virgin and Child' are out of all proportion to the size of the page. We have two prints of St. John the Evangelist, and although they are both capitally engraved, we could easily dispense with one of them. The 'Deluge' is not well represented by any means. The figures are too indistinct, and the scene altogether too confined to afford even the slightest indication of the terrors of that awful visitation.

The Rev. Editor has contributed to the volume several poetic compositions, of a respectable character. The following verses, from his pen, accompany the beautiful print of the Nativity, taken from Sir Joshua Reynolds's well-known picture.

'A light is kindling o'er the midnight sky,
Of broad unwonted brightness;—the hushed air
Is filled with sounds of strange sweet melody,
As though an angel choir were hymning there
Celestial strains;—and each aërial Power
Had lit the starry lamp within his beacon tower.

'And hark! fresh sounds; and lo! the scattered beams
Condense into a wreath of living light;
Pure as the chaste cold moon-beams, yet more bright
Than the full noon-tide blaze, behold it streams
Above, around an earthly dwelling place—
Heaven sheds its purest rays on some of mortal race!

'Why shine ye thus, ye Heavens? and wherefore, Earth?
Art thou thus graced by splendours not thine own?
Say, who and where is He, at whose glad birth
Revealed, the glory of the Lord hath shone?

Not thus it kindled when the Law was given,
And through its central caves was startled Sinai riven!

'Is it the hoped Deliverer, whose dread sword
Shall smite the Heathen, in holiest war?
Is it the Sceptre, now at length restored
To Judah's royal line? The sacred star
That shall outshine the day's proud orb, and bless
Glad Israel's reserved seed, a Sun of Righteousness?

'Tis all! 't is more! Upon a lowly bed
Within a lowliest dwelling, there is One
Not earthly, though on earth; and though the Son
Of God, yet born of woman! Round his head
Those rays are circling, till they seem to shine
With such resplendent blaze as gilds the Throne divine!

'Well may they shine! It is the promised Son;
EMMANUEL, GOD WITH US, revealed on earth
The living image of the viewless one!
Well may they shine! By His auspicious birth
Peace comes to dwell on Earth—joy reigns in Heaven—
Hell trembles—Sin is chained, Death vanquished, Man forgiven.

The Iris.—pp. 123, 124.

Mr. W. Cox, author of the 'Opening of the Sixth Seal,' seems to have caught some rays of inspiration from the genius of Martin. His address to the comet is a powerful composition.

'Thou of the fiery face,
Where is thy dwelling place
Whence, thou mysterious one, whence is thy roaming?
Why, on thy red-flame wings,
Thus in thy wanderings,
Over the way of our world art thou coming?

'Oh! art not thou the sign—
Symbol of wrath divine?
Say, fearful minister of the Most High,
Who can look up to thee,
Being of mystery!
Heedless of Him, whose dread home is the sky?

'Far doth thy flag of flame,
To trembling man proclaim,
How some Almighty hand guideth its might,
Awe-struck, the nations bow,
Prostrate before thee now,
Thou of the fire-crown—the pinions of light.

'Say, dread one! art thou not,
One of a race forgot
One of the worlds, from their starry homes given
And orbless and masterless,
One mighty wilderness,
Desolate roamest thou over the Heaven?

'Or is it, formless one!
That thou hast fresh begun
In the pure regions of ether to move?
Art thou some new-born star,
Come from thy cradle far,
Far, in the dark, doubtful places above?
Art thou some messenger,
Sent from a lighter sphere,
Prophet of ills, that are coming to this?
Thou of the flaming face,
Where is thy dwelling-place?
Surely thou art not a being of bliss.
Say then, thou fearful one
Is thy flight to the sun,
How many stars hast thou swept from the sky?
How many a mighty world
From its throne hast thou hurl'd,
Comet, since thus thou hast wandered on high?
'Yet, Star of Mystery,
Why have we fear of thee?
There is a strong arm that ruleth thy flight;—
'Tis an Almighty hand,
Holds on thy course command,
And mercy still watches over thy might!'

The Iris.—pp. 300—302.

Mrs. Watts has, we think, been particularly fortunate this year in her 'Juvenile Souvenir.' Whether we consider the embellishments, or the apologues, conversations, tales and verses with which they are intermingled, we cannot but admit that she has catered for her young friends, of whom we wish her a great many, with truly maternal diligence and skill. The idea of the 'Little Romance Reader' is one that, if expanded into a book for children, would be productive of much practical utility. There is nothing so much to be desired, in the early education of children, than imbuing them betimes with the habit of referring sounds or sights that at first appear strange and alarming, to natural causes. The contrary habit is, and since the beginning of the world, we suppose, has been universally prevalent, and hence all the superstitious nonsense about ghosts and fairies, which fills to repletion our nursery books. It is worth while to give a single extract from this paper, in order to shew the valuable object which its author, Miss Strickland, has in view. We must observe, however, that the luminous tree was not a very suitable instance for her purpose, as in these climates, at least, such a phenomenon is very seldom seen.

'"What a pity," said Lucy, "to be afraid in such a nice place; if it belonged to our house I would bring my work and books here, and sit in that hermitage half of these fine summer days."

'"Oh no, no!" cried Alice, clinging closer; "indeed, indeed that hermitage is a lonely place. Don't, dear Miss Morrison, go there."

'"Why not?" replied Lucy; "what a deal of pleasure you lose by your fears!"

'"There is a frightful figure seen every night near the hermitage;—tall, and so white; you cannot think how white it is. It always vanishes away by day-break. Every body in the house has seen it. Sometimes it may be seen from the west drawing-room windows; so Hester and the housekeeper have locked up that door, and nobody ever goes into the room."

'Poor Alice's lips became very pale as she told this strange tale, and Lucy, seeing that she really suffered from the effects of her own imagination, proposed returning home. While they were walking to the house, Lucy was very thoughtful; and when they entered the garden, Alice pointed up to the windows of the west drawing-room, and said in an under tone:—

'"Those are the windows from which the white spirit is seen."

'"Do you think," asked Lucy, "the housekeeper would unlock the door, and let me go into the room after dark?"

'"Yes, if you wished it. But I hope you may not be punished for your wish to pry into such awful things," said Alice, shuddering.

'That very evening, Lucy got the key of the west drawing-room from the housekeeper. She could not prevail, however, on the foolish woman to accompany her into the room, or even unlock the door. When Lucy was turning the key in the lock, her heart a little failed her, and she felt inclined to run up to bed to Alice, who had retired for the night, taking good care to have Hester as a guard till she fell asleep.

'Lucy held the lock of the door while she thus communed with herself:—

'"Perhaps I may be the means of curing Alice of these foolish terrors, that make her life unhappy, and even injure her health. How grateful ought I to be to my friends, for their kind care of my mind."

'She now felt quite composed; and, opening the door, advanced into the room with a firm step. She found herself in darkness, all but a few gleams of twilight that stole in through the closed shutters. These gleams gave an indistinct reflection to her own little figure in one of the long ebony-framed pier-glasses. Lucy felt again inclined to retreat; nevertheless, she forced herself to approach one of the windows, which she unbarred and opened.

'The room had a damp, heavy smell, from having been so long shut up. So Lucy unbarred all the shutters, and threw open the windows. It was a delightful July evening, and Lucy sat down on one of the window-seats. Her heart fluttered a little; yet very soon she felt quite calm and comfortable, and began to watch the stars and constellations coming out one by one. Insensibly it grew dark; and Lucy, who had been intently watching the rise of a large, red, fiery-looking star in the south-west, that she was sure must be the planet Mars, happened to look downwards towards the wood; she gave a start, and even a faint cry,—for a tall white figure was assuredly discernable in the wood opposite the house. Lucy covered her eyes, and her heart beat very quick; she felt equally afraid to retreat through the lone, large, dark room, as to stay by the window. After a few moments' consideration, her rightly-directed mind re-assumed its usual strength. She looked again steadily at the object of her terror.

'"It is no fancy," she said; "it grows whiter and more distinct. It

stands quite still, and seems to be at the foot of the old hollow elm that is near the hermitage. Perhaps it is some trick." Lucy then shut down the window, and walked quickly out of the room, up to Miss Everton's apartment; she found Alice fast asleep, and, without telling the servants what she had seen, Lucy calmly undressed, and, after saying her prayers, she went to bed as quietly as she could, for fear of awaking Alice.

'"I have certainly seen something very unaccountable to-night," she said to herself, as she laid her head on the pillar; "yet I am not so much terrified as I might expect."

'Mr. Morrison had been absent from the Hall on business at York, from the day that he had left his daughter with Alice. He returned the next morning to breakfast, and Lucy, taking him aside, told him, without any exaggeration, all that had happened. Mr. Morrison said, that she had acted very properly, but bade her not mention what she had seen to any other person; saying, that he would go into the wood that evening to examine this terrific appearance; and Lucy awaited the approach of night with no little interest and curiosity.

'The night came; and Lucy saw her papa go into the wood. In a few minutes he returned, laughing:—

'"Well, Lucy," he said, "I have seen your ghost, and a very good ghost it is, and much better than I expected. See, I have brought away a piece of it; it is quite a curiosity!" and he held up something that looked white and luminous.

'"What have you got there, papa," asked Lucy, "a glow-worm."

'"Not unlike it, indeed, my dear," returned Mr. Morrison. "It is phosphoric wood, and of course shews a faint light in the dark; the whole of the inside of the hollow elm near the hermitage is in this state. The wood is decayed and moist, like jelly. It is not very common for trees to be in this state, nor are natural philosophers agreed, whether this luminous appearance proceeds from animalculi of the same nature as the glow-worm, from the decay of vegetable matter, or from a fungus."

'"I should much like to see the tree," said Lucy; "it must have a very strange appearance in the dark. I don't wonder at people being frightened at it, for it must not only seem like a tall white figure, but, if it be at all like this, emit a light."

'"You shall go into the wood with me to-morrow night, to see it, my dear," replied her father. "I am likewise very anxious to shew it to Alice, as the best means of proving to her how little foundation there is for her fears. Did you tell her of your surprise in the west drawing-room?"

'"No, indeed, papa, I did not; I was afraid of terrifying her. It has so happened that she did not ask me any thing about it. I don't believe she thought, even after I had got the key, that I dared go."

'"Then don't tell her where this luminous wood came from, but take it up into her room, and try to amuse her with it."

'Alice was not asleep when Lucy went to bed; Lucy told her that she had something very curious and pretty to shew her, only she must let the light be taken out of the room. Alice, as it might be supposed, was greatly amused with the bright wood. The little girls broke it into small pieces, and arranged it on the counterpane in stars and crescents, and various forms. It looked so very pretty, Alice had never been so diverted

in her life. She fell asleep looking at it, and when she awoke in the morning, her first thought was of the amusement of the preceding night. In the light a few bits of decayed crumbling wood were all that appeared. The little friends put these pieces in a box, and waited patiently till night, in hopes they would shine in the dark: Alice sat up later than usual in consequence. When they examined the wood, they were much disappointed that it would not shine.

'"Where did you get it from, Lucy?" asked Alice.

'"Papa got it for me," replied Lucy.

'"Then let us ask him to get us some more," said Alice, eagerly.

'Mr. Morrison told Alice that he brought it out of the wood, and that there was a large tree containing a great deal of it, which made a very curious and beautiful appearance in the dark. He likewise said, that the jelly which shone so brightly had got dry by being exposed to the air; so if she wanted to make more stars and figures in the dark with it, she must get a new supply.

'"Suppose," said he, "that I take you and Lucy into the grove, to look at the tree; you can then get as much of this luminous wood as you please, as it is quite soft, and easy to be pulled out of the tree."

'"I dare not go into the wood after dark," said Alice, "though I should much like to see the bright tree."

'"Well," said Mr. Morrison, "if you want to see the tree, you need not go out into the night air, for it may be seen from the west windows of the house, only it does not look so beautiful. At a distance it looks like a white post."

'"Dear me!" cried Alice, "then I suppose that is what has frightened every body in the neighbourhood so much. They took it for a frightful apparition, and it is, after all, but a hollow tree."

'Now this was the very conclusion that Mr. Morrison wished his little ward to draw by the strength of her own reason. Alice went with Lucy and her guardian into the grove, without any fear, and examined the luminous appearance in the hollow tree with much pleasure. The little girls brought home each a lap full of the curious bright wood, and Mr. Morrison was so kind as to help them to arrange it in many pretty fanciful shapes, till a late hour.

'This incident had the effect Mr. Morrison desired, of clearing away the cloud that ignorance and mis-directed reading had cast over Alice Everton's mind and character.

'Alice was placed with the amiable governess who instructed Lucy. She is now a very sensible and accomplished young lady, and is remarkable for great firmness and strength of mind. Alice Everton was always a dutiful child to her afflicted grandmamma: she devotes at present much of her time to her comforts, and has undertaken the task of reading to herself; but she takes care to select fitter books than those that were chosen by Mrs. Hester and the housekeeper.—*New Year's Gift.*—pp. 102—110.

We must reserve for our next number the 'Keepsake,' the 'Gem,' and several other Annuals, still upon our table, as it would not be possible for us to do them justice without extending this article to an inconvenient length.

ART. VIII.—*The Law and Practice of Elections in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of the Trial of Controverted Elections, with an Appendix of Precedents, and all the Existing Statutes, analytically arranged.* By Wm. Finnelly, Esq. 8vo. pp. 475. London: Maxwell. 1830.

THE public attention is about to be drawn to the important question of the constitution of the House of Commons. The new ministry has announced its determination to propose some measure of reform; and even were that not the case, the number of petitions already presented to the House against the return of members for various places, would be in itself sufficient to render the state of the law on controverted elections a subject of curiosity at the present moment. The work before us presents, in historical series, a complete summary of the great constitutional process of creating a House of Commons. The author has divested his details of every thing like technical embarrassment, and has thus furnished a popular and very interesting account of a proceeding in which every subject in the empire is deeply involved. We must content ourselves at present with recommending the general contents of this work to the reader's attention, as peculiarly instructive and useful at the present crisis, since it is our intention to confine our observations to that portion of the volume which is occupied with an account of the law on controverted elections. The historical part of the subject is thus briefly, but very satisfactorily, stated by the able author.

'The value of all law has been justly stated to be in exact proportion to the means of enforcing it. If it can be either successfully defied or evaded, it at once becomes contemptible. The Commons, at an early period, found that the laws which they had made to secure their own independence, were in danger from both these means of attack. They, therefore, felt that they must establish some tribunal which, while it administered impartial justice between rival candidates for parliamentary honours, should be prepared to prevent the interference of other tribunals; and by the dignity and ability with which it discharged the duty imposed upon it, should render any such attempt at interference unnecessary and unpopular. The courts of law, especially the Court of Chancery, had asserted a right of deciding on the election of members of parliament. As the writs issued out of Chancery, it was urged that matters relating to their due execution were properly cognizable there, and the attempt was made to secure to that court, jurisdiction over questions arising out of their execution. But the Commons felt that if they yielded this point, their independence was destroyed for ever. They contested it, therefore, in such a manner as to put an end to further opposition, and since the reign of James I. they may be said to have possessed the exclusive and undisputed right of deciding all cases of controverted elections and returns. In the first instance they selected the most distinguished among their number, and entrusted to them the decision of questions of this sort. The members thus chosen were framed into what was called a Committee of Privileges. At first they formed a standing committee, but after they were elected every session.

It was their duty to assert the privileges of the House, and to exercise the right it claimed of deciding on the elections of its own members. They discharged this duty in so admirable a manner, and their decisions became so highly respected, that any attempt to withdraw these cases from their cognizance, and to refer them to another tribunal, would have been deemed most invidious and unjust. As in all matters of law the uncontested exercise of a right for a long period is finally admitted as the best evidence of the right itself, the Commons by these means succeeded in establishing a jurisdiction of their own, to which alone could be referred matters relating to the return of members of their own body. When a great object is to be gained, the mass of mankind are willing to entrust to a chosen few the onerous duty of attaining it; but once possessed, all the rest are anxious to have their share in its enjoyment. So long as the right of decision was at all disputed, these carefully selected committees were permitted to determine all election questions, and the great body of the House, though entitled to examine their decisions, seldom or ever exercised that right. Those decisions, therefore, assumed a regular and consistent form; but when, in consequence of their excellence, all opposition, open or secret, to the tribunal from which they emanated was at an end, the power of appeal to the whole House was more frequently admitted, and the decisions became very irregular and contradictory, from the circumstance that they were given by a perpetually varying body of men. This inconvenient practice of the whole House (or, in other words, such members as chose or happened to be present) acting as a court of appeal, was persevered in for a long time; but at length the evils arising from it became so great as to excite universal attention; and Mr. Grenville has acquired for himself an immortal name in parliamentary history, by the skill with which he first applied a remedy to its abuses. Mr. Grenville's act, after reciting the evils of the then mode of deciding on election petitions, declared that when in future such petitions should be presented, a certain day and hour should be appointed for taking them into consideration; and at the time fixed (if there were 100 members in the House) 49 should be taken by ballot, and one nominated by each of the two contending parties; that the list of these 49 members should be given to the parties, who should withdraw and reduce them to 13, to which the two special nominees should be added, and these 15 should form a select committee to try the question raised by the petition, and their determination thereon should be "final between the parties to all intents and purposes; and the House, on being informed thereof by the chairman of the select committee, should order the same to be entered on their journals, and give the necessary directions for carrying the said determination into execution as the case might require." If the committee came to "any resolution other than the determination above mentioned, *they should, if they thought proper, report the same to the House for their opinion,* and the House should confirm or disagree with such resolution, and make such orders thereon as to them should seem proper."

'Before that act the judgment of the committee of privileges on all questions that might be brought under their consideration was questioned, if at all, at the bar of the House, at which also, in many cases, the merits of a controverted election were in the first instance tried. By that act the power of appeal, except in cases where the committee chose to reserve it,

was taken away, and even in those cases it would seem, by the particular words above quoted, that this appeal was only to lie on incidental points, on which the committee might desire to know from the House what should be the future law, rather than on the subject-matter of the petition itself, which the committee were to decide upon according to laws already in existence. The 10 G. 3. only provided for the adjudication of petitions presented in respect of "an undue election or return of a member to serve in parliament." Eleven statutes have been passed since that period, and other causes of petition were added as experience proved them to be necessary. The difficulties which in the mode of proceeding practice had shown to have been left unprovided for by that statute, were gradually removed, and a distinct body of law had been framed, capable of affording a remedy in any case in which complaint might exist. But, after some time, objections arose to entrusting any select committee with a power of decision that would have been absolutely final, and it was felt that the law required alteration in that respect. To have returned to the old system of permitting the decisions of a select committee to be questioned at the bar of the House, would have been to admit all the evils which the statutes of the 10 G. 3, had been passed to remove, and would have introduced that uncertainty and contradiction in the decisions which had often been apparent in the votes of the House on these petitions, and which might naturally be expected when a large body of men accidentally assembled, and, without any rules to guide them, were called on to perform judicial functions. The only other course left open was to nominate a second select committee, who—coming to the discussion of the subject, perhaps better prepared than their predecessors, certainly with all the advantages derivable from the labours of the former committee—should, like them, be sworn well and truly to try the merits of the petition, and report their determination thereon to the House. The statute 28, G. 3, c. 52, s. 26, first admitted this right of appeal, and provided the means of hearing and deciding on it. The time permitted by that statute for presenting a petition of appeal was fixed at twelve calendar months; but that lengthened period having been found highly inconvenient, the 53 G. 3, c. 71, s. 15, reduced the time to six months, after the decision of the original committee had been reported to the House. When this last statute had been passed, twelve acts were in existence relating solely to the means of trying questions of controverted elections of members of parliament. It was found highly expedient to embody the provisions of all these acts in one statute, and the 9 G. 4, c. 22, was passed for that purpose. The first section of that statute in effect repeals all those that have preceded it on the subject of the trial of controverted elections. The remaining sixty-six sections describe the proceedings to be adopted in such trials; and these sections it will be convenient to classify according to the particular part of the subject to which they relate.'—pp. 84—87.

Mr. Finnelly then proceeds to state what must be the nature of the petitions,—of the character of the persons who present them; together with the forms which must be observed in reference to them. With respect to the time of presenting petitions, he observes—

'The house has the power of limiting from time to time the period within which petitions complaining of an undue return, &c., shall be presented.

By an order of Nov. 23, 1803, that time was limited to fourteen days after the date of the order, or after the new return is brought in. The same time was fixed by vote of Jan. 8, 1812, for petitions respecting Irish returns. The house is also empowered to fix the day and hour at which the petition shall be taken into consideration, and notice thereof is to be forthwith given by the Speaker to all the parties, who are at the same time to be ordered to attend the house at the time appointed, either in person or by their counsel or agent. The time thus fixed may be altered at the pleasure of the house, when the like notice and order are to be given, and if the parties do not attend within one hour after the time required, the order for taking the petition into consideration is to be discharged.'—p. 89.

As to the recognizances to be entered into by the petitioning party, it is of importance that the following rules should be known:

'The order for taking a petition, complaining of an undue election or return, &c. shall be discharged, if within fourteen days after presenting the petition, or within such further time as shall be limited by the house, the petitioners do not enter into a recognizance of 1000*l.*, with two sureties of 500*l.* each, or four sureties of 250*l.* each, for the payment of all costs, expences, and fees, which shall become due in case the petitioners shall fail to appear at the time fixed for taking the petition into consideration, or in case the petition shall be withdrawn, or in case it shall be reported frivolous or vexatious. The exceptions to this rule are, when the time for giving the recognizances has been enlarged, or when time has been given to allow the names of the sureties to be changed, and in both these cases the consideration of the petition shall be postponed till the recognizances have been entered into; the time not to be enlarged more than once, nor for more than thirty days, and the names of the sureties only to be once changed. The names of the sureties, their additions, and residences to be delivered to the clerk of the house, on the day the petition is presented, or on the next day at farthest, and to be kept in a book open to the inspection of all parties concerned. The recognizances to be entered into before the Speaker, after a report of their sufficiency made to him by persons specially appointed for that purpose, and seven clear days shall elapse between the delivery of the names and the examination of their sufficiency. Persons living more than forty miles from town may enter into recognizances before a justice of the peace, and the persons authorised to examine into the sufficiency of the sureties may receive affidavits relating thereto, sworn before a master in chancery or a justice of the peace.'—p. 91.

The list of votes intended to be objected to must be delivered in under the following restrictions:

'The list of votes intended to be objected to must be delivered to the clerk of the house, to be kept by him open to the inspection of all parties concerned, and such lists relating to all controverted elections in Scotland, or to those of any *county* in England or Wales, must be delivered in ten days before the day appointed for the consideration of the petition, and in all other cases of controverted elections for England and Wales, five days before the day so appointed.'—p. 92.

Thus the duties of the petitioner before the hearing, are completed. The matter being now placed in the hands of the House, their course of proceeding is as follows:

'On the day appointed for taking any such petition into consideration, the house shall not proceed to any other business except that of swearing in a member, or permitting the clerk of the Crown to alter or amend any return in pursuance of an order made on a preceding day, or on that day, or to receive or attend to messages from the Lords, or to proceed in the matter of any impeachment, but the order of the day for taking the petition into consideration shall be read, and before reading the same, the serjeant-at-arms shall go with the mace to the places adjacent, and require the attendance of members, and after his return the house shall be counted, and if there are less than 100 members present, it shall adjourn to the day following; and so on from day to day, till there be 100 members present, when the parties or agents shall be called in, the door locked,—the names of all members of the house to be put in six glasses and drawn out alternately, and read by the Speaker till thirty-three names of those present be drawn. The names of all the members are to be previously written on small pieces of paper, and put into a box in the presence of the Speaker. When more petitions than one are ordered to be taken into consideration on the same day, all the parties may be ordered to attend the bar, and if 120 members are present, two committees may be formed; if 180, three lists may be formed, but not more than three, unless the number of members present amounts to 240.

'Any member who has given his vote at the election, or who complains of an undue election, or whose election has been petitioned against, or whose return has not been brought in fourteen days, is disqualified from sitting on this committee. If he be above sixty years of age, or has previously served on a select committee during the same session, he may be excused, unless in the latter case the House has previously resolved that the number of members liable to serve is not sufficient to fulfil the purposes of this act. No excused member shall be deemed to have served, so as to excuse himself from service on a second committee. The name of a member excused, for some special reason, from serving on one committee, may be drawn for another on the same day.

'If one committee cannot be completed, the House must adjourn, but when one has been formed, it may proceed to other business, and the other petitions, if any, may be adjourned to another day.

'When the thirty-three members have thus been chosen by lot, the parties, their counsel, or agents, together with the counsel appointed to attend the committee, shall withdraw, and the parties being furnished with the list of the thirty-three names, they shall (the petitioners beginning) reduce that number to eleven, whose names shall be delivered in at the table, and the members sworn well and truly to try the matter of the petition referred to them, and they shall then be deemed a legally appointed committee.

'Where there are more than two parties on distinct interests, each party (the priority being determined by lot) shall successively strike off the name of a member until the list is reduced to eleven.

'Where no opposing party appears, the clerk shall strike the list in his place. The same course shall be pursued, when any party waives his right of striking the list.

'When the returning officer has been ordered to attend and appears, the House shall determine whether he or his agents shall be entitled to

reduce the list, and when he does not appear, the House may order some person to appear for him, and shall determine in like manner whether such substitute shall be entitled to reduce the list.

'The committee having been thus appointed, must meet in some convenient place adjacent, within twenty-four hours; "the member whose name was first *drawn in the House*," shall have a casting vote in the election of a chairman, provided the numbers be equal.

'The committee is to be attended by a sworn short-hand writer, specially appointed by the clerk of the House, and is to have power to send for persons, papers and records, and to examine all witnesses on oath. Persons summoned as witnesses, not attending or misbehaving, may be reported to the House, and (not being a peer of the realm or lord of parliament) may, by the chairman's warrant, be committed to custody for any time not exceeding twenty-four hours.

'The decision of the committee to be final, except it be appealed from as the act afterwards directs, and the committee to have power to report whether the petition is frivolous or vexatious, or the return vexatious or corrupt. The committee may also report other matters to the house for their opinion.

'The committee cannot adjourn for more than twenty-four hours without leave, or unless it has a special application to the house,—it cannot sit till all the members have met, nor can any member absent himself without leave, and if no meeting takes place within one hour of the time appointed, the committee shall adjourn and report the cause thereof to the house.

'Unless the committee shall have sat fourteen days, it shall be dissolved, if it continue during three sitting days reduced to nine members by the non-attendance of the rest. No determination to be made unless the required number of members be present, and no member to vote who has not attended every sitting of actual business.

'The same powers that are given on election committees are conferred on appeal committees.

'No election committee to be dissolved by the prorogation of parliament, but to be adjourned to twelve o'clock on the day immediately following that on which the parliament shall again meet.'—pp. 92—95.

Mr. Finnelly next enters into a statement of the rules which are observed by the Committee, in receiving evidence, &c., the details of which it is not necessary for us to dwell on. But a knowledge of those minutes may very much administer to the convenience of all persons whatever who have any thing to do either as witnesses, agents, poll clerks, &c. with a disputed election.

The Appendix contains all the acts of parliament which relate to elections generally, and as comprehending a body of authentic information on the great question of parliamentary representation, deserves universal attention at the existing political juncture.

ART. X. — 1. *The British Almanac of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, for the year* 1831, *being the Third after Bissextile or Leap-Year, containing the Calendar of Remarkable Days and Terms: Anniversaries of Great Events, and of the Births and Deaths of Eminent Men: Meteorological Tables and Remarks: Astronomical Facts and Phenomena*, &c., &c. London: Charles Knight.

2. *The British Almanac—Farmer's Edition.* London: Charles Knight.

3. *The Englishman's Almanack; or Daily Calendar of General Information for the United Kingdom, for the year of our Lord* 1831, *being the Third after Bissextile or Leap-year; containing, with a complete Calendar of the year, including the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies, Times of High Water, Anniversaries, and Historical Memoranda, Notices of some of the most Interesting Periodical Events in the Animal and Vegetable World; Directions for the Farmer and Gardener; Medical Advice; the Jewish, Mahometan, and French Republican Calendars; Statistics of the Principal States of the World*, &c., &c. London: Printed for the Company of Stationers.

4. *The Tradesman's and Mechanic's Almanack; or the Annual Repositary of Useful Information, for Men Engaged in Arts, Manufactures, or General Business, for the year of our Lord* 1831, *the Third after Bissextile or Leap-year: containing, with a Complete Calendar for the Year, and the necessary Lists belonging to an Almanack, Directions for the Management of Song Birds; Biographical Sketches of Persons of Exemplary Lives; Account of the Diseases of Workmen Engaged in Particular Trades; Laws by which Tradesmen are Usually Affected*, &c., &c. London: Printed for the Company of Stationers.

5. *Moore's Almanack Improved: or Wills's Farmer and Countryman's Calendar, for the year* 1831, *being the Third after Bissextile or Leap-year*, &c. London: Printed for the Company of Stationers.

6. *Vox Stellarum: or a Loyal Almanack for the year of Human Redemption*, 1831, &c., &c. By Francis Moore, Physician. London: Printed for the Company of Stationers.

THE Almanacks here enumerated, as having been published by the Stationers' Company, form but a small portion of the number which that body supplies every year for the use and convenience of the various divisions of the community, and which have been put forth this season in their full complement, and with very striking improvements in all. The propriety of thus providing for the various tastes and differences in the intellectual wants of the public, appears to us just as obvious as that these diversities themselves exist. But if we were without such unanswerable reasons, we should be contented to justify the Stationers' Company thus far at least, by the example of the Diffusion Society, which,

like a truant, comes forth with its 'Farmers' edition,' to do tardy homage to the principle on which their rivals had long acted. We congratulate the Society on their philosophy; and it augurs happily of their future course, that they can so far control the impulses of a false pride, as to condescend to take a leaf from the book of those whom (with a great contempt for truth) they represented to be their followers.

We must not, however, forget, that the ground on which the Diffusion Society first started their Almanac was, that the Stationers' Company had abused the monopoly which they enjoyed; and that much better Almanacks would be produced if a competition were instituted. The opinion is a very just one in the abstract, and to act on it is a proof of a very laudable spirit. But then he who enters thus late into the contest, animated with lofty views of improvement, and bidding defiance to the veteran champions who have so long walked the arena unchallenged, is bound to remember what a vast responsibility devolves upon him. He must shew himself in a conspicuous manner possessed of that spirit of enterprise, and improvement, the want of which he denounces as a crime in the ancient possessors of the field: he is indispensably called upon to satisfy the world at least, that had he been in the enjoyment of the monopoly so long, he would have outstripped the best achievements of his predecessors. Let us try the Society by this test, and what shall we find to be the result? We answer that, at this very moment, under the spur of a most active competition, they exhibit a degree of indolence and negligence, which, contrasted with the magnificence of their pretensions, deserve no merciful consideration. Take away the rivalry, and what could the public expect at the Society's hands? We proceed to details.

The first and most important objection to the British Almanac for 1831, is the absence of any strikingly useful novelty, or even variety, in its plan or execution. In saying this we beg to observe, that we are not insensible to the existence of two new Tables in this Almanac; the one containing the "Meteorological Averages for each month," and the other furnishing a statement of the duration of Moonlight during the Night. The former table we consider of some value for scientific theorists; but for any practical purpose, this capricious climate of ours literally mocks at all anticipations derived from experience. It is a fact not to be overlooked, that the British Almanac takes up meteorology just when the *Englishman* finds it advisable to throw such superfluities away. With regard to the second table, we must leave its merits to be illustrated by some one more learned than ourselves, since, whenever Hieroglyphics are in question, we always beg to be excused. We believe that the paragraphs headed "Astronomical Phenomena," which appear at the top of each month's calendar, have some claim to be considered as improvements. We are far from thinking them so; and our reason is, that whilst they are tediously minute in

describing the relations of the planets and stars to each other, (matters only interesting to professed astronomers, to whom, by the way, such information is quite unnecessary), they omit all mention of those grand evolutions to whose results the minds of men in general are wont to be directed. We allude to the eclipses of the Sun and Moon, which are to take place in the course of the ensuing year. Two of these occur in the month of February; and the other two in August. Turning to the astronomical phenomena of each of these months in the British Almanac, we find that there is not a single allusion to any of these events! On examining the Almanac more closely, we discovered that those eclipses are just noticed, and no more, in a few lines under the head of Preliminary Notes of the Year! This is leaving out the hero of the piece with a vengeance. Perhaps the editor concluded, that as these interesting events could not be seen within the sphere of Bow bells, the description of them would be a matter of complete superfluity. But such a reason as this, seems to have been out of the contemplation of the Stationer's Astronomer. The eclipses are all to occur in the view of some one or more of our colonies. British subjects in some part of the world are therefore interested in the foreknowledge of these events; and if the society thought for a moment of the duties which the title of "British Almanac" entailed upon them, they would not have left those duties to be performed in Almanacks of far more moderate pretensions. To shew the style of simple yet scientific illustration in which such matters are recommended to public interest by the Stationer's Company, we shall extract an account of the solar eclipse on the 12th of February, from Francis Moore's Almanack, a little work whose comical eccentricities rather set off than mar the profound judgment which distinguishes its calculations.

'The *first* of these Eclipses is an annular one of the SUN, on *Saturday*, *February* 12th, in the afternoon; it begins at 2h. 35m. in latitude 14° 2′ N. longitude 125° 16′ W. and ends at 7h. 38m. in latitude 40° 5′ N. longitude 36° 21′ W.: the former falling in the *Pacific*, and the latter in the *Atlantic Ocean*.

'This eclipse is not only *invisible* to *England*, but to the whole of *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa*; nevertheless, to the continent of *N. America*, and the adjacent waters, it will prove a visible and interesting eclipse. The central shade first touches the surface of our globe, at 3h. 51m., in latitude 32° 17′ N. longitude 138° 54′ W., and passing over a small extent of the *Pacific*, it quickly reaches the coast of *California*, near *Cape Colnett*, and crossing the northern part of that peninsula and the Gulf of the same name, it enters *Mexico* near the parallel of 30°; sweeping over this country, its course is directed towards *New Orleans*, and on entering the territories of the *United States*, crosses the *Mississipi* a few miles north of that city. In its progress over *Georgia*, the sun attains his greatest elevation (43° 6′ 48″) on the central track; which falls near *White Bluff River*, in that state; latitude 31° 47′, longitude 88° 14′. Here the obscuration is the greatest, and the annulus of light surrounding the dark body of the moon will be about one-eighth of a digit in breadth; at the same time the

apex of the moon's umbra is 5000 miles distant in space from the spot; and the same will be in the zenith of that part of the globe which lies about 5° N. of the *Gallipago Isles*, whera a small indentetion takes place on the Sun's upper limb, although the apex of the umbra will be 700 miles nearer this part than where the eclipse is greatest. The central shade now shades its course more northerly crosses the *Savannah* into *S. Carolina*, where the sun becomes centrally eclipsed when on the meridien of latitude 34° 54′, longitude 81° 29′. It thence proceeds nearly in a straight line across *N. Carolina* and *James River*, passes between the towns of *Norfolk* and *Williamsburg*, in *Virginia*, then over *York River*, *Chesapeake Bay*, and the southern promontory of *Maryland*, where it enters the *Atlantic*, skirting the coasts of *Jersey*, *New York*, and *Connecticut*, continuing its course over the Island of *Nantucket*, the town of *Halifax*, in *Nova Scotia*, the Island *Cape Breton*, and *Newfoundland*. It then again enters the *Northern Ocean*, where it leaves our globe at 6h. 22m. in latitude 57° 50 N. longitude 21° 11′ W.

'As the annular eclipse will extend, at a mean, about 55 miles on each side of the central track, it may be inferred that the whole body of the Moon will appear on the disc of the Sun, as seen from the towns of *Petersburg*, *Richmond*, *Williamsburg*, *Norfolk*, *Dover*, *Salem*, besides some others in the *United States* that are situated within the said limits. This eclipse will also be very large at *Dumfries*, *Washington*, *Baltimore*, *Philadelphia*, *Burlington*, *Trenton*, *Amboy*, *New York*, *New London*, *Providence*, *Taunton*, *Boston*, &c. It will also be visible to *Hudson's Bay*, *Labrador*, *East* and *West Florida*, the *Gulf of Mexico*, *Cuba*, and the *West India Islands*, &c.—p. 35, 36.

Having done justice to such parts of the contents of the British Almanac as have any pretence to novelty, we in vain look through the miscellaneous matter for any thing that deserves to come under the same head. We, in fact, observe nothing in that department but selections from the British Almanac of former years, and by some unlucky chance, the choice seems to have rested upon the very articles that were the most exceptionable. Of course we except the essential parts of an Almanack, such as lists of public functionaries, offices, &c. &c. But how it is that instead of tables of weights and measures, which the society have published over and over again; instead of rules for calculating interest, and wages, which are here in such abundance, to the great detriment of that venerable work so dear to housekeepers and chapmen, the Ready Reckoner; how it is, that instead of these ancient and exploded incumbrances, the Society has given us nothing new or interesting, seems to us very unaccountable. Marvellous to us is the fact, that in a periodical register, such as an almanack is, we should not see a single allusion or reference to the awful political year which is just closing upon our wondering eyes; we could hardly believe our senses when we pored over the pages of the British Almanac, and found there not even a trace impressed upon it by the course of that twelve months' revolution, in which kings and princes were tumbled from their thrones, as so many insensible

objects of fortune's sport. In vain for the editors of the British Almanac, did Charles the Tenth of France shake the sceptre of five hundred years from his hand, and become an exile; in vain for them was a new dynasty set up in the person of Philip of Orleans; in vain were Saxony and Belgium delivered from the yoke of obnoxious rulers; in vain did the people of Europe make that glorious advance in asserting their rights, which will ever distinguish the past year in the annals of the world. What! can it be true that the dispensers of useful knowledge,—the association, *par excellence*, that is to enlighten the people, and teach them to entertain just notions of their own resources,—they to be silent on such an occasion!—they to fail of availing themselves of any opportunity of sliding in a useful fact, or an instructive moral for the service of their beloved clients,—is it possible that they are so indifferent? Oh, marry we forgot—for they were writing beautiful books all this time about butterflies; they were literally straining at gnats, but leaving the camels to be swallowed by others.

But the memory of these editors was jogged often enough in the course of their labours. They had a column of historical events to supply in each month; and as if their stolidity was destined absolutely to be without the shadow of an excuse, the space set apart for this register was far more ample than ever we have seen it in any almanack before.

We have now written what we conceive to be the Epitaph of the British Almanac for 1831. Its want of novelty, its want of utility, its total failure as a register of the year for the general public, cannot but be the result of design; it being the object of the editors to reserve whatever is valuable and appropriate to an Almanack, for the work which is called the "Companion," and thus to make the public pay five or six shillings for what they, in justice, ought to sell for half-a-crown. The public ought to know that this work has only the nominal sanction of the deservedly venerated men whose names are pompously set forth in the title page. Such a work could never have met with the approbation of these great ornaments of our times*.

As very nearly a complete contrast to its rival, we have now to speak of the Englishman's Almanack. We should suppose that there can scarcely be a second opinion as to its superiority over the British. When we state that the superintendence of this, as indeed of all the Stationers' Company's Almanacks, is still avowedly in the hands of that distinguished professor, Dr. Gregory, it is unnecessary to add, that the scientific department of those annuals is in a condition to endure any description of test which may be applied

* We did not think it worth while to notice particular errors in the British Almanac, which nevertheless exhibit the absence of due care. We might, as a singular blunder, observe the name of the Earl of Rochford amongst the peers,—that title being extinct.

to it. The astronomical information, instead of being tediously and uselessly minute, is limited to those leading positions of the heavenly bodies with one another, in which the greatest number of the public are likely to take an interest. In short, the calendar of this almanack exhibits its usual perfection of accuracy, and in the historical memoranda, the reader will not be disappointed when he looks for reminiscences of the leading events of the past year. The farming and horticultural directions in the alternate page in the calendar department, are entirely new, and embrace a great deal of physiological information, interesting and useful. The newest feature, however, in this almanack, is the character of the notices which occupy about half of each of these latter pages. They consist chiefly of a register of some of those changes in the animal or vegetable world which the progress of the seasons brings about. Thus the periods when the different species of fish used for food, or otherwise for the convenience of man, is caught, are marked. The harvests in different parts of the world are likewise described, and many of the curious phenomena of nature are brought before the attention of the reader in such a manner as to furnish him almost daily with renewed materials for exercising his intelligence, and raising his thoughts in wonder and praise to the Author of all these miracles. After the usual lists of the royal family, government, and the two houses of parliament, (those connected with the house of peers, embracing the names of peers' sons; and also a complete obituary of the noblemen who died in the last year), we find a very ample table of the chief powers of Europe. The whole of the Continental States are set down with the names, dates of birth, and accession of their kings or princes, together with the amount of population and average revenue of each. Then we have a similar list for the rest of the world. The next peculiarity of importance in the Englishman is the List of Consuls. Then follow other valuable articles, which do not appear to have ever been deemed necessary to an almanack by the Diffusion Society—such as a complete account of the post-office regulations, as regards ship-letters; the King's packets to all parts of the world, with the time of sailing, the destination, route, and mean absence, for 1831; an exposition of church patronage, with the names of English curates; the items of revenue and expenditure of the London Corporation; rates of marine insurance; modern foreign currency (an essential branch of information for travellers); a complete catalogue of licenses, and the cost of each, for carrying on different trades, &c.; the number of slaves in our colonies; the principal changes in the laws effected in 1830; and a chronology of the events of the most remarkable year that has occurred almost in our time. Such are the contents of the Englishman's Almanack for 1831; and when we have stated that not one of the articles here enumerated is to be found in the British Almanack, we have said enough to satisfy the discerning, as to the claims of the two works to public approbation.

The Tradesman's Almanack appears for the second time this year; and though its contents are of an entirely different character from those of the Englishman, they seem to us excellently well suited to the class of the community for which this Almanack has been expressly compiled. The calendar and usual lists are prepared with great accuracy. The biographies of persons who have risen from humble to exalted station, by their genius, are exceedingly valuable. We perceive, likewise, in the calendar pages, a considerable space devoted to the Diseases of Workmen. This is an entirely novel feature in Almanacks, nor can its value be well exaggerated, particularly when we consider that there is no medical work in our language expressly dedicated to the diseases which are incident to mechanics engaged in certain occupations. Another exceedingly useful article, is a familiar statement of the laws by which tradesmen are most usually affected; such as the law relating to administrators, assignees, bankrupts, bills of exchange, executors, insolvents, &c. &c. The next important novelty to which we have to direct attention, is an article on the existing state of manufactures, and the manufacturing classes, which contains a vast deal of important information. Some very curious and entirely new tables of calculation are given; and a list of the patents sealed during the year, is added. Upon the whole, we consider this one of the most valuable new year's gifts which a tradesman, or indeed any member of the industrious classes, can receive; for it will be to him a source of sound instruction and advice, on some of the most necessary occasions of his life.

It remains for us to notice the two other Almanacks, whose titles are placed at the head of this paper. We have already spoken of Francis Moore's production; and, treating the comical part of it in the same spirit as the author seems to have written it, we took care to do full justice to the singular ability and skill which its scientific contents display. We cannot imagine that any person could be now so silly, as to suppose that the illustrious Francis is really serious, when he is pleased to assume the costume of the astrologer. Francis's object is to get up a happy circle round a Christmas fire, according to the ancient and excellent practice of merry England, and to make those laugh at that frolicsome season, who, Heaven knows, ought to be tired of being wise during the rest of the year. The public seem to enter into the playful physician's entertainment with very suitable dispositions; for undoubtedly to look at the booksellers' shops at the close of November, one would imagine that they were all making a fortune of the "Vox Stellarum" alone!

The Moore Improved, which is an Almanack upon a very neat and convenient scale, is remarkable for having been the model which induced the Diffusion Society to issue what they call the Farmer's edition of their Almanac. Now this Farmer's edition happens to differ from the British Almanac as to only very trifling matters indeed. The farmer's edition is in all respects identical with

the other, except that the latter contains a list of fairs, (given annually in Rider's Almanack of the Stationers' Company) and, by a singular blunder, directions for the Gardener, instead of directions for the Farmer. The farmer, however, will not be such a simpleton as to give a preference to this almanack, when he knows that in Moore Improved he may reckon on finding plenty of the choicest and most useful information regarding every branch of his occupation. In this little work, ample instructions are given for the business of each month. The directions for the ensuing year are, we perceive, entirely new, and they embrace some of the newest discoveries in rural economy and agriculture which science and experiment have brought to light. The same improvement marks the instructions for the gardener, and the whole is interspersed with pleasing and novel illustrations. But the most agreeable introduction which characterizes the Moore Improved of 1831, is that of directions for the management of Bees. If we do not greatly mistake, the result of the diffusion of such information as this, will be to extend a taste for the cultivation of those delightful insects, since the management of them appears, from this work, to be attended with so little trouble and expence. In the remaining pages of this almanack, there will be found abundance of facts, in which all persons connected with the landed interest are deeply concerned.

There is one principle which seems to direct the Stationers' Company in the compilation of their almanacks, to which we would draw attention. They profess to assume, (at least so far as their more elaborate almanacks are concerned) that the annual numbers of each have become objects of preservation, and that, therefore, it is incumbent on them to present an entirely new set of contents, every year. This principle, it will be perceived, is far from being a source of immediate economy to the Company, whilst it is obviously one of certain and extensive benefit to the public. The British Almanac appears to be compiled by persons who seem to be in doubt whether they should adopt the same principle, or let it alone, for we find in every successive number of their almanac, the most undoubted marks of this vacilating policy.

After all, we do not hesitate to say, that no man should choose his almanack upon the representation of critics, or upon the confidence he entertains in great names. Let him examine his almanack before he buys it, and choose that which is best.

ART. XI.—*The Progress of Society.* By the late Robert Hamilton, L.L.D., F.R.S., Professor of Mathematics in the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen: Author of "An Enquiry concerning the National Debt." 8vo. pp. 411. London: Murray. 1830.

THIS is one of the clearest and most masterly treatises upon the inexhaustible subject of Political Economy, which have for some time

fallen under our observation. The style in which it is written, is, perhaps, as perspicuous as language can be. The author's ideas are admirably arranged. They appear to flow from a source of varied and abundant knowledge; and they are conveyed in a dispassionate tone, without any tendency to the establishment of a particular system. We do not know that a student in this science could select a work that would enable him to understand the elements of political economy better than the volume before us. It is perfectly free from jargon and from strained and narrow views of the interests of society. Common sense,—reasoning calmly upon obvious or well ascertained data, and imbrued with a due proportion of the spirit of religion and benevolence,—shines conspicuously in every page.

From an introduction prefixed to the work, we learn that the author died in July, 1829, at the advanced age of 87. He was the grand son of Dr. William Hamilton, the well known Divinity Professor, and Principal of the University of Edinburgh. His father was Gavin Hamilton, an eminent bookseller and publisher in the same metropolis. His education was of the best description. It gave him a disposition for a literary life, which, at first, was in some degree thwarted, by family circumstances compelling him to give his attention to business. This he gave up as soon as he became his own master; and in the course of his career he filled successively the respective offices of Rector of the Academy at Perth, Professor of Natural Philosophy, and finally of Mathematics, in the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen. He published several works on arithmetic, mathematics, and politics, from time to time. The editor speaks highly of his treatise on the "National Debt and Sinking Fund." It appears that the Doctor has left behind him in manuscript, Essays "On the American War;" "On Government;" on the "Corn Bounty," and other subjects, but not in a state fit for being given to the world. He kept up an extensive correspondence with Lord Lauderdale, Mr. P. Grenfell, M. Say, Baron Fahrenberg, and others, which shows that he had long made political economy the object of his attention. His early initiation in mercantile business, must have facilitated his pursuit of this science very considerably.

Dr. Hamilton was frequently commissioned to represent his college in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. A firm believer in Divine revelation, his rule of life breathed throughout a most Christian and philanthropic spirit, and presented the most uncompromising rectitude of conduct, and the most open handed charity. His talents were of the highest order, and sedulously improved. He was employed until a few days before his death in the revision and correction of the work which we are about to introduce to the reader.

After laying down a few general principles, he defines the true objects of every political institution to be the amelioration of the condition of mankind, and the increase of human happiness. Most

of the writers on political economy have chiefly attended to the means of increasing wealth, without paying sufficient regard to what it is that makes the possession of wealth valuable. The true happiness of man consists not solely in opulence, but in the perfection of his moral and intellectual nature, and the improvement of his active powers! Nevertheless, it would be mere stoicism to put aside wealth as unnecessary to mankind. On the contrary, when properly applied, it is one of the principal ingredients which sweeten the cup of life.

Taking this enlarged view of social welfare, the author justly considers, that in endeavouring to increase the general felicity of our species, our first care should be the improvement of our moral nature, under the guidance of the inspired writings, which supersede all the rules of philosophy, invented by the schools. In the next place, we should cultivate the powers of the mind, and provide for the health and vigour of our bodies, attending in the order of their value to the provision of such articles as contribute in any way to our comfort and enjoyment. To the common objection, that the discussion of such topics as these, involving every thing that it can be necessary and interesting to men to be conversant with, is a useless waste of time, or only the employment of visionary minds,—the author gives a calm and complete answer.

'Inquiries of the kind now suggested are sometimes regarded as visionary, and treated with ridicule. They are considered as the effusions of an enthusiastic imagination, and altogether inapplicable to the state in which mankind ever have been, and ever will be placed. It cannot be denied that some men, actuated by the purest benevolent motives, but not under the regulation of a sound judgment, have advanced extravagant doctrines, and proposed impracticable schemes. These, however, have done little harm, unless so far as they gave room for cavilling, to those who are disposed to sneer at every attempt for ameliorating the condition of mankind. It is evident that the state of society has undergone, and is still undergoing alterations; that it has sometimes improved, sometimes degenerated; and there seems no good reason to doubt that it is susceptible of higher improvement than it has hitherto attained. The belief of the perfectibility of human nature, and the attainment of a golden age, in which vice and misery have no place, will only be entertained by an enthusiast: but an inquiry into the means of improving our nature and enlarging our happiness, is consistent with sober reason, and is the most important subject, merely human, that can engage the mind of man. No moral writer was ever censured for laying down as perfect a system of duty as he could, although it was not expected that this would be practised, even by the best, to its full extent.'—pp. 12, 13.

Dr. Hamilton, in his second chapter, takes a rapid survey of the progress of society, without confusing his readers with the various conjectures which have been made concerning its origin, and early stages. He next discusses the means of attaining wealth, all of which resolve themselves into industry. This he lays it down to be

the first duty of a statesman to encourage in every possible way; he shews how the division of labour renders it more efficacious and productive, and how it is assisted by the more tractable animals, and by the elements of water, wind and steam. The use of metals, also, contributes extensively to the wealth of the nation which possesses them. The accumulation of wealth is called *capital*. Capital does not consist of money only; it is composed of many other ingredients, such as the improvements in agriculture, transmitted from one generation to another, highways, hedges, navigable canals, buildings of every description, shipping, &c. Money is the great tool or engine by which commerce is facilitated; considered in that light, it is an important part of the public wealth.

Political economists have puzzled themselves a good deal with the meaning of the words "value" and "price." Dr. Hamilton's chapters upon this topic are particularly clear and satisfactory. His remarks upon the distribution of the produce of Great Britain are curious. He attempts to ascertain the proper times in which wealth is diffused through the different classes which compose the community. It is obvious that such calculations as those into which he enters, must be liable to error, and are at best but approximations towards the truth. He estimates the whole amount of the annual income of the country at two hundred and seventy millions, which sum, he says, 'comprehends the value of every article produced, or in any way obtained, within the year, for the maintenance and accomodation of mankind, and also the annual value of things not produced within the year, but which remain useful for a length of time, as houses and the like.' It does not however include the services of professional men, and of those who contribute to amusement. The author proceeds to shew how this income is expended. We cannot go into all the details; some of the items are too striking to be omitted.

'As the labouring part of the community seldom accumulate much wealth, their annual earnings are nearly equal to their annual outgoings. This we have stated at nine pounds a year each. If a family consist of five persons, a man, his wife, two children who can do some labour, and a young child, their aggregate expence amounts to forty-five pounds. If the man gain eighteen-pence a-day, for three hundred working days, his wages amount to twenty-two pounds ten shillings in the year, and if the wife and two children gain as much among them, the requisite sum is made up. They can procure food, clothing, lodging, furniture, and other articles to the extent which that sum will purchase. This may be an average case. If the man possess a small capital, or if he can practise some art that is paid above the common rate, he may live so much better, or save something. If he have a large family of young children, he will be liable to save little or nothing, and his fare will naturally be worse.

'To persons in these circumstances food is the principal article of expence. According to Sir Frederick Eden, it amounts to three-fourths of

the whole. The income of a labourer is burthened with a part of the taxes which supply the national revenue. He pays little in direct taxation, but he pays indirectly, in the price of beer, leather, candles, soap, tobacco, and other articles. If these commodities were not taxed, he would be better fed, clothed, and lodged, for the same nominal expenditure. Among families in better circumstances the proportion required for food is smaller. In those of middle rank it may be about one-half; and in those of higher rank much less. Such families require the personal service of one or more of the inferior classes. Those in affluent circumstances generally employ a large number of menial attendants. When we estimate the average expence of each person in Britain at eighteen pounds, we include the food, dress, houses, furniture, establishment, travelling and miscellaneous expences of the rich, but not the wages and maintenance of their domestics. These form a part of what the average of eighteen pounds is composed of, and would be twice reckoned if each domestic were charged separately as an individual, and at the same time collectively as a part of the establishment to which he belonged. The annual income of two hundred and seventy millions comprehends the produce of the land which is appropriated to the use of man, or of horses kept for pleasure, or which supplies materials for manufacture, but not that part of the produce required for seed, or for maintaining horses or other cattle employed in agriculture, which is immediately reabsorbed. It includes also the produce of our mines, woods, and fisheries, and all that is added to the value of the raw materials by our various trades and manufactures; also the profits of our foreign commerce, and whatever is drawn by persons residing in Britain from their properties in our colonies.

'A large share of this mass of wealth is intercepted by public burthens of various kinds. The taxes paid to government, and constituting the revenue of Britain, amounted, on an average of three years preceding the 5th of January, 1823, nearly to fifty-five millions, including the expence of collection, but deducting what was repaid in drawbacks and bounties. During the late war it sometimes amounted to upwards of seventy millions.

'Of this revenue about twenty-eight millions and a half are paid to the public creditors in dividends and annuities, and about one million and a half for interest on Exchequer bills. About five millions are applied for the reduction of the national debt; and the remainder, amounting to twenty millions, is expended on the army and navy, and the payment of public functionaries of every rank, from the sovereign to the meanest clerk.

'The other public burthens are tithes, poor-rates, and county and other local assessments.

'The tithes, exclusive of those belonging to lay impropriators, which should be accounted a species of land-rent, may amount to about four millions.

'The poor-rates, when highest, exceeded seven millions and a half. They are now (1823) under seven millions.

'The county and other local assessments, as far as can be ascertained, may amount to one million and a half.'—pp. 103—107.

The whole of this chapter, as well as those on rent and tithes, well deserves attention. Having shewn how the produce of Great Britain is distributed and expended, the author next treats of the

distribution of wealth. This is a ticklish topic in these times; but Dr. Hamilton, while he discusses it with freedom, guards his observations by the boundaries of prudence and justice. He maintains that a certain measure of inequality, in the distribution of wealth, is not only unavoidable, but conducive to human welfare. He shews that what is called an equalization of property, while it would injure those in whose hands wealth is accumulated, would produce no permanent or real relief to those who would apparently desire it.

'In a small and simple community, there is little inequality of circumstances. In a large and flourishing state the inequality is commonly very great. If the income of a labourer in Britain be accounted one, there are some whose incomes exceed one thousand; and in most other countries of Europe the inequality is equally striking. Oriental countries present examples of still greater inequality. In the flourishing times of the Roman commonwealth and empire, the fortunes of the rich were enormous.

'Let us suppose a small portion taken from the income of a rich man who has a thousand, and added to that of a labourer. An addition of one-tenth would sensibly increase the enjoyments of the labourer, and the want of it would hardly be felt by the rich man. The loss, if he knew it, might give him uneasiness, but is merely imaginary. His house, his furniture, his table and equipage, would undergo no sensible alteration. An increase of happiness is, therefore, obtained by this transfer of property. Such, at least, is its immediate consequence. If this be repeated a second, a third, and a considerable number of times, the successive additions do not in the same degree increase the enjoyments of the poor man, and the loss come to be sensibly felt by the rich man.

'There is a limit beyond which equalization of property ceases to be desirable. A state of complete equality is unsuitable to human nature, and would detract from those energies, the exertion of which, under due regulation, promotes the improvement of our intellectual and active powers, and extends the sphere of our higher enjoyments.

'Industry is excited by the hope of improving our circumstanees. This hope is founded on the supposition of inequality, and supported by the expectations of a suitable reward, and secure possession of what is obtained. Hence exertions are produced, which add to the mass of general wealth, and by their invigorating influence operate in a still more essential manner to the increase of human happiness.

'Without some inequality of situation, the powers of the human mind could not be brought to a high pitch of improvement. The acquisition of knowledge and cultivation of genius require a share of leisure incompatible with absolute equality. It is requisite that some men be exempt from manual labour, in order that they may apply to those studies and pursuits which not only raise their own minds to superior excellence, but lead to improvements of general use to society. A certain measure of competence affords facilities in these pursuits. Knowledge is collected from books, or acquired by general conversation and travelling, or investigated by expensive experiments: all of which are beyond the reach of the poor man.

Some regard is also due to the enjoyments afforded by the elegant arts, and other sources of innocent gratification, which affluence confers, and

the more refined state of social intercourse which prevails in the higher ranks of society, and extends its influence in some measure to the inferior ones.

'There is also reason to believe that the variety of duties resulting from the distinction of stations contributes to the improvement of our moral nature. The man who, under the influence of virtuous principles, discharges properly the duties he owes to his superiors, equals, and inferiors, appears to hold a higher place in the scale of moral excellence than he who has only one class of duties to discharge. The obligations arising from a greater variety of connections may be considered as a school of moral discipline, under which virtue is exercised, and advanced to a higher degree of perfection.

'It is, therefore, desirable, first to ascertain the degree of inequality of circumstances most conducive to human happiness; and then, if the actual inequality exceed that measure, to inquire into the practical and admissible means of approaching to it, without doing violence to property, or introducing other disorders into society.

'In regard to the former, it is obviously impracticable to fix the measure with precision. Some general principles, however, may be proposed, which ascertain it within certain limits.

'The wisdom of the prayer of Agur must be admitted even by those who do not acknowledge the authority of the book in which it is contained. The eligibility of the middle station of life is become almost proverbial, and is the conclusion which a candid enquiry can hardly fail to lead to; and that, either upon the religious and moral views on which Agur founds his preference, or in regard to mere physical enjoyments. That it is preferable to a state of poverty, none will be found to question: that it is preferable to a state of great affluence, is a doctrine that will not be relished by the ambitious and worldly-minded. But the philosopher, who considers the temptations to indolence and dissipation which affluence affords, and which are so seldom effectually resisted, and that want of relish for social and innocent enjoyments which is the frequent effect of an unrestrained course of enjoyment, can hardly fail to concur in Agur's supplication.

'This leads us to desire that as large a proportion of mankind as possible be placed in the middle station of life, neither very rich, nor very poor. Under this class several descriptions of men are comprehended; those who enjoy a moderate competency from landed or other property; the greater part of those engaged in commerce, or who gain a livelihood by following the liberal professions; many who are employed in manufactures, but who are occupied in superintending others rather than in manual labour. These persons are not idle, but their employments are not servile or incessant, and they have leisure and opportunities for intellectual improvement. Though something is deducted by the existence of this class from the quantity of manual labour performed, the loss is fully repaid by their exertion in superior occupations, from which all ranks derive advantage.

'But all cannot and ought not to be in the middle station. Such equality, were it practicable, which it is not, in civilized society, would be subversive of social order and happiness.

'Let us inquire into the measure of wealth which would fall to the share of each person if it were fully equalized. This is not so great as most per-

sons, upon a transient view, would be apt to suppose. The rich are so few in number compared with the whole community, that the distribution of their wealth would not raise the general circumstances above a moderate competency.

'In a former chapter we stated the average expence of the labouring classes and their families at nine pounds each person, and that of the aggregate of all ranks at eighteen pounds. If this be nearly correct, a system of complete equality would only raise the labourer's income to the last-mentioned sum. If only one half of the wealth at present possessed by the higher ranks were transferred to the labourer, it would raise his income to thirteen pounds ten shillings, and this seems the utmost extent to which the levelling system could be extended, without introducing consequences utterly subversive of the welfare of society. Whether a transfer to this extent would leave sufficient distinction of circumstances to answer every useful purpose, is a point not easily determined.'—pp. 177—183.

The author, however, does not say that some alteration in the present state of society in this country, whereby the condition of the labourer might be improved, would not be an advantage. On the contrary, he would approve of such a change, provided it could be effected gradually and imperceptibly, without the violence of a revolution. With this view he offers some humane suggestions, which we strongly recommend to the notice of our more affluent readers.

'A benevolent man, whose duty or situation leads him to visit the cottages of the poor, and inspect the manner in which they live, will observe, with regret, that the family is often very inadequately provided with lodging, furniture, and clothing; that sometimes they have not a sufficiency of wholesome food and fuel; and that not unfrequently the labourer is obliged to work too hard, or too long, in order to obtain a supply of mere necessaries to his family.

'These hardships, however, do not press equally at all times, or upon every description of labour, and very much depends on the sobriety and good management of the heads of the family.

'When these qualities prevail in times of ordinary plenty, and when labour is in ordinary demand, the visitor will frequently find a comfortable cottage, sufficient to accommodate the family without exposing them to the risk of disease, or want of cleanliness, from being overcrowded: provided with the most useful articles of plain furniture, and, perhaps, a few ornamental ones; their clothes decent, and sufficient for every-day wear, though plain, with a better suit for Sunday. The husband, when he returns from his labour, then receives a cheerful reception from his wife and family, and after partaking of a frugal, but unstinted meal, relaxes himself in innocent conversation till the family retire to rest. This picture is not Utopian; we have often witnessed it, and it is a state of comfort which may be brought within the reach of all the labouring classes, unless they deprive themselves of it by intemperance, or some other kind of misconduct.

'The bulk of mankind must be employed for the greater part of their time in manual labour, but they ought not to be forced to such severe exertion as exhausts their strength prematurely; nor should their labour be so long continued as to leave no time for relaxation and intellectual im-

provement. In general ten hours' labour in the day, from six to six, with two hours of interval, is as much as they should undertake. Those engaged in the labours of agriculture usually work longer in time of harvest, as manufacturers do upon urgent occasions, and this may be compensated by extending the hours of relaxation when circumstances admit of it. When labour is unusually hard, the time of its continuance should be proportionally shortened.

'That sacred institution which withdraws one day in seven from the ordinary employments of life, and assigns it to religious and moral improvement, and the innocent pleasures of social conversation, can never be too much admired and respected. When viewed merely as a human institution, it deserves a preference to any which the heathen world can lay claim to; and we ought carefully to guard against any practice that may infringe on the reverence with which it is regarded, and thereby open the way for its gradual neglect.

'As the labouring classes must always be the most numerous, to promote their welfare is to promote human happiness at large. An apprehension is entertained by those who are not inclined to favour the labouring classes, that too liberal a reward of labour would lead to idleness and intemperance. The most effectual remedy against these evils is to give them such an education, and induce such moral habits, as may promote a relish for the moderate comforts of life. The education of the inferior ranks is an object of so much importance as to require a separate discussion, and will be considered in a subsequent chapter.

'As an ordinary share of industry should not miss a suitable reward, so extraordinary diligence or abilities should procure a larger share of enjoyment, or prove the means of raising a man to a higher station in life.

'The different ranks of society should not be separated, as they are in some countries, by strongly marked and insurmountable barriers. They should be blended by shades, almost imperceptible, and a transition to a higher station should be easily accessible to merit.

'Some other circumstances connected with the welfare of the lower ranks deserve consideration.

'The numerous class engaged in manufactures, or manual occupation, are either journeymen employed by masters who furnish materials, and sometimes tools, and pay them wages for their work, or free labourers who find employment for themselves. In a simple state of society almost all are free labourers. In a more advanced state, journeymen are the most numerous. Those manufactures which require an expensive apparatus, and much division of labour, cannot be carried on otherwise; but as we consider the situation of the free labourer to be more eligible than that of the journeyman, we wish the number of the former enlarged in such employments as admit of it.

'A person chiefly employed in manufacture or manual trade, may allot some portion of his time to agriculture. This generally extends no farther than the cultivation of a garden, or perhaps some work in harvest. It can be most conveniently undertaken by free labourers, though journeymen are not altogether excluded from it. We think it desirable in situations that admit of it. It is conducive to health, and the variety of employment contributes in some measure to mental improvement. In some places a small piece of ground may be rented, and a cow or two kept, which the

wife may manage, besides discharging her other duties. We have generally observed that families, where this system was followed, lived more comfortably than their neighbours.

'The proper size of farms has been an object of much discussion, and the prevailing opinion at present seems to be in favour of large farms. The arguments in support of this opinion are, that agriculture is conducted in a superior manner by persons possessed of considerable property, and the land brought to a higher state of fertility; and that the requisite operations can be carried on at less expence by means of the superior instruments which the opulent farmer employs, and the economical arrangements which an extensive and improved farm admits of. Another circumstance tends, we believe, to corroborate this opinion. A traveller is gratified with the ornate appearance of the fields, the neatness of the farm buildings, and the rich farmer's comfortable house, almost rivalling the mansion of the country gentleman, and is induced to think favourably of the system which presents to him such agreeable objects.

'A distribution of all the country into farms of this kind, would be attended with serious evils. The number of such farmers must be comparatively small. The more numerous class of the possessors of moderate farms, occupying a middle station in life, would disappear.

'We incline to the opinion that a gradation in the size of farms is most conducive to the general good. Some branches of manufacture cannot be carried on, in the improved state to which they are now brought, without complicated machinery and extensive premises: but this is not the case in farming operations, where the division of labour is more limited, and the requisite implements comprehended in a narrower compass. Ploughs, harrows, and other agricultural tools of the best construction can be employed on farms of a moderate extent, and even the threshing-mill, the most complicated machine which the farmer has occasion for, is now constructed on a variety of scales, suited to farms of all sizes.

'Perhaps some such arrangements as the following would be most eligible.

'Every gentleman should himself occupy a farm of moderate extent. From his superior means of information he is likely to adopt the most approved modes of agriculture, and bring them into general use in places where they were not known before. The allotment of part of his time to this employment is rational and laudable, and will tend, in some measure, to form a bond of connection between him and the farmer.—pp. 184—190.

This is the true spirit which ought to preside over the discussions of the political economist. Benevolence and philosophy here walk hand in hand, and disdain those cold calculations which, attending only to the means of accumulating wealth, altogether overlook the individuals for whose use and for the promotion of whose happiness that wealth is intended.

This subject gives rise to a very elaborate and luminous chapter upon the law of inheritance. The system established in France, since the revolution, whereby the property of the father is divided in certain proportions amongst his children, appears to have met Dr. Hamilton's cordial approbation. He would not, however,

recommend the introduction of such a system into England and Scotland, as it must necessarily be attended, in the first instance, with the dissolution of society. At the same time, he thinks the law of inheritance open to considerable improvement. We agree with him in thinking that no wealthy father ought to be allowed to cut off any of his children with a shilling. This is a subject that undoubtedly deserves the best consideration on the part of the legislature.

The author, after devoting a short chapter to the education of the lower classes, next proceeds to the difficult subjects of the 'effect of numbers in a state,' of 'commerce,' and 'population,' of 'paper currency,' and 'the corn trade.' It has been our object rather to shew how very different this book is in its sentiments and style from the great majority of works upon political economy, than to explain the author's doctrine upon every topic which he touches. We think that this object has been sufficiently accomplished, and that nothing remains for us, except to recommend, as we most cordially do, the volume itself, to those who are, as well as to those who are not, acquainted with the valuable science of which it treats; a science which has already made such progress amongst us, that it is now justly looked upon as an essential branch of liberal education.

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*Statement of Facts connected with the present State of Slavery in the British Sugar and Coffee Colonies, and in the United States of America; together with a View of the present Situation of the Lower Classes of the United Kingdom, contained in a Letter addressed to Sir Robert Peel, Bart.* By John Gladstone, Esq. of Liverpool. London: Baldwin. 1830.

WE are far from approving of the expedients which have been resorted to in this country to get up what may bear the appearance of a general outcry against the continuance of slavery in our colonies. We think that the opponents of slavery are not well advised in furnishing such an argument against themselves, as they most undoubtedly do, when they absolutely exert every power they have to importune the people for petitions on their side.

Any legislative enactment which may take place on this important question will be the result only of long and frequent reconsideration; and it is obvious, that the more intemperance and clamour we raise in connection with the question, the farther we postpone the day of its cool and tranquil settlement. It argues very favourably for the party who are not prepared to concur in the measure of abolition, that their interference in the discussion is uniformly marked by a temperament most befitting the high duties of state deliberation; and this feature, which so distinguishes the advocacy of the party alluded to, is particularly observable in the pamphlet before us,

which the respectability of the author, no less than the intrinsic weight of his arguments, ought to entitle to a patient attention.

Mr. Gladstone, in endeavouring to satisfy the public that the reasons for subverting the present system of West Indian slavery, are not so strong in every respect as the reasons for continuing it, begins first by inviting us to view the condition of the negroes, and to consider their character in their native state. He says, that in that state they are overwhelmed with a constitutional indolence; that they abstain from all employment, and endure the privations consequent upon their idleness; and that, in short, they are very miserable and very degraded at home. He proceeds then to show that they are comparatively happier in their employment as slaves; that they enjoy comforts which they never would know if left to themselves; and that they are very fortunate to be so placed as that they shall be obliged to work. Now, admitting all this to be true, does it prove that that which is expedient is also lawful and just to be done? Certainly not; and we should be just as much warranted in shooting a batch of these Africans, who are plunged in poverty, as in kidnapping them in their miserable abodes, and, by an eggregious violation of natural justice, turning them into personal property like so many beasts of burden. Mr. Gladstone next considers the plans of emancipation that have been hitherto proposed, and concludes that they are objectionable on various grounds. We accept all the anticipations as gospel which he chooses to lay before us, of the consequences of emancipation. What then? Suppose the supply of labour is not adequate to the planter's wants—suppose that the soil goes to waste— what then? Why, perish—we say—perish the sugar cane; perish every foot of earth that is now trodden on by the slave; but let natural justice and natural right flourish.

It is really nothing short of a waste of time and words to talk of the sanction which former governments and acts of parliament have given to the system of slavery. Such proceedings doubtless furnish the most reasonable foundation in the world for the West India proprietors to seek compensation for any losses they may sustain; but surely it will not be said that a system, wicked in itself, should be perpetuated because it has once begun. No; there is in truth not the shadow of an argument in favour of the continuance of slavery. The proprietors are weak and impolitic who assert the contrary; their case is, that they have been betrayed into a false position by solemn acts of the legislature; that in that position they have been sustained by promises of protection and safety; and that, having been warranted by the law in believing that their fellow-creatures were lawful materials of traffic, they have an undoubted claim on that government which deceived them, on account of the losses to which they were put during the influence of the delusion.

ART. XIII.—*Historic Survey of German Poetry, interspersed with various Translations.* By W. Taylor, of Norwich. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Treuttel and Wurtz. 1830.

WE have taken too extensive a share in propagating a good part of the contents of this work throughout the empire, to allow of our examining it in the usual way of criticism. We are, however, for the same reason,

rather more than ordinarily competent to bear testimony to the talents and judgment of Mr. Taylor. The work before us, is a collection of those papers, from Mr. Taylor's pen, on German poetry, which have appeared in different periodicals, and principally in the Monthly Review. The contents of these papers are, however, extensively modified, so as to assume the form of a digested and orderly narrative: the necessary connection has been established between those articles which were before unconnected; and by lopping what was superfluous, and adding what was required, Mr. Taylor has contrived to array the whole of his periodical contributions into one consecutive memoir. It is needless to say, that avery abundant quantity of the noble poetry of Germany, has been thus naturalized in English literature.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

It is now nearly twelve months since we took an opportunity, in this Review, of exposing the gross ignorance of the profession which he presumed to exercise, of Mr. St. John Long, and we thought that we said enough to satisfy all reasonable persons that one so destitute of even the knowledge that would warn him against tampering with critical cases, must, sooner or later, commit some fatal blunder. Since that period the country has been most painfully awakened to the realization of these fears, by the death of two ladies, each in a sound state of health when they were placed in Long's hands. The facts are still the theme of public discussion, and have been the subject of solemn investigation. There has not been for years a general act of the aristocracy which has tended more to degrade them in the eyes of the people, than the protection and encouragement which they have afforded to this monster of ignorance and presumption. We only feel, that in having given a timely warning to the public, and we were the first Journal to do so, we have performed our bounden duty to them.

We are too anxious to retain the good opinion of the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, to allow him to labour under a misapprehension with respect to us. Our contemporary observes, that being induced by what we stated in our last number, of the novel called *Belmore*, to make inquiries about it, he came to the conclusion that there was in this case "no deception whatever." Now we were never more confident in our lives of any thing than this—that the editor of the *Literary Gazette* will forthwith retract this opinion, and heartily agree with us, that there was "deception," and a great deal of deception too, in this matter of *Belmore*. First of all, we do not mean to deny that the words "new edition" were inserted in the title page of the reprint—but also we maintain that not a word or a hint was ever furnished, in any other shape or place, to inform the public that *Belmore* had been in print before. We refer our cotemporary particularly to the March and April numbers of the New Monthly Magazine, for 1827, (both of us being wrong in fixing the date in 1829,) the publisher's own Gazette, in which this novel was announced with the usual sound of trumpets, but unaccompanied by any statement whatever, which could lead the world to suspect that *Belmore* was not an entirely new production. But as if the editor of the *Literary Gazette* had

been instinctively impelled to supply us with a complete justification against his own implied inculpation, he has actually, in a subsequent number of his journal, put forth the words and figures following. Speaking of one of the Colburn catchpennies, "Scenes of Life," &c., our cotemporary, with his usual independence, asks "what reader but would suppose he was to enjoy the perusal of a new work, instead of a collection of tales and sketches which have already gone the round of magazines, newspapers, &c. Such a title is a complete *ruse*. It is true the preface alludes to 'some of the pieces being already published;' *but this knowledge comes too late when the volumes are purchased.*" To thee, therefore, O Philip! in thy sober intervals, we appeal.

In the year 1605, Sir Alexander Hay, one of the Lords of Session, left the sum of two pounds, five shillings, and eight pence, per annum, fen duties, to the Burgh of Aberdeen, in trust for maintaining the old bridge of Don, which was founded by Robert Bruce. From the accumulated savings of this annuity, and from that source alone, a magnificent new bridge has just been completed over the Don. It is 500 feet long—has 5 arches, each arch being 75 feet span and 25 feet rise, and is constructed entirely of granite.

It is a fact, though a very odd one, that Ferdinand is establishing a Mechanics' Institution in Spain, for the instruction of the working classes, and that Professor Casaseca is actually in this country, collecting materials for his lectures in the Institution.

The number of books published in France during the year 1829, was 7,823; and that of engravings and lithographic prints was 840.

Professor Buckland, as appears by his evidence before the Parliamentary Committee on the Coal Trade, differs very materially from Mr. Taylor, as to the probable duration of the Durham and Northumberland coal fields. The latter gentleman is of opinion that this duration, at the present rate of consumption, will extend to 1727 years, whereas the learned professor thinks that it will not exceed 400 years, having come to the conclusion that it is doubtful whether coal will be found under the Magnesian Limestone, to any material extent, and that a sufficient allowance is not made by Mr. T. for denudations of the strata, and for barren portions of the district; and further, that the assumed thickness of available mine is too great.

We may add that the Natural History Society of Newcastle on Tyne proposes to undertake and complete, if adequately supported, a Geological Map of the three Northern counties, Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland, upon such a scale as that the out-crop of each principal bed of Coal, Sandstone, or Limestone, shall be minutely laid down, together with the range and direction of the principal dykes and veins which intersect them, and this to be accompanied with various sections through the strata to the greatest depth ascertained by the several mines now in course of working.

A pair of Hessian boots has been presented to his Majesty, of the design and manufacture of Mr. MacKay, of Aberdeen. They are each nineteen inches high, having bindings and tassels of pure gold, with gilt chains and spurs. On the sole there is a painting of Neptune in all his pomp, embellished fore and aft by the rose, crown, and thistle; the anchor is stitched upon the counter; and in the pair there are upwards of 20,000 stitches.

A grey phalarope was recently shot at the mouth of Chichester harbour. This beautiful and rare bird measured, when its wings were extended, full fifteen inches, but its weight was no more than one ounce and a quarter. The plumage was in change from its summer to its winter character. Some grey slate-coloured feathers were just appearing on its back, indicating the alteration from perfectly dark to a white, or nearly a white, plumage. Mr. Yarrell says, that in this process we may discover one of Nature's bountiful provisions for these delicate objects, since all the shades of white and grey are bad radiators, and both these colours prevailing in this bird, enables it to retain all its own animal heat for its defence during the cold weather. It then receives a dark coloured plumage, which radiates freely, for its cooler enjoyment in summer; and such changes of plumage are more or less observable in all birds that inhabit high Northern latitudes.

A pamphlet has been recently published by a Mr Bennett, containing the description of a new metallic alloy for the pivot holes of watches, which is of considerable importance to those who feel an interest in the accurate performance of those chronometrical machines.

A Mr. Baxter, a solicitor, of Doncaster, has lately issued a pious manifesto against the races. The spirit of his pamphlet may be judged of from the following passage:—"That the town (Doncaster) is demoralised, and that there is more roguery and deceit, and less straightforward dealing, in this, than in other towns of the like size, no one at all competent to judge will venture to deny." The work is called 'Christian Bacchanalians.'

The last two months were marked by two instances of posthumous munificence in the cause of charity, of which we have but few parallels. A Scotch gentleman, Mr. Donaldson, of Broughton Hall, and who had been long connected with the Edinburgh Advertiser, left the splendid sum of 220,000*l.* for the foundation of an hospital, near Edinburgh, for the reception of orphan and destitute children.—Mr. Millward, an apothecary, of Artillery place, City road, London, left 84,000*l.* 3 per cents. to be divided amongst a great number of the London charities.

The splendid work of Van Der Hooght, entitled the "Book of the Prophet Isaiah," has been translated into English by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Precentor of Christ's, Oxford. The system of the Masoretic points has been followed throughout the book; and no trouble has been spared in examinations and reference, to make the English version as useful as possible.

The Adventure and Beagle, two vessels employed for the last five years in surveying the coasts from the river Plate on the East, round Cape Horn, to Chiloe on the West, recently arrived at Plymouth. The Beagle has brought to England four natives of Terra Del Fuego, two men, a boy, and a girl, who were taken by the Captain (Fitzroy,) as hostages for the restoration of a boat which had been made away with by their countrymen. The Captain finding them satisfied with their new associates, has resolved to give them the benefits of an English education, in the hope, that when restored to their country, they may be able to diffuse amongst their people the blessings of civilization. Large collections both in the animal and vegetable kingdom have been brought here by these vessels.

A Newspaper in "manuscript," was established on the 1st February, 1830, in Freemantle-town, on the Swan river; the editor is a Mr. John Gardiner, formerly of London.

His Majesty has signified his intention of contributing annually to the Literary Fund, the sum of 100 guineas.

At a meeting recently held in the metropolis, with the view of forming a charitable institution for the purpose of suppressing juvenile vagrancy, it was stated, as a fact, which had been carefully ascertained, that no less than 15,000 boys rose every morning in this metropolis, without any honest means of getting their breakfast.

A final trial of the instrument, ingeniously invented by Mr. Kennish, late carpenter of the Hussar, for concentrating the fire of a broadside, was made on the 8th of November, on board the Galatea, 42, Capt. Charles Napier, C.B. Nothing can tend in a greater degree to establish a conviction of its efficacy than the fact, that on this occasion, on the simultaneous fire of one broadside, out of twenty-one shot, sixteen went through a target six feet square, at a distance from the ship of 500 yards. We understand a most favourable report has been made of the several trials.—*Hants Telegraph.*

The same journal mentions the arrival at Portsmouth on the 11th ult. of his Majesty's ship Rifleman, Commander Triscott, from Malta, bringing intelligence that the Windsor Castle had shortly before sailed from the above island to Tunis and Tripoli, to settle some differences between the British Consul (who had struck the flag) and the Dey, arising from the fact of the Dey having retracted a decision he had previously given between the British and French Consuls relative to Major Laing's papers, of which there was no doubt that the French Consul had improperly obtained possession. The poor Dey had been compelled to withdraw his decision, by the threats of Admiral Rosamel, backed by a French squadron. It is, however, unquestionable that these papers are lost to his friends and to this country: they have for a long time been safe in Paris.

A Mr. Peter Buchan, of Peterhead, has announced for publication, a work which promises to be a wonderful performance indeed.—The title is as follows:—"Who is a Gentleman? Explained in a conversation between the shades of King James the Fifth of Scotland, and Sir David Lindsey, Lion King at Arms;" and it is "dedicated to the memories of his late Majesty King George the Fourth, and his Royal Highness the Duke of York."

A circular signed "Richmond," has been sent round to the various Colleges of Oxford, from the managers of the surplus of the "Eldon Testimonial Fund," stating, that the law scholarship to be founded from that source, will be filled up in May or June, 1831. The candidates to be persons who have previously gained distinguished honours at Oxford.

A Mr. Aspinall of Liverpool, and another European gentleman, lately lost their lives in travelling over land from Bombay to Europe. The caravan to which they were attached, was assailed by the Arabs of the desert, and the two gentlemen in question were killed in the conflict.

At the first meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, for the present term, a paper was read on the Woorali poison used by the Macoushi Indians of Demerara. It was from the pen of the Rev. W. Okes, of Caius College; who exhibited at the same time a quiver of arrows and a blow-pipe nine feet long, used in shooting them.

On the 14th inst. the death of Henry Bell took place at Helensburgh. He was the practical introducer of steam navigation into Europe.

The subject of the Norrisian prize essay, (Cambridge University,) for the ensuing year is "The proof of the Divine Origin of the Gospel derived from the nature of the Rewards and Punishments it holds out."

The Cambridge Seatonian Prizes for the present year were adjudged to the Rev. R. Parkinson, M. A. of St. John's, and Winthtop Mackworth Praed, Esq. M. A. Fellow of Trinity College. Subject of the Poem—"The Ascent of Elijah."

Captain George Harris, R. N., C. B., and Member for Grimsby in the present Parliament, has recently been manufacturing rope and cables of the Phormium Tenax, or New Zealand flax, and instead of tar, substitutes a solution of gums, or some such substance, by which it is contended that the rope is rendered stronger, more pliant, and less liable to part in short bends, turns, or clinches, and being stronger, smaller ropes than those now in use will answer for ships' rigging.

In the Press.—Memoirs of Wellington, (Lardner's Cabinet Library.)—The Rev. G. Oliver, Vicar of Clee, and J. P. Sarel, Esq. are about to publish, by subscription, an English Version of the Charters, &c. of Great Grimsby.—County Genealogies,—The Exiles of Palestine.—Nature of the Proof of the Christian Religion.—A History of the Reformation in Switzerland, translated.—A Journey from Sarepta, to several Calmuc Hordes of the Astracan Government.—Analytical View of all Religions.—Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty.—Selections from the Works of Abp. Leighton.—Selections from the Works of Bishop Hopkins, Dr. John Owen, and John Howe, A.M.—Discourses on Prophecy.—Life of Bruce.—Sketches of Venetian History.—Voyages and Adventures of the Companions of Columbus.—Lives of the Players.—Of British Architects.—Universal History.—Lives of Missionaries.—Popular Chemistry.—The Life of Cæsar.—The Life of Sir Isaac Newton.—History of England.—History of the Reformation.—Natural Magic.—The Lives of English Worthies.—The Lives of Scottish Worthies.—The Treatise of Joachim Fortius Ringelbergius de Ratione Studii, translated.—Beauties of the Mind, a Poetical Sketch.—An Examination of the English System of Balancing Books.—Affection's Gift.—Waldensian Researches, during a Second Visit to the Waldenses of the Valley of Piedmont.—Patroni Ecclesiarum; or a List of the Patrons, of the Dignities, and Livings of the United Church of England and Ireland.—The Annals of my Village, being a Calendar of Nature for every Month in the Year.—The Life of Thomas Fanshawe Middleton, D.D. Lord Bishop of Calcutta.—Knox's History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland, with Introduction and Notes.—Gospel Truth Accurately Stated and Illustrated: an enlarged Edition.—Hall's Contemplations.—A Help to Professing Christians, in Judging of their Spiritual State and Growth in Grace. By the Rev. J. Barr, Glasgow.—The Poor Man's Evening Portion, a Seventh Edition, with the Author's last Corrections.—A new Edition of the Four Leading Doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church, by the London Society for Printing and Publishing the Writings of the Hon. Emanuel Swedenborg.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

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Boaden's Life of Mrs. Jordan, 2 vols.
Memoirs of Mrs. Newnham, 12mo, 5*s*. 6*d*. boards.
Stebbing's Lives of the Italian Poets, 3 vols. 8vo.
Bankes' Life of Giovanni Finati, 2 vols. foolscap, 14*s*. boards.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, AND ANTIQUITIES.

Dawson's Present State of Australia, 8vo, 14*s*. bds.
Rubic's British Celestial Atlas, royal 4to, 1*l*. 5*s*. half bound.
Rennell's Geography of Herodotus, 2 vols. 8vo.
Nichol's Map of Inland Navigation, 3*l*. 13*s*. 6*d*.
Moore's Topography of Devon, No. 15.

HISTORY.

Constable's Miscellany, vol. 60, being the first vol. of Keightley's History of the War of Independence in Greece.
Hallam's Constitutional History of England, 2d edition, 1*l*. 16*s*.
Emerson's Modern Greece, 2 vols. 8vo, 1*l*. 12*s*. bds.

LAW.

Statutes, 11 George IV. and 1 William IV. with notes by Dowling, 12mo, 10*s*. 6*d*. boards.
Statutes at Large, 11 George IV. and 1 William IV. 1*l*. boards.
Lynch's Feudal Dignities, royal 8vo, 1*l*. 5*s*. boards.
Concise and Comprehensive Form of a Lease for Farms, by a Norfolk Landowner, 12mo, 5*s*. stitched.
Shaw's Domestic Lawyer, 12mo, 9*s*. bds.
Bell's Principles of the Laws of Scotland, 2d edition, 1*l*. 1*s*.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

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Thomson's History of Chemistry, vol. 1, 18mo, 5*s*. boards.
Vines on Glanders, &c. 8vo, 12*s*. bds.
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Scudamore on Consumption, 8vo, 4*s*.
Quain's Introductory Lectures to the Study of Anatomy and Physiology, 8vo.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Comic Offering, 1831, 12*s*. morocco.
Hart's System of the World, from the French of La Place, 2 vols. 8vo, 1*l*. 4*s*.
Laconics, 4th edition, 3 vols.
Poynder's Speech on the Encouragement of Idolatry by the East India Company, 3*s*.
Bertini's System of Learning Music, 4to, 10*s*. 6*d*.
Hinck's Greek English Lexicon, square 12mo, 10*s*. 6*d*. boards.
Domestic Gardener's Manual, 8vo, 12*s*. boards.

Wright's Cambridge Mathematical Examination Papers, Part 1, 8vo, 7s. 6d. bds.
Love's Offering, a Musical Annual, 1831, imperial 8vo, 12s. bds.
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Pratt's History of Savings' Banks, 12mo, 7s. 6d. boards.
A Scale for Changing Statute Measure of Five Yards and a Half, into the Customary of Lancashire Measure, being Seven Yards to the Perch. Also, a similar Scale for Changing Statute to Cheshire Measure of Eight Yards to the Perch, 2s.
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